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## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

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WITH LAURA KEENE.

**T**HE opening of Laura Keene's theater, in September, 1857, was an important event to me. I had been engaged for the leading comedy, and it was my first appearance on the western side of the city. Miss Keene had never seen me, either on or off the stage. It was looked upon as a kind of presumption in those days for an American actor to intrude himself into a Broadway theater: the domestic article seldom aspired to anything higher than the Bowery; consequently I was regarded as something of an interloper. I am afraid I rather gloried in this, for in my youth I was confident and self-asserting; besides, there was a strong feeling among my artistic countrymen that the English managers had dealt unjustly with us, and I naturally shared in this feeling. I have since come to the conclusion that the managers do not open theaters for the purpose of injuring any one.

At all events, I was installed as the comedian at Laura Keene's theater, and opened in Colman's comedy of "The Heir at Law." One of the leading papers, in alluding to my performance, mentioned the fact that "a nervous, fidgety young man, by the name of Jefferson, appeared as *Dr. Pangloss*, into which character he infused a number of curious interpolations, occasionally using the text prepared by the author."

The critic struck the keynote of a popular dramatic error that has existed through all time, and I shall make bold just here to call attention to it. Old plays, and particularly old comedies, are filled with traditional introductions, good and bad. If an actor, in exercising his taste and judgment, presumes to leave out any of these respectable antiquities, he is,

by the conventional critic, considered sacrilegious in ignoring them. And on the other hand, if in amplifying the traditional business he introduces new material, he is thought to be equally impertinent; whereas the question as to the introduction should be whether it is good or bad, not whether it is old or new. If there is any preference it should be given to the new, which must necessarily be fresh and original, while the old is only a copy.

Laura Keene's judgment in selecting plays was singularly bad; she invariably allowed herself to be too much influenced by their literary merit or the delicacy of their treatment. If these features were prominent in any of the plays she read, her naturally refined taste would cling to them with such tenacity that no argument but the potent one of public neglect could convince her that she had been misled in producing them. I do not say that polished dialogue or delicately drawn characters are detrimental to a play—on the contrary, they assist it; but if these qualities are not coupled with a sympathetic story, containing human interest, and told in action rather than words, they seldom reach beyond the footlights.

### DRAMATIC ACTION.

PERHAPS it is well to define here, to the non-professional reader, what is meant by dramatic action, as sometimes this term is mistaken for pantomime. Pantomime is action, certainly; but not necessarily dramatic action, which is the most essential element in the construction of a play. A drama will often give one no idea of its strength in the reading of it; even in rehearsal it will sometimes fail to reveal its power. I have on several occasions seen even the author of a play surprised at the exhibition of it on its first representation before an audience, he himself not being aware that his work

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contained the hidden treasure, until the sympathy of the public revealed it. Sometimes the point of unexpected interest consists in the relationship between two characters, or the peculiar emphasis laid upon a single word that has been spoken in a previous act. But to illustrate more fully what I desire to explain I will take two dramatic actions, one from comedy and the other from tragedy, to set forth the subject clearly.

In one of Victorien Sardou's plays—and this gentleman is perhaps the most ingenious playwright of our time—the following incident occurs. The audience are first made fully aware that a lady in the play uses a certain kind of perfume. This is done casually, so that they do not suspect that the matter will again be brought to their notice. She abstracts some valuable papers from a cabinet, and when they are missed no one can tell who has taken them. The mystery is inexplicable. Suspicion falls upon an innocent person. The audience, who well know how the matter stands, are on tenter-hooks of anxiety, fearing that the real culprit will not be detected. When this feeling is at white heat one of the characters finds a piece of paper in the desk and is attracted to it by the perfume. He puts it to his nose, sniffs it, and as a smile of triumph steals over his face the audience, without a word being spoken, realize that the thief is detected. Observe here, too, the ingenuity of the dramatist: the audience are in the secret with him; they have seen the papers stolen; it is no news to them; but when the characters in whom they are interested become as much enlightened as they are the climax is complete.

For an illustration of this point, as applied to tragedy. After the murder of *Duncan, Macbeth*, standing with his wife in a dark and gloomy hall, looks at his bloody hands and apostrophizes them in these terrible words:

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

Now there is a silence, and when he is alone there echoes through the castle a knocking at the gate. The friends of the murdered guest have come for him; and they thunder at the portals, while the blood-stained host stands as if stricken down with terror and remorse. It is not the dialogue, as powerful as it is, which strikes the audience with awe; it is simply a stage direction of the great dramatic master—a "knocking at the gate." It will, I think, be seen by these two illustrations that a fluent and imaginative writer may construct plots, create characters, and compose exquisite verse, and yet not succeed as a playwright unless he

possesses the art or gift of creating dramatic action.

As an actress and manager Laura Keene was both industrious and talented. If she could have afforded it, no expense would have been spared in the production of her plays; but theatrical matters were at a low ebb during the early part of her career, and the panic of 1857 was almost fatal to her. In the midst of financial difficulties she displayed great taste and judgment in making cheap articles look like expensive ones, and both in her stage setting and costumes exhibited the most skillful and effective economy. She was a high-mettled lady, and could be alarmingly imperious to her subjects with but little trouble.

#### "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN."

DURING the season of 1858-59 Miss Keene produced Tom Taylor's play of "Our American Cousin," and as its success was remarkable and some noteworthy occurrences took place in connection with it, a record of its career will perhaps be interesting. The play had been submitted by Mr. Taylor's agent to another theater, but the management failing to see anything striking in it, an adverse judgment was passed and the comedy rejected. It was next offered to Laura Keene, who also thought but little of the play, which remained neglected upon her desk for some time; but it so chanced that the business manager of the theater, Mr. John Lutz, in turning over the leaves fancied that he detected something in the play of a novel character. Here was a rough man, having no dramatic experience, but gifted with keen, practical sense, who discovered at a glance an effective play, the merits of which had escaped the vigilance of older and, one would have supposed, better judges. He gave me the play to read. While it possessed but little literary merit, there was a fresh, breezy atmosphere about the characters and the story that attracted me very much. I saw, too, the chance of making a strong character of the leading part, and so I was quite selfish enough to recommend the play for production.

The reading took place in the greenroom, at which the ladies and gentlemen of the company were assembled, and many furtive glances were cast at Mr. Coudock and myself as the strength of *Abel Murcott* and *Asa Trenchard* were revealed. Poor Sothorn sat in the corner, looking quite disconsolate, fearing that there was nothing in the play that would suit him; and as the dismal lines of *Dundreary* were read he glanced over at me with a forlorn expression, as much as to say, "I am cast for that dreadful part," little dreaming that the character of the imbecile lord would turn out to be the stepping-



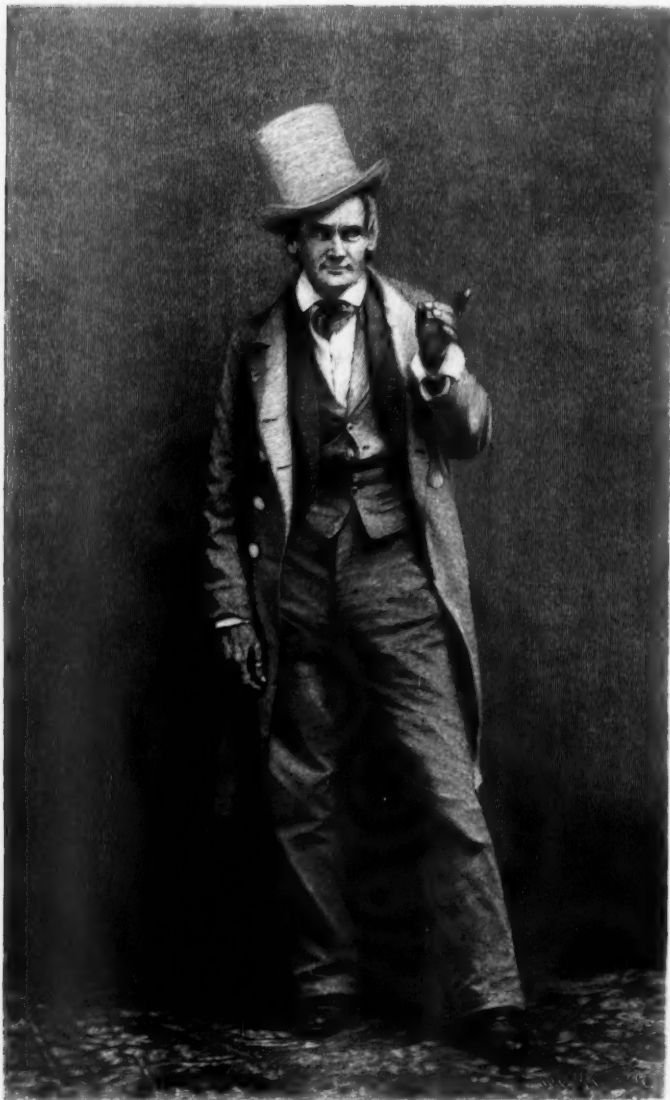


ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FAULK.

"PUT ALL THE HONORABLE MR. DOWLAS'S CLOTHES AND LINEN INTO HIS FATHER'S CHARIOT."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "DR. PANGLOSS."



"WAIT, I AIN'T THROUGH YET."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "ASA TRENCHARD" IN "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN."  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1858 BY MEADE BROTHERS.)

stone of his fortune. The success of the play proved the turning-point in the career of three persons—Laura Keane, Sothorn, and myself.

As the treasury began to fill, Miss Keane began to twinkle with little brilliants; gradually her splendor increased, until at the end of three months she was ablaze with diamonds. Whether these were new additions to her impoverished stock of jewelry, or the return of old friends that

had been parted with in adversity,—old friends generally leave us under these circumstances,—I cannot say, but possibly the latter.

The dramatic situation that struck me as the most important one in this play was the love scene in the opening of the last act. It was altogether fresh, original, and perfectly natural, and I notice that in this important phase of dramatic composition authors are conspicuously weak.



E. A. SOTHERN AS "LORD DUNDREARY" IN "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.)

The love scenes in most all of our modern plays are badly constructed. In the English dramas they are sentimental and insipid, being filled with either flowery nonsense or an extravagance bordering upon burlesque; while the love scenes in the French plays are coarse and disgusting. Sardou has written but few female characters for whom one can feel the slightest respect. For instance, which one would a man select to be his mother were he compelled to make a choice? I think it would puz-

zle him. The love scenes between *Alfred Evelyn* and *Clara Douglas*, in Bulwer's play of "Money," are stilted, unnatural, and cold. The passages intended to display affection in the "Lady of Lyons" are still further from "imitating humanity," and the speech of *Claude* to *Pauline*, beginning with

A deep vale shut out by alpine hills,  
is so glaringly absurd that the audience invariably smile at the delivery of this soft extrava-

gance. The greatest love scene that ever was or ever will be written is known as the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." This is a perfect model, being full of the most exquisite humor.

Natural love off the stage is almost invariably humorous, even comic — not to the lovers' minds; oh, no! 'Tis serious business to them, and that is just what makes it so delightful to look at. The third party, when there is one, enjoys it highly. The principals do the most foolish things: the gentleman cannot make up his mind what to do with his hat or with his hands, the lady is awkward and shy, and the more they love each other the more comical they are. They say stupid things, and agree with each other before they have half done expressing an opinion.

It was the opportunity of developing this attitude of early love, particularly love at first sight, that attracted me to the "Cousin." Simple and trifling as it looks, Mr. Tom Taylor never drew a finer dramatic picture. The relation between the two characters was perfectly original. A shrewd, keen Yankee boy of twenty-five falls in love at first sight with a simple, loving, English dairymaid of eighteen. She innocently sits on the bench, close beside him; he is fascinated and draws closer to her; she raises her eyes in innocent wonder at this, and he glides gently to the farthest end of the bench. He never tells her of his love, nor does she in the faintest manner suggest her affection for him; and though they persistently talk of other things, you see plainly how deeply they are in love. He relates the story of his uncle's death in America, and during this recital asks her permission to smoke a cigar. With apparent carelessness he takes out a paper, a will made in his favor by the old man, which document disinherits the girl; with this he lights his cigar, thereby destroying his rights and resigning them to her. The situation is strained, certainly, but it is very effective, and an audience will always pardon a slight extravagance if it charms while it surprises them. The cast was an exceedingly strong one—Laura Keene as the refined, rural belle, and Sara Stevens as the modest, loving, English dairymaid. Both looked and acted the parts perfectly. The *Abel Murcott* of Mr. Coudock was a gem, and the extravagant force and humor of Mr. Sothorn's *Dundreary*, the fame of which afterwards resounded all over the English-speaking world, is too well known to need any comment, except perhaps to mention one or two matters connected with it of a curious nature.

As I have before said, Sothorn was much dejected at being compelled to play the part. He said he could do nothing with it, and certainly for the first two weeks it was a dull effort, and produced but little effect. So in despair he began

to introduce extravagant business into his character, skipping about the stage, stammering and sneezing, and, in short, doing all he could to attract and distract the attention of the audience. To the surprise of every one, himself included, these antics, intended by him to injure the character, were received by the audience with delight. He was a shrewd man as well as an effective actor, and he saw at a glance that accident had revealed to him a golden opportunity. He took advantage of it, and with cautious steps increased his speed, feeling the ground well under him as he proceeded. Before the first month was over he stood side by side with any other character in the play; and at the end of the run he was, in my opinion, considerably in advance of us all. And his success in London, in the same character, fully attests, whatever may be said to the contrary, that as an extravagant, eccentric comedian in the modern range of comedy he was quite without a rival. His performance of *Sam* which I saw at the Haymarket Theater, in London, was a still finer piece of acting than his *Dundreary*. It was equally strong, and had the advantage of the other in not being overdrawn or extravagant.

#### A THEATRICAL QUARREL.

MISS KEENE was undoubtedly delighted at Sothorn's rising fame. I think she found that I was becoming too strong to manage, and naturally felt that his success in rivaling mine would answer as a curb, and so enable her to drive me with more ease and a tighter rein. I don't blame her for this: as an actor has a right to protect himself against the tyranny of a manager, the manager has an equal right to guard the discipline of the theater; and I have no doubt that I perhaps unconsciously exhibited a confidence in my growing strength that made her a little apprehensive lest I should try to manage her. In this she did me an injustice, which I am happy to say in after years the lady acknowledged. The first rupture between us came about somewhat in this way: The Duchess—as she was familiarly called by the actors, on the sly—had arranged some new business with Mr. Sothorn, neglecting to inform me of it. I got the regular cue for entering, and as I came upon the stage I naturally, but unintentionally, interrupted their preconceived arrangements. This threw matters into a confusion which was quite apparent to the audience. Miss Keene, not stopping to consider that I had been kept in ignorance of her plan and that the fault was hers and not mine, turned suddenly on me, and speaking out so loudly and plainly that most of the audience could hear her, said, "Go off the stage, sir, till you get your cue for entering."





DRAWN FROM A LITHOGRAPH LENT BY THOMAS J. HIKKE.

*Laura Keane*

I was thunderstruck. There was a dead silence for a moment, and in the same tone and with the same manner she had spoken to me, I replied:

"It has been given, and I will not retire."

We were both wrong. No actor has a right to show up to the audience an accident or a fault committed on the stage, or intrude upon them one's personal misunderstandings. As two wrongs cannot make a right, it was clearly my duty to pass this by, so far as any public display of my temper was concerned, and then

demand an explanation and an apology from her when the play was over. But

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, Loyal and neutral, in a moment?

Besides, I felt that no explanation of hers could set me right with the audience, and I was smarting under the injustice of her making me appear responsible for her own fault.

When the curtain fell she was furious, and turning on me with flashing eyes and an imperious air discharged me then and there. I

might leave now if I liked, and she would dismiss the audience rather than submit to such a public insult. I told her that if she considered my conduct an insult to her, that it was a confession that she had insulted me first, as my words and manner were but a reflection of her own. This sort of logic only made matters worse. So I informed her that I could not take a discharge given in the heat of temper, and would remain. The play proceeded, but she was singularly adroit, and by her manner in turning her back on me through an entire scene, and assuming an air of injured innocence, undoubtedly made the audience believe that I was a cruel wretch to insult her in so public a way. She had the advantage of me all through, for when her temper was shown to me the play was proceeding, and I dare say that in the bustle and confusion of the scene very few of the audience could understand what she had done; whereas when I retaliated there had been a pause, and they got the full force of what I said.

When an actor shows his temper upon the stage the audience feel insulted that they should be called upon to sympathize with his private quarrels. The actor is the loser, depend upon it.

#### CHANGES IN OLD PLAYS.

MR. RUFUS BLAKE was attached to our company during this season, but in consequence of the great success of "Our American Cousin," in which he was not cast, he had acted but little. He was a superior actor, with the disadvantage of small eyes, a fat, inexpressive face, and a heavy and unwieldy figure. There must be something in the spirit of an actor that is extremely powerful to delight an audience when he is hampered like this. Without seeming to change his face or alter the stolid look from his eyes, Mr. Blake conveyed his meaning with the most perfect effect. He was delicate and minute in his manner, which contrasted oddly enough with his ponderous form. We acted this one season together and were very good friends. On one occasion only was this harmony marred. He rated me for curtailing some of the speeches of a part in one of the old comedies. I told him that I had my own ideas in these matters, one of which was that the plays were written for a past age, that society had changed, and that it seemed to me good taste to alter the text, when it could be done without detriment, to suit the audience of the present day; particularly when the lines were coarse, and unfit for ladies and gentlemen to speak or listen to. He gave me to understand that he considered it a liberty in any young man to set himself up as an authority in such matters, and that my course was a tacit reproach to older and

better judges, and even hinted that some people did that sort of thing to make professional capital out of it. I thought this was going a little too far for friendship. I therefore told him, with little reserve, that as he had taken the liberty to censure my course, I would make bold equally, and advise him, for his own sake, to follow my example.

#### "THE DUCHESS."

As Laura Keene's season drew to a close she and I had buried our differences and were comparatively good friends again; so the lady was somewhat surprised to learn that I was not going to remain with her during the following season, and seemed to consider it unkind of me to withdraw from the theater after she had done so much to advance my position. This is the somewhat unjust ground that managers often take when an actor desires to go to another house. This is unreasonable, for there must come a time when it will be for the interest of one or both parties that they should part; and it would be just as wrong at one time as at another. If an actor, when the season is concluded and his obligations are at an end, sees an opportunity of increasing his salary or bettering his position by going to another establishment, it would be an injustice to himself and to those who depend upon him not to do so. And by the same reasoning, if a manager can secure better talent, at a more reasonable price, he has a perfect right to replace one actor by another, having fulfilled his engagement. I have never known any manager to hesitate in pursuing this course, unless he retained the actor as an act of charity, and then, of course, the matter is a purely personal one.

Miss Keene, taking the unfair view I have alluded to, was highly incensed at my proposed departure. She considered that, having been the first to bring me to New York, to her my loyalty was due, and in common gratitude I was bound not to desert the theater for the purpose, as she supposed, of joining the opposition forces. I replied that, so far as my ingratitude was concerned, I failed to see in what way she had placed me under obligations; that I presumed when she engaged me for her theater it was from a motive of professional interest, and I could scarcely think it was from any affection for me, as we had never met until the engagement was made. This kind of logic had anything but a conciliating effect. So I concluded by saying that I had no idea of casting my lot with the opposition, but that it was my intention to star. "Star! Oh, dear! Bless me! Indeed!" She did not say this, but she certainly looked it; and as she turned her eyes heavenward there was a slight elevation



W. E. BLAKE. (FROM AN ETCHING BY H. B. HALL, LENT BY THOMAS J. MCKEE.)

in the tip of her beautiful nose that gave me no encouragement of an offer from her under these circumstances. With a slight tinge of contempt she asked me with what I intended to star. I answered that, with her permission, I proposed to act "Our American Cousin." "Which I decline to give. The play is my property, and you shall not act it outside of this theater." And she swept from the greenroom with anything but the air of a *comédienne*.

The houses were still overflowing, and there was every prospect that "Our American Cousin" would run through the season; but Miss Keene was tired of acting her part in the comedy, and was determined to take the play off and produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which had been in preparation for some time, and in fact was now in readiness. The management was anxious that Mr. Blake, who had been idle for some four months, should be in the cast, so that the play might contain the full strength of its expensive company.

The Duchess, being in high dudgeon with me, deputed her business manager, Mr. Lutz, to approach me on the subject of the cast, proposing that I should resign the part of *Bottom* to Mr. Blake, and at the same time requesting me to play *Puck*. This I positively refused to do. I told him plainly that Miss Keene had taken an antagonistic stand towards me, and that I felt that she would not appreciate a favor even if I might feel disposed to grant it, and would treat any concession that I should make as weakness. He said that Miss Keene had begged him to urge the mat-

ter, as she did not know how else to get Mr. Blake and myself into the cast. "Very well," said I; "if that is all, tell her I will play *Bottom*, and let Mr. Blake play *Puck*." And so we parted. Of course I did not suppose that he would carry this absurd message, as Mr. Blake would have turned the scale at two hundred and fifty pounds, and looked about as much like *Puck* as he resembled a fairy queen. But, not being familiar with Shakspeare, and having no idea what the characters were like, he gave her my suggestion word for word. This put the fair lady in a high temper, and she did not speak to me for a week. But I stood on my rights and was cast for *Bottom*, Miss Keene essaying the

part of *Puck* herself. After three or four rehearsals I discovered I should fail in the part of *Bottom*, and therefore deemed it wise to make "discretion the better part of valor," and resign the character, which I did upon the condition that I might take the play of "Our American Cousin" upon a starring tour, and give the management one-half of the profits for the use of the play.

I have thought that perhaps it is scarcely in good taste that I should touch upon the little misunderstandings between myself and Miss Keene; but as these quarrels were not of a domestic or private nature, and as the public were made fully aware of them at the time, there is nothing sacred about them, and they may serve as lessons in the future to younger and as yet inexperienced actors. And then, too, Miss Keene and I were friends in after years; we had long since shaken hands and buried the hatchet—had talked and laughed over our rows and reconciliations, and had continued to get as much amusement out of the recollections as we had created trouble out of the realities.

When I returned from Australia we met again. She had lost her theater, and was traveling and starring with only partial success. Her early popularity had waned, but she battled against adversity with great courage. At last her health gave way, and she retired, but still with the clinging hope of returning to the stage again. She never did. The last letter she wrote was penned upon her death-bed and was addressed to me. She sent me an ivory

miniature of Madame Vestris, and a water-color drawing, by Hardy, of Edmund Kean as *Richard III*. Her letter was cheerful and full of hope; she spoke of feeling better, and seemed confident that in a few months she would be in harness again. She died the day after this was written.

She was esteemed a great beauty in her youth; and even afterwards her rich and luxuriant auburn hair, clear complexion, and deep chestnut eyes, full of expression, were greatly praised; but to me it was her style and carriage that commanded admiration, and it was this quality that won her audience. She had, too, the rare power of varying her manner, assuming the rustic walk of a milkmaid or the dignified grace of a queen. In the drama of "The Sea of Ice" she displayed this versatile quality to its fullest extent. In the prologue she played the mother, in which her quiet and refined bearing told of a sad life; in the next act, the daughter, a girl who had been brought up by savages, and who came bounding upon the stage with the wild grace of a startled doe. In the last act she is supposed to have been sent to Paris and there educated. In this phase of the character she exhibited the wonderful art of showing the fire of the wild Indian girl through the culture of the French lady. I have never seen this transparency more perfectly acted.

Laura Keene was in private life high tempered and imperious, but she had a good heart and was very charitable. I never heard her speak ill of any one but herself; and this she would sometimes do with a grim humor that was very entertaining.

#### THE WINTER GARDEN, "CALEB PLUMMER," ETC.

My starring venture was attended with what is termed questionable success, though not with what could be boldly called a failure; still I felt that the time had not yet arrived for the continuance of such a rash departure. Just at this juncture William Stuart made me an offer of an engagement at his new theater, the Winter Garden, which place was to be under the direction of Dion Boucicault. I accepted the offer, at a much larger salary than I had ever received, and was enrolled as a member of the company. The title of "Winter Garden" had been adopted from a place of amusement in Paris, where plays were acted in a kind of conservatory filled with tropical plants. If I remember rightly, the treasury of the management was not in what could be called an overflowing condition; and although the actors whom they engaged were quite strong, the horticultural display was comparatively weak.

Some sharp-pointed tropical plants of an inhospitable and sticky character exuded their "medicinal gums" in the vestibule, and the dress circle was festooned with artificial flowers so rare that they must have been unknown to the science of botany. To give these delicate exotics a sweet and natural odor they were plentifully sprinkled with some perfume resembling closely the sweet scent of hair-oil, so that the audience as they were entering could "nose" them in the lobby. Take it altogether the theater was a failure; for, added to the meager decorations, the acoustics were inferior, and the view of the stage from the auditorium unpardonably bad. To make amends, however, for these shortcomings, Mr. Boucicault had secured a strong company; not so far as great names were concerned, but they had been carefully selected with regard to the plays that were to be produced. The opening piece was an adaptation of Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth," and called "Dot." It was a hit. The cast was as follows:

<i>John Peerybingle</i> . . .	MR. HARRY PEARSON.
<i>Caleb Plummer</i> . . .	MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON.
<i>The Stranger</i> . . .	MR. A. H. DAVENPORT.
<i>Tackleton</i> . . .	MR. T. B. JOHNSON.
<i>Dot</i> . . .	MISS AGNES ROBERTSON.
<i>May Fielding</i> . . .	MRS. J. H. ALLEN.
<i>Bertha</i> . . .	MISS SARA STEVENS.
<i>Tillie Slowboy</i> . . .	MRS. JOHN WOOD.
<i>Mrs. Fielding</i> . . .	MRS. BLAKE.

The four first-named ladies were the pictures of female grace and beauty. This season I acted *Newman Noggs*, *Caleb Plummer*, *Salem Scudder*, and several other characters; but the latter were not very important.

Previous to the commencement of the season, Mr. Boucicault and I had some conversation in relation to the opening bill. I told him I was rather apprehensive of my hitting the part of *Caleb Plummer*, as I had never acted a character requiring pathos, and, with the exception of the love scene in "Our American Cousin," as yet had not spoken a serious line upon the stage. He seemed to have more confidence in my powers than I had, and insisted that I could act the part with success. I agreed therefore to open in *Caleb* with the understanding that I should finish the performance with a farce, so in the event of my failing in the first piece, I might save my reputation in the last. He assented to the arrangement, but warned me, however, that I would regret it; and he was right, for when the curtain fell upon "Dot," I should have much preferred not to have acted in the farce. So the little piece was taken off after the first night, as I was quite satisfied with *Caleb* alone.





ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FORMERLY OWNED BY JOHN BROUGHAM, LENT BY PETER GILBEY.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "NEWMAN NOGGS" IN "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

## I RECEIVE GOOD ADVICE.

AN incident occurred during the first rehearsal of "Dot" that may be worth relating, as it bears upon a theory in acting that I have established for myself ever since it took place. Mr. Boucicault, I think, understood me, and felt from what I had said to him on previous occasions that I was not averse to suggestions in the dramatic art, and was in the habit of listening to advice, though I always reserved to myself the right of acting on my own judgment as to whether the proffered counsel was good or bad. During my rehearsal of the first scene, which I went through just as I intended acting it at night, I saw by his manner that he was disappointed with my rendering of the part, and I asked him what was the matter. He replied, "If that is the way you intend to act the part I do not wonder you were afraid to undertake it." This was a crushing blow to a young man from one older in years and experience; but feeling that there was something to learn, I asked him to explain what he meant. "Why, you have acted your last scene first; if you begin in that solemn strain you have nothing left for the end of the play." This was his remark, or words to the same effect; and I am certainly indebted to him, through this advice, for whatever success I achieved in the part.

I am not sure whether Mr. Boucicault was aware of what a large field for dramatic thought he opened up, and if I did not clearly understand the importance of it then, I have found it out since, and so far as I have been able applied it as a general rule. These reflections taught me never to anticipate a strong effect; in fact, to lead your audience by your manner, so that they shall scarcely suspect the character capable of such emotion; then, when some sudden blow has fallen, the terrible shock prepares the audience for a new and striking phase in the character: they feel that under these new conditions you would naturally exhibit the passion which till then was not suspected.

## "THE OCTOROON."

RISE young actors usually guard their positions with a jealous eye, and, as I was no exception to this rule, it had been clearly understood between myself and the management that my name should be as prominently set before the public as that of any other member of the company. This agreement was not carried out; for on the announcement in the papers of the play of "The Octoroon" my name did not appear. I was to act one of the principal parts in the drama. I felt that I was something of a

favorite with the public, and naturally became irate at this indignity; so I sent my part, *Salem Scudder*, to the theater, with a note to Mr. Stuart, saying that I considered my engagement canceled by my name being publicly ignored in the announcement of the play, and I concluded my resignation by saying that, as I had no wish to distress the management, if Mr. Stuart or Mr. Boucicault would call on me I would be pleased to enter into a new engagement with them where my claims should be written out to prevent any further misunderstanding; otherwise I must decline to act again in the theater. As the play was ready and to be acted on the following Monday night, this being Saturday, I felt pretty sure that my note of resignation would act as a bombshell and explode with considerable force in the managerial office. And it did.

But I must now digress in order to show the sequel of the story. I had been for some time suffering with an attack of dyspepsia,—not a happy condition for an actor who is quarreling with the manager,—and conceived the idea that gentle exercise in the way of boxing would relieve me. So I engaged a professor, in the shape of an old retired "champion of light-weights," to give me lessons in the manly art of self-defense for the sum of two dollars per lesson, in consideration of which he was to allow me to pommel him over the head with soft gloves *ad libitum*. In our contract it was understood that I was the party of the first part, and the party of the second part agreed, never, under any consideration, to counter on the party of the first part. These lessons had been going on in my drawing-room—my teacher coming to the house—for several weeks, and I fancied that I was improving; certainly I was, so far as hitting-out went, for, as I observed before, according to the contract I had it all my own way.

On the occasion I am now about to describe I had been perhaps taking unwarranted liberties with the "champion," who must have got a little excited, for before I knew where I was I found myself stretched full length under the piano. I expostulated with him, informing him solemnly that this was the second breach of contract I had suffered from him during the last two days, and begged him in the future to subdue the old war-horse within him. In fact, I said that I would prefer to pay a little extra if he would conform to the contract more rigidly. We shook hands and began work again. My feelings were hurt, to say the least of it, and I was determined to get even with him. I now began to dance around my adversary in the conventional style, and had just given him "one for his nob," when looking over his shoulders I discovered the amazed

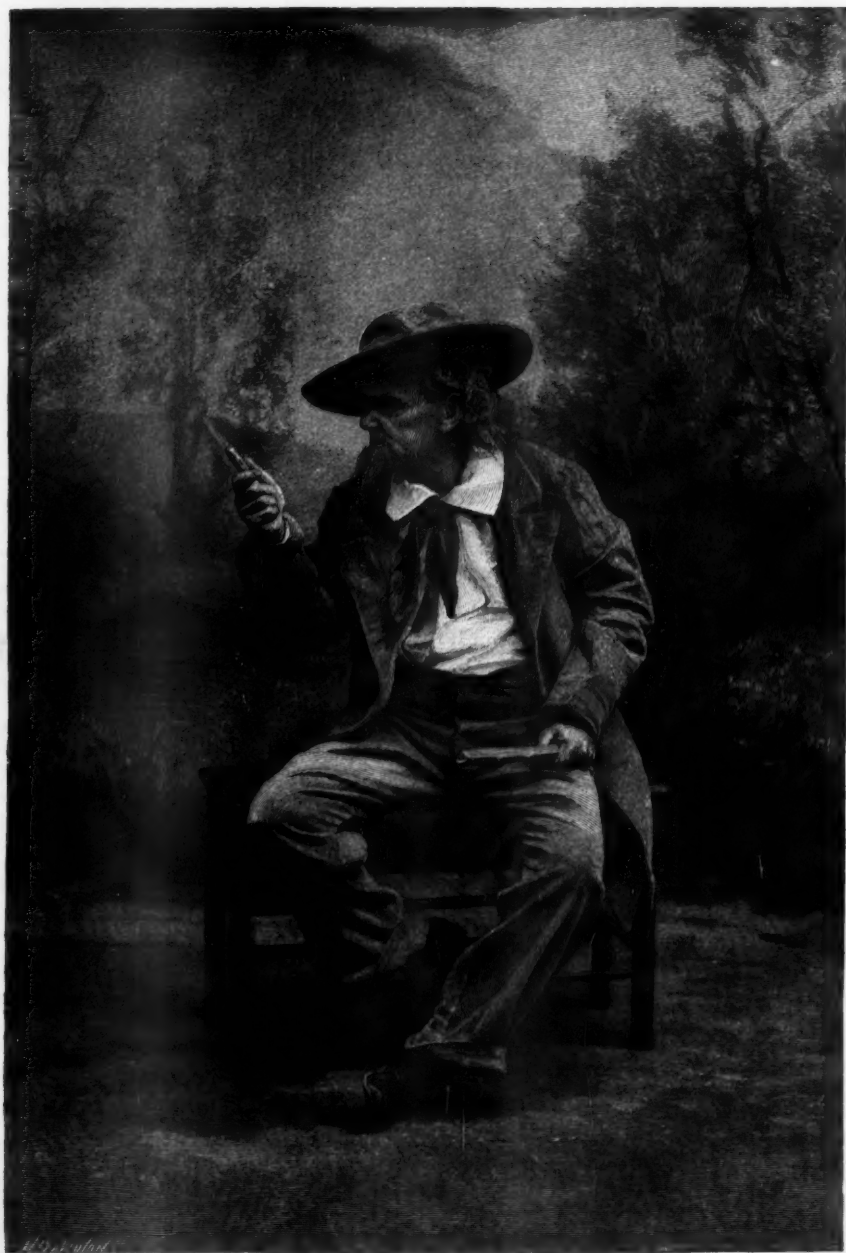


JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "CALES PLUMMER" IN "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."  
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRISON, CHICAGO.)

faces of Dion Boucicault and William Stuart. Against the dark background of the room the two heads of these gentlemen loomed up like another pair of boxing-gloves. They stood aghast at the scene, and I fancy it must have naturally entered their minds that I had invited them up to settle our difficulties by an appeal to science, and had secured the services of a professional bruiser to assist me. But the record of these gentlemen, like my own, proves that we are, pugilistically speaking, men of peace; so if they had any doubt, their alarm was soon set at rest by my dismissing the light-weight and politely begging them to be seated.

We soon came to a more explicit understanding, and the matter was settled without any reference to the "Marquis of Queensberry." The truth of the matter is that they were very anxious for me to act the part, and I was equally anxious to play it. With these feelings underlying the difficulty there was no occasion for arbitration. The quarrels between manager and actor are never very serious. As with loving couples, the slightest advance on either side soon brings about a reconciliation.

The history of "The Octoroon" is well known. It dealt with the one absorbing subject of slavery, and was produced at a dangerous time. The slightest allusion to this now-



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.

"TAKE CARE, JACOB, DON'T RILE ME."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "SALEM SCUDDER" IN "THE OCTOROON."



banished institution only served to inflame the country, which was already at a white heat. A drama told so well had a great effect on the audience, for there was at this time a divided feeling in New York with regard to the coming struggle. Some were in favor of war, others thought it best to delay, and, if possible, avert it; and it was deemed unwise, if not culpable, by many for us to act "The Octoroon" at such a time. Then there were various opinions as to which way the play leaned — whether it was Northern or Southern in its sympathy. The truth of the matter is, it was non-committal. The dialogue and characters of the play made one feel for the South, but the action proclaimed against slavery, and called loudly for its abolition. When the old negro, just before the slave sale, calls his colored "bredrin" around him and tells them they must look their best so as to bring a good price for the "missis,"

and then falling on his knees asks a blessing on the family who had been so kind to them, the language drew further sympathy for the loving hearts of the South; but when they felt by the action of the play that the old darkey who had made them weep was a slave, they became abolitionists to a man.

When *Zoe*, the loving octoroon, is offered to the highest bidder, and a warm-hearted Southern girl offers all her fortune to buy *Zoe* and release her from the threatened bondage awaiting her, the audience cheered for the South; but when again the action revealed that she could be bartered for, and was bought and sold, they cheered for the North as plainly as though they had said, "Down with slavery." This reveals at once how the power of dramatic action overwhelms the comparative impotency of the dialogue.

(To be continued.)

Joseph Jefferson.

## HOW ONE WINTER CAME IN THE LAKE REGION.

FOR weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still,  
Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze;  
The fields were dead, the wind had lost its will,  
And all the lands were hushed by wood and hill,  
In those gray, withered days.

Behind a mist the blear sun rose and set,  
At night the moon would nestle in a cloud;  
The fisherman, a ghost, did cast his net;  
The lake its shores forgot to chafe and fret,  
And hushed its caverns loud.

Far in the smoky woods the birds were mute,  
Save that from blackened tree a jay would scream,  
Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome lute  
Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarled root  
The tree-toad trilled his dream.

From day to day still hushed the season's mood,  
The streams staid in their runnels shrunk and dry;  
Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and wood,  
And all the world, with ominous silence, stood  
In weird expectancy:

When one strange night the sun like blood went down,  
Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue;  
Red grew the lake, the sear fields parched and brown,  
Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,  
But never a wind-breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins,  
A joyous tremor of the icy glow;  
And woke to hear the north's wild vibrant strains,  
While far and wide, by withered woods and plains,  
Fast fell the driving snow.

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

## FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife,"  
"The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

### IX.

#### THE BARON AND ANASTASIA.

"He that hateth suretyship is sure."

"For the good angel will keep him company, and his journey shall be prosperous, and he shall return safe."

"Where the devil cannot go, he sends a woman."



HAVING seen Olivia depart with Jenifer Waring, Nathaniel waited for Fox at the door of the Town Hall. He came to him with Roger and Asa, and the short, sharp parting of the four men was made in the passing. Then Fox said, "Come, Nathaniel, thou hath now no time for delay." And as they walked together to the Crown Inn, and while Nathaniel packed his saddle-bag, Fox urged upon him the necessity of an immediate journey to London.

"Thou must truly go home and get thy father's authority to act in this place, but thou must not otherwise linger a moment. It is within my knowledge that Stephen and Anastasia de Burg intend to leave England, and that at the first hour possible."

"Who has told you so, George?"

"Who? Dost thou think God has no way of speaking but through the lips of a man? I tell thee their secret chambers have been seen by me, and my ears have heard the false words they have whispered together. Ride as swiftly as the best horses can carry thee, and spare not thine own strength, for thy urgency in this matter may hinder great sorrow to thy father and mother."

"My father did a noble kindness for the love of God and kindred. I think then that God will guard him in it."

"God gives us good things with our own hands. If he wills thee to be providence to thy parents, he does thee a great honor. Dispute not with him concerning it. And take no half-word from Cromwell; stand stanchly by thy case and thou wilt win it."

"I think my father is such a man as will stand to his promise, though it bring him to ruin."

"I think that also, if this were an honest

agreement between man and man; but it is the plotting of the wicked against the merciful and righteous. And as the wind sown came out of their granary, thou must do thy part to make them reap the whirlwind. Farewell, Nathaniel." And the lofty confidence of the man's soul gave to his majestic person an authority so pronounced that Nathaniel felt it impossible either to dispute the wisdom or to doubt the result of the order given him.

So he left Kendal at a hard gallop, and as he neared the sea he began to feel the daring that the good salt wind blew into his nostrils. Then his heart burned with the injustice and bigotry he had witnessed, and he was blamelessly angry at the ingratitude which compelled him not only to take back a kindness, but also to leave the woman he loved, in her sorrow and loneliness, and undergo the annoyance and loss of a long and weariful journey. But while the sun dropped in tired splendor below the horizon, and the stars moved along the edges of the hills, and the hills grew larger in the twilight, and all nature seemed to be lying asleep in the diffused silence and dusk, he gathered strength for the task with every mile he rode. For he felt the presence of God in that communion which is the peace and power of the spirit.

It was so late when he reached Kelderby that all the household were in bed. But the baron was not asleep; he heard the gallop of Nathaniel's horse while he was a good way off, and he rose and opened the door and met his son on the threshold. The two men went into the dark house together, and for some minutes were fully occupied in getting a light and in replenishing the fire, for the nights on that bleak coast were generally chill and damp enough to warrant a blazing log.

While they were thus engaged Lady Kelder entered. She was desirous to see that Nathaniel's physical wants were attended to, but she had also an anxious curiosity about the trial. As the baron lifted himself from the hearth, and Nathaniel transferred the blaze from the brimstone-tipped pine sliver to the candle, she said:

"How went the trial, Nathaniel?"

"As Roger's enemies had preordained,

mother. They have sent him to Appleby jail."

"Indeed I see not how they could have done different. Magistrates must go upon evidence."

"They sent Asa Bevin there also."

"Like master, like man. I make no doubt Asa was equally guilty."

"Roger put human kindness before human prudence. Asa put the law of God before the commands of Judah Parke. I see no other fault in the men."

"Are you also become a Quaker?"

"I would that my religion were like theirs, heart-thorough, inside and outside alike. Roger Prideaux is a man who has a perfect heart towards God."

"A perfect heart!" ejaculated the baron, in a low voice. "A perfect heart! Oh, finest of wares!"

"And what is done with the girl? Did she give evidence against her father? If she did, I think nothing of her."

"She told the truth. She could do no less and be innocent."

"Faith! When my father was in hiding for Nonconformity, I would have bit out my tongue ere I had made his enemies as wise as myself. I would, surely! Yea, I would have misled them rather than have sent my father to prison; which indeed is mostly the same as a warrant of death."

"Olivia obeyed the desire of her father. He said to her: 'Truth can do without a lie. Do not even look one.' But I have come home in this hurry on our own special business." Then he repeated what George Fox had told him, and urged upon his father an instant attention to such writing as was necessary to enable him again to act for both.

The baron heard him with a strange restlessness. He rose before Nathaniel's message was all given, and went to the window and looked into the darksome garden. Lady Kelder's face reddened with an eager flush, and she answered promptly:

"For once a Quaker has spoken words with some wisdom in them. You had better leave at dawn, Nathaniel. I have already called Jael, and she will prepare such things as you need. There are still some hours in which you may rest and sleep."

"Mother, I will leave at once — unless my father wills to interfere no further in the matter."

Then the baron turned sharply and said: "I will go to London myself. Joan, dear heart, have my best velvet suit and my Flemish laces put up, with such other things as are necessary. I am well able for the journey, and before dawn I can be near to Lancaster."

"Odel! Odel! You shall not leave me. Let Nathaniel go. He did well before. He is quite sufficient."

"You are unreasonable, Joan. All day you have fretted in your heart at me. You have made constant moan for Kelderby. You have wished that you were only a man, that you might say one word to save it. Now, then, have my bag filled, for I tell you surely that with it, or without it, I will leave Kelderby for London in thirty minutes."

"Let me go with you, father."

"Nay, I will do this thing alone, going in the strength of my God, Nathaniel."

"Do you wish to go, father?"

"My wish is to stay out of the world, and 't is a cross indeed to face the strife and struggle of it again. But I fear not; for as I stood by the window I heard with my inward ear the voice I waited for, and it said: '*Go. If I send, do I ever fail thee therein?*'"

It was impossible further to gainsay by a word or a look the purpose of the man. With the rapid energy of years past by he began to select such papers as he wanted, and to count out gold for the necessities of the journey. The few words he spoke to Nathaniel about the horse he wished were so curt and positive that Lady Kelder made no more remonstrance. She saw again the masterful leader, the man who in camp or court had always stood for the rights of others, and also held his own. As he impatiently changed his chamber-gown and felt slippers for long jack-boots and a buff leather jerkin, and fastened round his shoulders the heavy cloth cloak that he had worn on many a midnight watch, Lady Kelder caught the spirit of her husband, and she hastened with willing hands the special preparations which fell naturally to her ordering.

So when the horse was brought to the door, and the baron, ready for the journey, stood by his wife's side, saying the bravest and kindest words he could find in his brave, kind heart, she answered them hopefully, keeping back tears and crowning her kiss with a tender smile. And after all the hurried parting is the best parting. 'T is doubtful if any one — even lovers — do well to prolong their sweet sorrow. Emotion is weakened by every moment of time it covers, just as water spread over the valley is shallow, but pent in one deep channel becomes a driving force.

Kelder had chosen a fleet hunter to take him the first stage of his journey, and the animal soon carried him beyond the echoes of its beating hoofs. Then Nathaniel and Lady Kelder went back to the parlor and sat down together. She was still under the influence of the baron's heroic mood, and as she sat gazing into the fire her face grew soft and loving and

her heart glowed again with the long-forgotten pride she had felt for the husband of her youth.

"Your father has taken us by storm, Nathaniel. For a long time I have not seen him so much like himself. Now pray resolve me truly if we are like to lose Kelderby. Or think you this journey may be its ransom?"

"I think that my father's journey will save Kelderby."

"But if it does, then there is this affair of the Quaker Prideaux."

"My father hath no hand in that."

"But you have. And what good is it if the fire that is quenched in the chimney be scattered about the floor? O Nathaniel! Nathaniel! if you would be wise and resign a girl who has brought you, and is only like to bring, trouble. Ill fortune is catching as the small-pox; why should you take trouble from a stranger?"

"Trouble springs not from the ground, mother, for 'man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.' But why inquire of the future? 'T is like going into a warfare for which no weapon is provided. God is a present help. And 't is easily seen that we have present ills in plenty, without forecasting those not yet here. The ingratitude of our cousin De Burg—"

"Is what I expected. Nothing grows old sooner than a kindness."

"We have never done aught but good to De Burg, and he has returned us tenfold evil."

"Well, then, to every evil-doer his evil day; and as for this Roger Prideaux—"

"He is a good man, mother. But the world likes its own, and Roger is not among the number."

"Roger, like others of the trading class who have been aggrandized by the ruin of better men than themselves, cannot let affairs too high for him alone. He must be patron to Sandys or De Burg, and now he has to eat the husk of their evil speech. And as for this saint Olivia, she is better than what is either written or called for. Her father is little indebted to her extravagant goodness."

"Nothing, not even martyrdom, could prevent Olivia speaking the plain truth. It is a necessity of her nature."

"Indeed, I think martyrdom a very poor test of truth. Men suffer half the time, not for their convictions, but to gratify their stubbornness. Nine out of ten would rather yield their lives than their tempers. That is the nature of Englishmen, as 't is the nature of English dogs. Oh! I can tell you, Nathaniel, the devil lurks often behind the Cross."

"Dear mother, as to this world the Quakers get nothing, and lose everything."

"They get their own way. Is there really anything more gratifying?"

"They are truly conscientious."

"About trivialities, yes: as to wearing of hats and speaking as no one else does, and the like; picking up the most insignificant questions with their conscience, instead of their common sense. That is their righteous way of walking over people's heads."

"'T is a way of righteous self-denial."

"Yes, and they like it. After all, Nathaniel, it is easier to deny sinful-self than righteous-self."

"We talk to no purpose, mother, and I am strangely tired."

Then they both arose, and Nathaniel gave her his arm up the dark stairs. He had a candle in one hand, but its faint light only made the thick gloom more visible and portentous. They looked like two figures in a walking sleep, and Jael peeped after them through the partly opened door with the feeling that she was seeing people in a dream.

At the same hour Anastasia sat alone in her chamber, slowly removing the rings and chains and silk and laces that enhanced her splendid beauty. There had been a late supper and much wine-drinking and gambling at De Burg that night, and she had been the gayest in the crowd. She had sung wondrously to her lute; she had danced a *galliard* with Le Tall; she had played cribbage, and won gold pieces at it; she had queened it over every heart, and charmed even her father out of his present mood of anger. But she was now alone, and she was really miserable.

"I am the greatest fool in the three kingdoms," she said bitterly, as she put the mirror at a proper angle and sat down before it. "Beauty! Yes, I have beauty, but what is it worth? Do I care if Le Tall and Chenage fight a duel about me? Nathaniel scorns me, and anything else is beyond expectation. Well, what I cannot have I will be dog enough to hinder Mistress Prideaux of—if I can. But now that I have raised the storm, shall I be able to manage it? I have already in its ordering lied myself neck-deep, and one lie breeds more, and black lies have crimson fruit. Chut! My heart surely hath the bravery to perfect its own wishes, and my little tongue never failed me yet." And she put its scarlet tip out and looked at it steadily. "'T is as good as a sword, if one knows how to use it."

Then she unlatched her shoes of red morocco, and took the pins out of her black hair, and let its waving, curling mass fall over her shoulders and bosom. The particularly picturesque disorder it assumed arrested her attention. She studied its forms for future use, and passed a ten minutes in fingering and recurling her favorite lock. Then, noticing a number of gold pieces lying loose upon the



table, she counted and put them away. They had been won from Chenage; she recalled the gleam of anger in his eyes as he paid the debt of ill chance, and she laughed softly as she dropped the money in its place.

"He thought I cheated him! Faith! I am in the selfsame mind. There is a big bill running up between Chenage and me. Shall I be forced to pay it? or will he be forced to lose it?" She rose with the query, opened a drawer, and took from it a pack of cards. With a slow intentness she shuffled them hither and thither, set some aside, and cast out others. Then she spread the others before her, and began to spell out their mysteries.

"Chenage is black with anger; he carries the trey of spades, and the nine follows him. He has a villain heart, and I'll swear to it! What is this? Prison bars, and a great change, and news from beyond seas—and tears in my own breast. That last is a lie, if all else be true. I am well used to jade Fortune's tricks, and fear none of them." Yet she flung the paper oracles at her feet, and went to bed with the shadow of her own evil divination over her.

But her sleep was not troubled by the ill fortune she had spelled out in her divining cards. Indeed she was of that class of mortals whose sleep is the sleep of pure matter, and who are very rarely visited by the winged dreams. If her soul ever wandered afar on its own business or pleasure, she knew it not. It told her nothing of what it saw. It gave her neither warning nor admonition. She shut her eyes as a tired animal does, and thought nothing of the breathing mystery behind her unconscious rest.

She awoke with the influence of the previous day upon her. The triumphs of the trial with its swift afterthought of worry and fear; the feasting and dancing and gambling; the sense of her father's deferred wrath; the sense of Le Tall's half-scornful admiration, and of the almost savage earnestness of Chenage's love and anger—these things and their various smaller aids struck her consciousness the moment it was awake to mortal questions. They did not daunt her. The bright June sunshine flooded the bed, and in its glory she lay in indolent satisfaction, gathering together the tangled ends of her affairs, and looking at them steadily in their very worst aspects.

For every day has its genius, and the genius of this day was of an anxious questioning bent. It would not suffer her to be still, so she slipped out of bed and began the business of her toilet; keeping, by unconscious preference, in the very brightest band of sunshine. And as she splashed the cold water over her arms and face and bosom, and brushed out her tangled curls, she

was busy enough with plans and projects of safety and revenge, yet not so busy as to make her negligent about her personal adornment.

Thoughts, troublesome to any woman,—angry, jealous thoughts,—went to and fro in her mind, threatening, supposing, longing, and fearing; but they did not prevent her studying the effect of her brodered hose and scarlet shoes, and putting her pretty feet in every position that gave her a good view of them. She was burning with indignation at Nathaniel, she was full of scorn for Olivia, she was sick at heart whenever she thought of Chenage, but amid the tumult of such cross and vexed passions she found time and interest to try on several petticoats before she decided that the pale blue one would show off best the snowy sweep of her long white tunic. Only a woman in such a storm of anxious feeling could have so deliberately arranged each curl and plait, pinched each ruffle of point afresh, turned every crumpled bow, studied before the mirror the flow of her garments and the exact length of step they required, and yet throughout each trivial act considered with a conscious method the best way to keep herself out of the sorrow and ruin she would gladly work for others.

When her toilet was completed she went slowly down the stairway. With her hand upon the thick black balustrade, step by step, she went down. There was a long, richly painted window behind her, and she moved in the glory of its many-tinted lights, knowing well how fair her white-robed figure, with its touches of red and blue, looked in that dim splendor of changeful color. She lingered because she hoped that Le Tall or Chenage might pass through the hall and see her; for so contradictory is a woman's vanity, that even when a man is troublesomely in love she cannot resist the opportunity to make him still more so.

However, she found the house empty of all company. Le Tall and Chenage had gone away immediately after breakfast, and De Burg had betaken himself to the meadows to watch the haymakers.

"'T is a moment's peace, and I thank my stars for it," she said cheerily to the steward. "I will have a breakfast to my mind, Martin—a rustical breakfast fit for a dairymaid. Bring me fresh eggs, and new milk, and the manchet loaf of wheat flour, and a plate of cherries; and, Martin, I will have the milk in the china bowl tipped with silver, that hath the Virgin and the Child at the bottom of it. And bring me a napkin of fine diaper, and put that posy of honeysuckles near by me. Faith! I shall taste the flowers in my milk." And Martin, who delighted in serving this hand-

some, well-dressed, imperiously pleasant mistress, brought all she wished, with a hasty officiousness that bespoke his willing service.

"What time was breakfast served, Martin?"

"An hour after sun-rising, mistress—and great discontent at your absence shown."

"Who was discontented, Martin?" She was chipping the tip of an egg with the greatest deliberation, and her smile was so ravishing that if Martin had had to break every commandment to answer her, he must needs have pleased himself and have done it.

"'T was Squire Chenage the most—and the other gentleman also; and the master grumbling for himself and all."

"That was like to be. And pray what did they break their fast on?"

"I served some ribs of cold roast beef, and a dish of buttered salmon, and each a bottle of sack; also the wormwood wine at the first of all."

"They would need the wormwood. I bless myself that I was absent from the discontented gentlemen. For I dearly love a simple meal, Martin. Faith! I think I have the innocent tastes of a child yet. Cherries and milk are my delight." And she lifted admiringly a bunch of the crimson drupes and laid them with anticipative enjoyment against her crimson lips.

On the whole she had a pleasant meal, and when it was over she found herself able to face the day; nay, rather anxious for such encounters as it might bring her. But nothing followed on her "Come what may, I am ready for it." Fate was out of hearing, and her challenge was for some hours unanswered. She found it difficult to fill them to her satisfaction. To be alone, that was a condition of *ennui* and weariness to her. She tried playing shuttlecock, but there was no one to see her pretty attitudes, and it disarranged her dress. Then she practiced the new French step taught her the previous night by Le Tall, and as she watched her scarlet shoes playing hide and seek behind and before her petticoat, she thought her of Sir John Suckling's ballad, and so, quoting it, made the words keep the rhythm of her motions:

Her feet beneath her petticoat  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light;  
But, oh! she dances such a way,  
No sun upon an Easter day  
Is half so fine a sight!

In a little while she wearied of her dancing and took a book. But having no liking for reading, and the volume lifted proving to be Alsted's "Encyclopædia," she soon laid it down with the impatient comment:

"'T is the veriest nonsense, I believe. If the bell has any sides, the clapper will find them; and if there was any savor of sense in the book, 't is to be believed I should hit upon something worth the reading."

Then she took her finery and her pretty, gracious ways to the housekeeper, and asked what sweet waters were making in the still-room, and discoursed about the excellence of elderflower pomade for the skin, and even condescended to inquire as to the dishes for the day's dinner.

But all this was but a trifling with Fate, and exceedingly unsatisfactory. She had set herself to a certain high mental pitch anticipating a battle royal with her father, and possibly with Chenage; and she felt that there was an unfortunate want of communication between her mood and its objects. As the morning and the long, hot afternoon crept slowly away, her spirit flagged; she grew fearful in the crowding thoughts that assailed her; she began to feel as if something were going to happen.

It was night, however, before the slightest change came. She had taken dinner and was lying on a sofa, idly touching the strings of her lute. A song, "To the Virgins, to make much of Time," with the notes attached, was beside her; and she was singing it with a very listless air:

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying,  
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

De Burg entered at the third line. He was rating the servant who followed him about some household neglect, and he continued the occupation while the man took off his heavy riding-boots and clasped on his feet shoes of more light and easy make. He did not notice Anastasia, and she continued her melancholy song, but with such a nervous hand that at the word "dying" a string snapped with a sharpness that had something ominous in it. Then she laid down the lute, rose from the sofa, and arranged her skirts with such elaborate care that the petty interest irritated De Burg; and he broke in two a brutal epithet he was bestowing upon the servant, in order to turn round and say:

"Shake your bravery less, mistress; you set my teeth on edge."

She answered him by a shrug of her shoulders, and an inquiring stare which he felt but would not see. Then softly humming the refrain of her interrupted ditty she went hither and thither in the darksome room; shutting a casement, putting the encyclopædia in its place, re-arranging the honeysuckles in their

bowl—aggravatingly indifferent to all but the trifles that caught her passing glance, and quite conscious that the trailing of her silk and lawn, and the unconcerned, meaningless repetition of “Gather-ye-rose-buds—Gather-ye-rose-buds—Gather-ye-rose-buds” was exasperating her father to the highest degree.

“Light the candles, Jock.”

The man was leaving the room, but he turned back to obey her command; and in the interval she walked about with her hands clasped behind her back, and her head lifted high to the thoughts gradually gathering passion in her angry, fearful heart. But she still hid all emotion in fitful bars of the same mournful melody: “To-morrow-will-be-dying—To-morrow-will-be-dying—To—”

The closing of the door broke the word in two, and the sharp clash was followed in a moment by an order just as sharp:

“Come here, Asia!”

She went towards him, and stood by the small table holding the two candles. One of her hands rested on it; she was erect and watchful, yet withal conscious of that unconquerable fear which is the result of a lifelong habit of obedience, founded upon traditions of absolute right.

“Asia! you have brewed a pretty kettle of broth for me. I shall need the devil’s spoon to sup it with.”

“He is always willing to lend it.”

“To a woman, yes. But I am not going to sup the broth. No, in faith! They who brewed may borrow. I tell you, Kendal is in a fever of discontent about yesterday’s work.”

“The Kendal Quakers, you mean?”

“I mean such men as young Strickland, who holds Quakers and Puritans and Royalists, all of them, at his word. He met me in Stricklandgate this afternoon, and refused me his hand on this business. He said, moreover, that I had been false to my kindred, and false to my king, and false to my honor; and that he would prove every charge at his sword’s point; and listen, mistress! Captain Bellingham stood by him! Heaven and hell!” he shouted, as he rose and stamped his foot to the adjuration, “I’ll strangle both; yes, both of them with their own blood.”

“Playing ‘Pistol’ won’t mend matters, sir. Try to understand yourself, and be reasonable. ’Tis beyond doubt you have been false to Kelder, and intend yet more of the same business. ’Tis beyond doubt that men will say you wrong your own honor in wronging Kelder’s surety for it; but wherein you have been false to the king, I see not. On that quarrel you may stand firmly.”

“Oh, indeed! You see with one eye, and I was so great a fool as to let you see for me.

The main count of Strickland’s charge is, that I have been a traitor to King Charles in that I interfered with his messenger.”

“’T was against Prideaux, and not against Sandys, you moved. A fine thing when nobles like Strickland stand up for Quakers!”

“Confusion to it all! See you not that if Sandys went to Penrith, he went there only to see one great lord, who must now lie under still heavier suspicions. And Prideaux, though a Quaker serving the king’s purpose, is a loyal man in Strickland’s eyes. He said plainly to me that an injury to men doing the king’s work secretly was a wrong to the king beyond pardon. Fool! fool! I never thought of the matter in that light. And ’t was a beggarly return to Kelder for his kindness—all to serve a woman’s jealous spite. Fool! fool! fool!”

“You know best what name fits you, sir; but ’t was not specially to serve my spite. ’T was because you had not humility to say, ‘Thank you very kindly, sir,’ to your cousin Kelder; and because you grudged Sandys to the Quaker Prideaux, and hoped to work him out of the estate, and so make room for De Burg. Pray be so far honest with me. I shall think no worse of you for it.”

“As to Harald Sandys, ’t was the most unfortunate of names.”

“Then they think surely it was Sandys?”

“They would swear it, for ’t is their desire. Sandys and Strickland have been friends for generations, and Bellingham has with Sandys still closer ties. See you not, then, how I have offended them both in their personal and political affections? And who would care to live in Kendal with Strickland and Bellingham for enemies? As well live in Rome, and strive with the Pope.”

“Tell them the truth, if you think it needful.”

“Tell them that an honorable name like Sandys was used to shield a villain like John—they would either of them stab me with the words in my mouth; and, by my soul! ’t would serve me right.”

He was walking the floor in a fury of distracted passions, and Anastasia, white with physical terror, watched him with a sense of hopelessness of which she had never before been conscious. What could she do or say to undo what she had said and done? Nothing. And as for all her personal enchantments, in that hour she learned how impotent they were against the impregnable principles of honor and gratitude and inflexible justice. The defection of Bellingham smote her on every side. She had believed her influence over him to be absolute. She could scarcely credit his desertion until she remembered that he had not called to see her after he heard of Prideaux’s prose-

cution. She feared Chenage; she liked the gay-hearted Bellingham, and had always regarded him as the final resort if her circumstances became beyond her own management. To lose his love was to lose her anchor; she had the sense of drifting on stormy waves, rolling hither and thither to the passionate bluster of De Burg's anger and mortification.

"Only one course is now left, Asia."

"To go to the king?"

"Yes."

"I am ready at any hour."

"You! It is impossible now to take you."

She turned as if she had been suddenly struck, her face expressing the same anger and astonishment.

"What then?"

"You must marry Chenage."

"I — will — not!"

"You will! And that with all convenient speed."

A shrill cry smote her lips apart. "Father! father! hear me!"

"I have heard you to my ruin."

"Let me go with you. I will bear anything, everything." She stepped to his side and laid her head against his breast. Her distress was real and he felt it; but he had no comfort to give her. Not unkindly, but with a positive firmness, he withdrew himself from her embrace.

"Asia, meet your fate like a brave woman. You have called it unto you."

"Let me at least have the reasons for my fate. Good God! how careless you are of my happiness."

"Let me tell you, when you bartered your happiness for revenge 't was your own bargain. This considered, shall I care for what you are reckless of?"

"Anything but Chenage! I fear him. I fear that gray, lonely house among the mountains. O father! I have seen my misery in his eyes. Spare me!"

"There is no other way. I must abroad at the first hour. Where am I to get the gold? Only from Chenage. I owe him much already, and he is willing to cancel all, willing to give me two hundred pounds for my expenses the day you are his wife. Fix that day now. 'Tis the only favor I can grant you."

"I will not be so cruel to myself. Father! dear father!"

"You cannot kiss me out of concessions, Anastasia. The only way to save De Burg is to be before Strickland. When the king comes to his own he will have so many to right that any excuse will serve to pass some of the many by. A word from Strickland and he would take my rights, to right some other man."

"Sell the plate—sell all my jewels."

"Tell all and sundry that I am going? Set

old and young Kelder to watch my movements, and have me put under lock and key? Asia, you brewed this cup, drink as you have brewed. Chenage is as fine a gentleman as England breeds. He is rich and he loves you, and faith! you have often led him to believe that you returned his love. If you play with fire do not wonder if you get burnt."

"I shall do my best to make him wretched."

"If you try that game with Chenage you will get beat at it. I thought it was he that was to make you wretched. To say truth, 't will be six for him and half a dozen for you."

"I will run away from him, and come to you."

There was an inquiry in her eyes which De Burg could not meet. It said so plainly, "If I do, will you shelter me?" He turned to the sideboard, poured out a glass of French spirits and drank it. A few minutes of silence followed. Anastasia went to the sofa and sat down. The hopeless droop of her handsome head was but the outward sign of a far more terrible hopelessness of heart. There are possibilities for women in these days that were impossibilities two hundred years ago. Marriage was then a final act; no one regarded any divorce but that of death as either practical or potential. Flight in any direction, or for any purpose, was accompanied by dangers so various that an ordinary spirit could not contemplate it without despair. Public opinion was absolutely on the side of the worst husband. Whether the marriage ring was a chain or an ornament, society demanded from a woman all the obedience to its obligations which was promised by the very act of wearing it.

These thoughts and many like them passed through Anastasia's mind with the rapidity and vividness of a flash of lightning; and they had, as a sad accompaniment, her keen disappointment of the contemplated change. She had looked forward to the merry doings of that shabby little court in Paris with such anticipations of triumph. In her secret heart she had even planned the captivation of the laughing, quaffing, carelessly good-natured monarch. Were all her delightful day dreams to end in Squire Chenage and his great sorrowful-looking house? Desperate as the circumstances environing her were, she was resolved not to submit to them if it were possible to escape a lot so repugnant and so final.

De Burg waited for her to speak. He was determined not to weaken his ultimatum with many words. "Fix the day, and fix it at the earliest possible date," was all that he would say. His sulkiness, if she had known it, was the sign of the white feather, of a certain pity for the beautiful girl whom he was dooming to a life so hateful and hopeless to her. He



felt that if he any longer permitted her to weep and plead he must in some measure give way; and so he retreated into the fortress of a sulky silence. But Anastasia was not one who looked below the surface for a motive. Her father's silence she took for the evidence of an inflexible resolution.

"Let me have this night, father. I commonly think in the night. Then, if I see your plan to be the best, I will take it of you, and let my own hopes go in God's name."

She spoke in a low, tearful voice, and he could not resist her request, though he was obliged to speak gruffly in order to keep his position intact.

"I'll warrant you'll come to your senses before morning, Asia. Chenage is as good a gentleman as lives, and his offer is to my great contentment. If you fall a-crying now, you shall have the room to yourself. Peace, I say!"

She shut the parlor door with a passionate force behind her, and fled like a frightened child up the dim stairway to her room. She had a quick thought of the Anastasia that passed slowly down it in the morning sunshine, and a quick pity for the Anastasia hurrying through its shadows at night, pursued by a fate pitiless and hateful which she knew would overtake her. With trembling haste she drew the large iron bolt across her own door. But she could not shut out the terror which was in her heart. For a moment she stood in the scarcely lighted room panting like a hunted creature; then she lighted several candles from the burning rush-light, and sat down somewhat quieted by the act.

With angry vehemence she tossed aside the white robe and blue silk petticoat. "I will never wear them again," she muttered. "They are full of ill luck, they are the colors of disappointment and misfortune to me. If this is the world, would I were out of it! If Chenage will have me, he shall rue it. Faith! I'll make him wish he had never seen me. My only amusement will be to torture him. Ah, the wretched life! I wish—I wish—I wish that John would come! John would not see me wronged!"

She had been rapidly undressing to these ejaculations. The freedom given to her body seemed in some way to enlarge her mind. John's name gave her a new hope. She was now half scornful of her own submission. She thought of twenty arguments she might have used against her father's plan. Before the mirror she looked at herself and pitied the fate of her youth and beauty. But as she passed her fingers through her long curls, the new hope gradually took clearness and form in her mind.

In the hurry of their parting at Sandys John had certainly said something about "coming

back to see her in a month." Yes, she remembered the word "month." At the time the promise had not appeared to her desirable; she had passed it by with a passing assent. Now she rigidly inquired of memory for it. She endeavored to recall the tone in which it was made, the expression of John's face, the particular sentences before and following it; and her final conclusion was that John certainly intended to visit her very soon.

She could understand that his curiosity would lead him to do so. Filling his life with great and shameful tragedies, John de Burg had nevertheless that small kind of soul which is inquisitive about petty affairs. Without reflecting on the peculiarity, Anastasia knew that it existed. She knew all his small hatreds, his scornful toleration of Prideaux, his real admiration of Olivia, his jealousy of Nathaniel; she imagined the laughter and delight they would have together over the trial and sentence of Prideaux and Asa; and she came to the positive belief that within three weeks, perhaps two, John would certainly venture to meet her somewhere. Well, then, delay was all she needed.

"I'll go with John. Yes, I'll go with John, if he were a thousand times an outlaw, rather than with Chenage to that gloomy prison of his. But it will need management."

By "management" she meant deception. She had not that brutal courage which attains its ends by a physical storming of whatever contradicts. She preferred to cozen and smile and allure. Chenage was inclined to be suspicious and jealous; she would accept him with an appearance of grateful pleasure. She would tell him she loved him for his kindness to her father. She would fool him to the top of his bent. But she would also put off to the last possible moment the hateful ceremony which would make him lord and master, and her the obedient or rebellious slave of his wishes. And, to the last moment, she would hope and watch for John.

After a little silence she went further, though it was at first with fear and uncertainty. "And if John should *not* come in time, John will find out where I am. He will come and see me, or he will send. I know the man he will send—Pastro; I can see his short, black, curling hair, his flat cap and earrings, his red, thick bull's neck, his dark skin, his sailorly roll. He'll hang round till he sees me; and John won't be far off—and if I am unhappy—and I know I shall be unhappy—I shall tell John; or, or, or—Chenage might have an invitation to go with John."

Her face flushed, her eyes danced with delight. She flung herself upon the bed to luxuriate in such a delectable scheme of revenge. Every now and then she laughed softly to her



pillow. She might have to be gracious and humble for a little while, but oh, the rapture, the delicious rapture of her revenge!

"And I shall not blame myself," she murmured complacently; "'t will be his own fault. He has lent father money purposely for this end. Neither will I blame father. I warrant he thinks he gets me cheap at a few hundred pounds. A dear wife I will be to him! O Roger Chenage! Roger Chenage! You shall find out how sharp are a woman's secret teeth."

In a couple of hours she had quite accepted the situation; nay, she even felt a wicked exultation in it. Nor must we blame her beyond reason. The women of every age are in a measure what the age makes them. Cromwell's age was an heroic one; everything, good or bad, took on large proportions. The good women had opportunities for amazing faith, for great self-denial and magnanimous deeds; the evil women were driven by the same circumstances into vast oppositions. They did, and they suffered, gigantic wrongs; and they had all the facilities for outrageous revenges. Betrayed confidences could send men to prison or to the scaffold, a little sinful gold sell them into hopeless slavery, a planned jealousy deliver them to be spitted on a rival's sword. Anastasia, looking at her wrongs in the light of her own time, saw how she might rid herself of an unwelcome husband; kidnapping, slavery, death—these were her weapons. Had she lived A. D. 1890, she would have simply gone to the divorce court.

After she had come to a firm and clear decision she went to sleep. The thought of murder was in her heart, but she called it revenge, and it did not trouble her. Besides, she had also made an agreement with herself that if Chenage behaved properly to her father and to herself she would do him no physical harm. In that case, if she found life intolerable at Chenage Grange,—and she was sure it would be so,—she would go with John, and Chenage would only have to fume a little over his runaway bride.

He was that night in Kendal waiting for Anastasia's decision. De Burg had promised him it in the morning. And he occupied the room in the Crown Inn which Nathaniel had occupied two nights previously. Oh the secrets that the four walls of a room keep! Prayer, and anxious loving thoughts, and talks with conscience, and calm virtuous sleep; that was the record Nathaniel Kelder left on them. Chenage was under the influence of a brutal and selfish passion. His mutterings were full of hatred of De Burg. He grudged the money he had loaned; he was trying to invent some plan by which he could evade the payment of the further sum promised. When he

thought especially of Anastasia it was with mingled curses on her power over him and ejaculations on her beauty. He made himself great promises of the revenges he would take for all the heart torment she had given him and all the money she had cost him. Was this record also written there? O changing guests of inns and homes!—

May not the ancient room you sit in dwell

In separate loving souls, for joy or pain?

Nay, all its corners may be painted plain

Where heaven shows pictures of some life spent well,

Or may be stamped—a memory, all in vain—  
Upon the sight of lidless eyes in hell.

The morning was a dull, rainy one. It broke austere. The wind lashed the boughs of the trees and gave them a doleful aspect, and the very sky seemed flattened under the pouring rain which drowned the horizon. But Anastasia was not affected by atmospheric influence; she had a vague passing pity for the cows browsing in the wet grass of the distant meadows, but she turned from the window to the mirror with a mind perfectly settled on her own affairs. Rain or shine, she knew the way she was going, and at the moment when she put her bare feet upon the polished oak of the floor she began to take it.

She dressed a trifle more carelessly than usual. She was not going to give herself any particular trouble about Roger Chenage. Her sacrifice was granted, but why deck it with pink bows? Otherwise there was no difference in her appearance. She met her father with a smile, and De Burg was grateful for it. He looked haggard and weary, for he had really passed an anxious and sleepless night. Truly he wanted his own way, but he wanted it without serious pain to Anastasia. So her smile was better than sunshine to him. He kissed her voluntarily, a favor so unusual that it made her cheeks flame with pleasure. She felt at that moment as if it would be a joy to use Chenage in any way necessary for the welfare of De Burg.

De Burg read her like a printed page. He perceived that in her present mood he might resign everything in order to gain everything; and, as he anticipated, she refused to accept this surrender.

"'T is not to be thought of," she answered. "I shall manage Chenage to my own purposes very well, father; and if he mistreat me, I warrant he will do so at his own peril. My only affliction is that I must lose you."

"'T will not be for long, Asia. I may promise you so much."

"And when the king comes home you will be with him, and you will send for me to London, and I shall see the new Spring Garden,

and disport myself at the court masques and balls."

"You shall, surely! You have been kind and obedient to me, Asia. When Chenage comes this morning give him the earliest day for my sake."

"A month hence?"

"Do you dream? A week hence is too late."

"'T is impossible! And surely you have some arrangements to make. Money is but the first. What conveyance have you to the coast?"

"My own horse will take me to Whitehaven bravely."

"It will not carry you across seas."

"Le Tall has a friend, whose ship is now unloading at Whitehaven, from the Barbadoes. It waits for me, and will go so far out of its course as to drop me upon French soil. And if I forget you for an hour, Asia, 't will be against my will; though for the present I must content myself with the belief that Chenage has a distracting love for you."

"The ways of love are many. Chenage will vow you black and blue that his is one of them. It will pass at that!" And she shrugged her shoulders with a scorn that words would vainly have tried to express.

"He hath a good name also. Le Tall said to me but yesterday that no merry party would willingly want him."

"I'll warrant it so. Few men care to show their private faces in public."

"And 't is a common report, among those who profess to know, that Old Noll hath not many days to live. Then we may hope—"

"I will none of Hope. She is an old gipsy, forever prophesying lies. She told me I was to go to Paris with you, and then fled away before Necessity, who sends me to Chenage, without an ah! or oh! or how! about it."

"'T is all contrary to my desire. Chenage will be here anon; I will leave you to take care of your own affairs."

"Have no fear. He shall take care of yours also. 'T is not my nature to put my father at the feet of any other man."

He was really too troubled to answer; but Anastasia understood his set white face and drooping head, and when his misty eyes flashed one look at her they touched the girl deeper than Chenage might ever hope to do. She even found a kind of pleasure in the thought that she might use Chenage to ransom her father's honor and fortune. And yet 't was but a poor pleasure, leaving behind it a bitter sense of wrong to her own life and hopes.

After De Burg left the room it seemed inexpressibly dreary, and as she walked restlessly about it a Hindu idol, upon a shelf filled with Asiatic curiosities, attracted her attention—such a melancholy, hideous, drowsy, gloomy

god, simian and obscene, with half-closed eyes and sempiternal smile. She stood musingly before it.

"'T is said that mostly women pray to it. What misery women do endure; for where that horror is the likeness of a god, conceive me what the men may be! Certainly Chenage is something better, or 't is to be hoped so. And if Chenage is my fate, I will not cross destiny, for 't is to cross my luck. But, oh, the bitterness of it! Chenage, whom I have mocked and despised! Chenage, whom I have vowed never to marry! Chenage, of all men, to open the door of my future home! 'T is beyond belief! 'T is beyond endurance!"

But Anastasia was only experiencing one of those contradictions of fortune which in all ages have been a lament. Can any man or woman say, "I will not enter a certain dwelling"? The swift changes of life may bring them to its threshold, may push them in, and they not even dream of escaping. Therefore the wise defile not any well, because they may yet have to drink of its water.

## X.

## A MEETING.

"O sad bride, feigning to be what thou art not! Velling with smiles thy fears of wrong, thy dreams of quick vengeance."

"All strangest things the multitudinous years  
Bring forth, and shadow from us all we know;  
Falter alike great oath and steeled resolve,  
And none shall say of aught, 'This may not be.'"

JENIFER WARING was a woman of sorrowful spirit; one who never sunned herself on the mountain tops of her faith. Though her Bible told her that "the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord," she preferred to think of Jehovah as a niggardly dispenser of happiness, delighting to feed his people with the bread and water of affliction. So she looked with distrust on the happy confidence which enabled Olivia to stay her heart on God. "These were days of great spiritual warfare, and she herself was thankful if she might only dip her parched corn in the vinegar. How then should a child like Olivia have the banqueting-house and the banner of Love over her?"

For Olivia's soul was a garden, Jenifer's a lonely, complaining place, and she wondered how Olivia, resting on the Lord to do all things well, could not only quiet her heart in that assurance, but also keep her tongue from reproaching those who had done her wrong. Jenifer wished to discuss all the circumstances which had brought Roger Prideaux into trouble, and her womanly instincts told her that there had been something between Anastasia and

Olivia which the examination in Kendal had not reached. She judged it concerned Nathaniel Kelder, and she enjoyed a love affair, if it did not run straight and found plenty of crosses on its crooked road. But about personal matters Olivia was exceedingly reticent, and reticence between women is an attitude capable of causing great heart-burning.

Olivia, then, did not satisfy her protector's hopes. She had looked forward to weeping with her; to a luxury of spiritual and earthly complaining which would have been better than singing to Jenifer. But Olivia's serenity and guarded speech gave her no such opportunities. She also took some credit to herself for the open confession of her opinions involved in her kindness, especially as she had decidedly crossed the wish of her more prudent husband in order to make it. Herein doubtless lay her compensation, for Justice Waring was a masterful man at home. But this was an occasion of self-assertion which could be grounded upon conscience, and the strictest domestic martinets generally find themselves unable to face a woman crossing their orders "for conscience' sake."

And Jenifer recalled frequently, and with pleasure, the face of her husband when he saw his coach standing at the door of the Town Hall and heard her say that she thought it her "duty to take charge of the young daughter of Roger Prideaux." He had not dared to oppose her lest he should be publicly resisted. Jenifer smiled when she thought of that moment.

Besides, she would have the pleasure of telling George Fox what she had done. For she gave to Fox that reverent admiration which women give to men who are lords of themselves and others; that pure feminine admiration, having in it no element of sin, because given to attributes, and only affecting the individual as the representative and interpreter of them.

It was on the morning of the fourth day after the trial that Nathaniel came for Olivia, and about noon she was ready to depart. Justice Waring's house was on the main street, but the shopkeepers were mostly in their parlors eating their dinners, and the Strickland-gate was as quiet as if it were the noon of night instead of day. Nathaniel was by the open coach with his handsome face lifted to the door of the house. For on the topmost step of the flight leading to it Mistress Waring stood, holding Olivia's hand. They made a picture worth taking into the memory; the large, comely, richly dressed matron, and the slight, fair girl with her composed manner and innocent face. Her white saracen hood made a soft radiance round it, and the somber plainness of her dress received an air of freshness and sweetness from the roses and mignonette she carried in her hand.

There was a silk-mercier's shop adjoining the Warings' house, and as Mistress Waring stood holding Olivia's hand, and Nathaniel stood smiling and watching them, the shop door tinkled sharply, and Roger Chenage and Anastasia de Burg came out together. Anastasia had been choosing her wedding dress, and was in a temper of scoffing mirth, while Chenage, in a sulky admiration, was trying to understand her.

Just at that moment the bells began a noon-day chime, and Chenage made some reference to their wedding peal. She looked at him with contempt, and, tossing her head, saucily answered:

"A wedding peal! Nay, we will have a noise of trumpets; or, better still, the butchers shall ring us a triple major with their knives and cleavers. Sure I have heard that when the king brought home his queen the London butchers on Ludgate Hill made a pretty enough music so. I swear we will have the butchers."

"Take a care, mistress. You are going beyond my understanding."

"'T would be no hard thing to do that"; and then suddenly both her feet and her tongue received a momentary check. She saw the little tableau at Justice Waring's door, and by a glance directed the attention of Chenage to it. The sight infuriated Anastasia, and she believed it had been deliberately planned for her mortification. Yet, with a bitter laugh, she advised Chenage to study the devotion of the Puritan lover.

Chenage defended himself with a sullen justice. "When will you look at me as that girl looks at Kelder?" he asked. "By my soul! a man could catch love from her eyes."

He was swinging his feathered hat angrily, and trying to carry his finery with the air of one who knew sword and buckler; but it was hard work with Anastasia's cold eyes upon him and her sneering words in his ears.

"Fortune is a jade!" she cried; "an ill jade, or she had given me a Puritan lover. How I should adore one! How becoming is their dress! How refined and gentle their manners! They do not dice, nor drink, nor dance. Loving is their only vice, and I vow they love to perfection! That man touches the girl as if she were the Virgin Mary. He speaks to her as if he said, 'Your Majesty.' Ah, me! I would I had a Puritan lover."

She looked in his face so directly and with such glinting eyes that he knew not whether she was in jest or in earnest; in fact, she knew not herself which of the passions rioting in her heart was chief over the rest. In a few moments the coach overtook them, passed them, and so went slowly out of sight. It was open to the

sunshine and the breeze, and Olivia was its sole occupant. She sat in it like a child, with the same air of simplicity and unconsciousness. Nathaniel rode his own horse, guiding it, as Anastasia noticed, so close to Olivia's side that he could bend low enough to catch her conversation.

Olivia looked not to the right or the left; but she received in some momentary glance the knowledge that it was Chenage and Anastasia she was passing. Eyes raining evil influence were upon her; but her will of goodness was equal to Anastasia's will of wickedness, and she would not turn her face to the handsome one regarding her with such malignant authority. Nathaniel, on the contrary, looked steadfastly at the couple, and the haughty, passionate girl felt the quick pang of his penetrating, reproachful glance. She threw her head a little backward, and lifted her flowing skirt to exhibit her spangled shoes. For she was wearing her most splendid clothes, having determined during the interval of courtship to make Chenage visit her mercer and her tailor to abundant advantage. She glittered in silk and silver and gems; she moved to the nodding of plumes, and waving of lace, and flaunting of ribbons; and the fresh wind caught from her fluttering trappings the waft of lavender and precious Eastern scents. A few years later Nathaniel wondered if John Milton had been in Kendal that day, and he smiled as he opened the "Samson Agonistes" and read that question in it which so perfectly described the girl.

But who is this? What thing of sea or land?  
Female of sex it seems,  
That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,  
Comes this way, sailing  
Like a stately ship  
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles  
Of Javan or Gadire,  
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Sails filled, and streamers waving,  
Courtied by all the winds that hold them play,  
An amber scent of odorous perfume  
Her harbinger.

Yet this picture, vivid as it was, took but a moment to impress itself, and even shared that moment with its companion picture—an equally bedizened man, his hair in long scented curls, his feathered beaver swinging in his hand, and his large brown face turned with insolent and sullen anger upon the young girl in the coach and the young man riding at her side.

"I shall go mad with the insolence of that

fellow," he said; for he was not oblivious of Nathaniel's glance, nor yet of the power it had over Anastasia; and as he uttered the words he dashed his beaver passionately against his right knee.

"Then you may go mad without my help. I am indifferent to the disagreeable creatures."

"I will pistol him before your face if I see your eyes on him again."

"Are you so far gone in jealousy? Ha! ha! Is your neck clothed with thunder? Do you commonly drink brandy and gunpowder, sir? Let me tell you Nathaniel Kelder hath brave blood in every vein, and it is not your hand will ever let it."

"It seemeth to me that he ought to be in my place."

"As I am convinced that you love me, I will own that he would be even more disagreeable. I have but a slim chance of ruling you. I should be a slave under Nat Kelder's will."

"Nay, then, Anastasia, you may rule me to your heart's content, I am so far gone with you. Thank your stars, my girl, that fortune has given you a husband so much your slave."

But she was far from being thankful. She was sullen and ill-natured, and indulged herself in such sarcastic speeches as made her lover explode with laughter and burn with indignation at the same moment. They called this wooing, and bandied their veiled words backward and forward with smiles and stolen kisses. But in his heart Chenage was promising himself a full indemnity after marriage, and Anastasia's eyes saw coming towards her the swift-winged ship which would bring her a perfect satisfaction and a perfect freedom. So ready a creditor is the future to the dissatisfied. It promises anything, everything; it willingly accepts mortgage after mortgage upon its unrealized happiness, and then, with sudden calamity or slow agonizing delays, forecloses on life, and turns the bankrupt heart out of home and out of hope.

At the same time Olivia and Nathaniel went slowly through the scented lanes between Kendal and Sandys. They were in no hurry. Nathaniel dismounted to gather her some bluebells, and having done so he hung his bridle over his arm and walked by the side of the coach. They talked in that low voice which lovers naturally choose, and yet their matter of conversation was nothing to such special purpose. But Love has all things, all words, all looks, all motions for his own. He can vow affection without a word, and give everything in the transfer of a glance.

(To be continued.)

Amelia E. Barr.



FARRAGUT. (MOBILE BAY, 5TH AUGUST, 1864.)

FARRAGUT, Farragut,  
Old Heart of Oak,  
Daring Dave Farragut,  
Thunderbolt stroke,  
Watches the hoary mist  
Lift from the bay,  
Till his flag, glory-kissed,  
Greets the young day.

Far, by gray Morgan's walls,  
Looms the black fleet.  
Hark, deck to rampart calls  
With the drums' beat!  
Buoy your chains overboard,  
While the steam hums;  
Men! to the battlement,  
Farragut comes.

See, as the hurricane  
Hurtles in wrath  
Squadrons of clouds amain  
Back from its path!  
Back to the parapet,  
To the guns' lips,  
Thunderbolt Farragut  
Hurls the black ships.

Now through the battle's roar  
Clear the boy sings,  
"By the mark fathoms four,"  
While his lead swings.  
Steady the wheelmen five  
"Nor' by East keep her,"  
"Steady," but two alive;  
How the shells sweep her!

Lashed to the mast that sways  
Over red decks,  
Over the flame that plays  
Round the torn wrecks,  
Over the dying lips  
Framed for a cheer,  
Farragut leads his ships,  
Guides the line clear.

On by heights cannon-browed,  
While the spars quiver;  
Onward still flames the cloud  
Where the hulks shiver.  
See, yon fort's star is set,  
Storm and fire past.  
Cheer him, lads—Farragut,  
Lashed to the mast!

Oh! while Atlantic's breast  
Bears a white sail,  
While the Gulf's towering crest  
Tops a green vale;  
Men thy bold deeds shall tell,  
Old Heart of Oak,  
Daring Dave Farragut,  
Thunderbolt stroke!



## POSTHUMOUS FAME; OR, A LEGEND OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

I.



HERE once lived in a great city, where the dead were all but innumerable, a young man by the name of Nicholas Vane, who possessed a singular genius for the making of tombstones. So beautiful they were, and so fitly designed to express either the shadowy pain of mortal memory or the bright forecasting of eternal hope, that all persons were held fortunate who could secure them for the calm resting-places of their beloved sleepers. Indeed, the curious tale was whispered round that the bereft were not his only patrons; that certain personages who were peculiarly ambitious of posthumous fame—seeing they had not long to live, and feeling unwilling to intrust others with the grave responsibility of having them commemorated—had gone to his shop and secretly advised with him respecting such monuments as might best preserve their memories from too swift oblivion.

However this may fall out, certain it is that his calling had its secrets; and once he was known rather pregnantly to observe that no man could ever understand the human heart until he had become a maker of tombstones. Whether or not the knowledge thus derived would make of one a laughing or a weeping philosopher, Nicholas himself remained a joyous type of youthful manhood—so joyous, in fact, that a friend of his who wrought in color, strolling one day into the workshop where Nicholas stood surrounded by the exquisite shapes of memorial marbles, had asked to paint the scene as a representation of Life chiseling to its beautiful purposes the rugged symbols of Death, and smiling as it wove the words of love and trust across the stony proofs of the universal tragedy. Afterwards, it is true, a great change was wrought in the young artisan.

He had just come in one morning and paused to look around at the various finished and unfinished mortuary designs.

"Truly," he said to himself all at once, "if I were a wise man, I'd begin the day's business by chiseling away at my own headstone. For who knows but that before sunset my brother the grave-digger may be told to build me

one of the houses that last till doomsday! And what man could then make the monument to stop the door of *my* house with? But why should I have a monument? If I lie beneath it, I shall not know I lie there. If I lie not there, then it will not stand over me. So whether I lie there, or lie not there, what will it matter to me then? Ay; but what if, being dead but to this world and living in another, I should yet look on the monument erected to my memory and therefore be the happier? I know not, nor to what end we are vexed with this desire to be remembered after death. The prospect of vanishing from this poor, toilsome life fills us with such consternation and pain! It is therefore that we strive to impress ourselves ineffaceably on the race, as though, after we had gone hence, or ceased to be, we should still have incorporeal habitation among all coming generations."

Here he was interrupted by a low knock at the door. Bidden to come in, there entered a man of delicate physiognomy, who threw a hurried glance around and inquired in an anxious tone:

"Sir, are you alone?"

"I am never alone," replied Nicholas in a ringing voice; "for I dwell hard by the gateway of life and death, through which a multitude is always passing."

"Not so loud, I beseech you!" said the visitor, stretching forth his thin, white hands with eager deprecation. "I would not, for the world, have any one discover that I have been here."

"Are you then a personage of such importance to the world?" said Nicholas, smiling, seeing that the stranger's appearance argued no worldly consideration whatsoever. The suit of black, which his frail figure seemed to shrink away from with very sensitiveness, was glossy and pathetic with more than one covert patch. His shoes were dust-covered and worn. His long hair went round his head in a swirl, and he bore himself with an air of damaged, apologetic self-appreciation.

"I am a poet," he murmured with a flush of pain, dropping his large mournful eyes beneath the scrutiny of one who might be an unsympathetic listener. "I am a poet, and I have come to speak with you privately of my—of the—of a monument. I am afraid I shall be forgotten. It is a terrible thought."

"Can you not trust your poems to keep you

remembered?" asked Nicholas, with more kindness.

"I could if they were as widely read as they should be." He appeared emboldened by his hearer's gentleness. "But, to confess the truth, I have not been accepted by my age. That, indeed, should give me no pain, since I have not written for it, but for the great future to which alone I look for my fame."

"Then why not look to it for your monument also?"

"Ah, sir!" he cried, "there are so many poets in the world, that I might be entirely overlooked by posterity, did there not descend to it some sign that I was held in honor by my own generation."

"Have you never noticed," he continued, with more earnestness, "that when strangers visit a cemetery they pay no attention to the thousands of little headstones that lie scattered close to the ground, but hunt out the highest monuments, to learn in whose honor they were erected? Have you never heard them exclaim: 'Yonder is a great monument! A great man must be buried there. Let us go and find out who he was and what he did, to be so celebrated.' Oh, sir, you and I know that this is a poor way of reasoning, since the greatest monuments are not always set over the greatest men. Still the custom has wrought its good effects, and splendid memorials do serve to make known in years to come those whom they commemorate, by inciting posterity to search for their actions or revive their thoughts. I warrant you the mere bust of Homer—"

"You are not mentioning yourself in the same breath with Homer, I hope," said Nicholas, with great good humor.

"My poems are as dear to me as Homer's were to him," replied the poet, his eyes filling.

"What if you *are* forgotten? Is it not enough for the poet to have lived for the sake of beauty?"

"No!" he cried passionately. "What you say is a miserable error. For the very proof of the poet's vocation is in creating the beautiful. But how know he has created it? By his own mind? Alas! the poet's mind tells him only what is beautiful to *him*. It is by fame that he knows it — fame, the gratitude of men for the beauty he has revealed to them! What is so sweet, then, as the knowledge that fame has come to him already, or surely awaits him after he is dead?"

"We labor under some confusion of ideas, I fear," said Nicholas, "and besides are losing time. What kind of mon—"

"That I leave to you," interrupted the poet. "Only I should like my monument to be beautiful. Ah, if you but knew how all through this poor life of mine I have loved the beauti-

ful! Never, never have I drawn near it in any visible form without almost holding my breath as though I were looking deep, deep into God's opened eyes. But it was of the epitaph I wished to speak."

Hereupon with a deeper flush he drew from a large inside breast-pocket, that seemed to have been made for the purpose, a worn duodecimo volume, and fell to turning the much-fingered pages.

"This," he murmured fondly, without looking up, "is the complete collection of my poems."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Nicholas, with deep compassion.

"Yes, my complete collection. I have written a great deal more, and should have liked to publish all that I have written. But it was necessary to select, and I have included here only what it was intolerable to see wasted. There is nothing I value more than a group of elegiac poems which every single member of my large family — who are fine critics — and all my friends pronounce very beautiful. I think it would be a good idea to inscribe a selection from one on my monument, since those who read the selection would wish to read the entire poem, and those who read the entire poem would wish to read the entire collection. I shall now favor you with these elegies."

"I should be happy to hear them; but my time," said Nicholas, courteously. "The living are too impatient to wait on me; the dead too patient to be defrauded."

"Surely you would not refuse to hear one of them," exclaimed the poet, his eyes flashing.

"Read *one*, by all means," Nicholas seated himself on a monumental lamb.

The poet passed one hand gently across his forehead, as though to brush away the stroke of rudeness; then fixing upon Nicholas a look of infinite remoteness, he read as follows:

"He suffered, but he murmured not;  
To every storm he bared his breast;  
He asked but for the common lot —  
To be a man among the rest.

"Here lies he now —"

"If you ask but for the common lot," interrupted Nicholas, "you should rest content to be forgotten."

But before the poet could reply, a loud knock caused him to flap the leaves of the "Complete Collection" together with one hand, while with the other he gathered the tails of his long coat about him as though preparing to pass through some difficult aperture. The momentary exaltation of his mood, how-

ever, still showed itself in the look and tone of proud condescension with which he said to Nicholas:

"Permit me to retire at once by some private pass-way."

Nicholas led him to a door in the rear of the shop, and there with a smile and a tear stood for a moment watching the precipitate figure of the retreating bard, who suddenly paused when in the act of disappearing, and tore open the breast of his coat to assure himself that his beloved elegies were resting safe across his heart.

The second visitor was of another sort. He hobbled on a cork leg, but inexorably disciplined the fleshly one into the pathetic semblance of old-time firmness and precision. A faded military cloak draped his stalwart figure. Part of one bushy gray eyebrow had been chipped away by the same sword-cut that left its scar across his battle-beaten face.

"I have come to speak with you about my monument," he said in a gruff voice that seemed to issue from the mouth of a rusty cannon. "Those of my old comrades that did not fall at my side are dead. My wife died long ago, and my little children. I am old and forgotten. It is a time of peace. There's not a boy who will now listen to me while I tell of my campaigns. I live alone. Were I to die to-morrow my grave might not have so much as a headstone. It might be taken for that of a coward. Make me a monument for a true soldier."

"Your grateful country will do that," said Nicholas.

"Ha?" exclaimed the veteran, whom the shock of battle had made deaf long ago.

"Your country," shouted Nicholas close to his ear, "Your country—will erect a monument—to your memory."

"My country!" The words were shot out with a reverberating, melancholy boom. "My country will do no such thing. How many millions of soldiers have fallen on her battlefields! Where are their monuments? They would make her one vast cemetery."

"But is it not enough for you to have been a true soldier? Why wish to be known and remembered for it?"

"I know I do not wish to be forgotten," he replied simply. "I know I take pleasure in the thought that long after I am forgotten there will be a tongue in my monument to cry out to every passing stranger, 'Here lies the body of a true soldier.' It is a great thing to be brave!"

"Is, then, this monument to be erected in honor of bravery, or of yourself?"

"There is no difference," said the veteran, bluntly. "Bravery is myself."

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"It is bravery," he continued in husky tones, and with a mist gathering in his eyes that made him wink as though he were trying to see through the smoke of battle—"it is bravery that I see most clearly in the character of God. What would become of us if he were a coward? I serve him as my brave commander; and though I am stationed far from him and may be faint and sorely wounded, I know that he is somewhere on the battlefield, and that I shall see him at last, approaching me as he moves up and down among the ranks."

"But you say that your country does not notice you—that you have no friends; do you, then, feel no resentment?"

"None, none," he answered quickly, though his head dropped on his bosom.

"And you wish to be remembered by a world that is willing to forget you?"

He lifted his head proudly. "There are many true men in the world," he said, "and it has much to think of. I owe it all I can give, all I can bequeath; and I can bequeath it nothing but the memory of a true man."

One day, not long after this, there came into the workshop of Nicholas a venerable man of the gravest, sweetest, and most scholarly aspect, who spoke not a word until he had led Nicholas to the front window and pointed a trembling finger at a distant church spire.

"You see yon spire?" he said. "It almost pierces the clouds. In the church beneath I have preached to men and women for nearly fifty years. Many that I have christened at the font I have married at the altar; many of these I have sprinkled with dust. What have I not done for them in sorrow and want! How have I not toiled to set them in the way of purer pleasures and to anchor their tempest-tossed hopes! And yet how soon they will forget me! Already many say I am too old to preach. Too old! I preach better than I ever did in my life. Yet it may be my lot to wander down into the deep valley, an idle shepherd with an idle crook. I have just come from the writing of my next sermon, in which I exhort my people to strive that their names be not written on earthly monuments or human hearts, but in the Book of Life. It is my sublimest theme. If I am ever eloquent, if I am ever persuasive, if I ever for one moment draw aside to spiritual eyes the veil that discloses the calm, enrapturing vistas of eternity, it is when I measure my finite strength against this mighty task. But why? Because they are the sermons of my own aspiration. I preach them to my own soul. Face to face with that naked soul I pen those sermons—pen them when all are asleep save the sleepless Eye that is upon me. Even in the light of that Eye do I recoil from the thought of being forgotten.

How clearly I foresee it! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Where then will be my doctrines, my prayers, my sermons?"

"Is it not enough for you to have scattered your handful of good broadcast, to ripen as endlessly as the grass? What if they that gather know naught of him that sowed?"

"It is not enough. I should like the memory of me to live on and on in the world, inseparable from the good I may have done. What am I but the good that is in me? 'T is this that links me to the infinite and the perfect. Does not the Perfect One wish his goodness to be associated with his name? No! No! I do not wish to be forgotten!"

"It is mere vanity."

"Not vanity," said the aged servitor, meekly. "Wait until you are old, till the grave is at your helpless feet: it is the love of life."

But some years later there befell Nicholas an event that transcended all past experiences and left its impress on his whole subsequent life.

## II.

THE hour had passed when any one was likely to enter his shop. A few rays of pale sunlight, straggling in through crevices of the door, rested like a dying halo on the heads of the monumental figures grouped around. Shadows, creeping upward from the ground, shrouded all else in thin, penetrable half-gloom, through which the stark gray emblems of mortality sent forth more solemn suggestions. A sudden sense of the earthly tragedy overwhelmed him. The chisel and the hammer dropped from his hands; and resting his head on the block he had been carving, he gave himself up to that mood of dim, distant reverie in which the soul seems to soar and float far above the shock and din of the world's disturbing nearness. On his all but oblivious ear, like the faint washings of some remote sea, beat the waves of the city's tide-driven life in streets outside. The room itself seemed hushed to the awful stillness of the high aerial spaces. Then all at once this stillness was broken by a voice, low, clear, and tremulous, saying close to his ear:

"Are you the maker of gravestones?"

"That is my sad calling," he cried bitterly, starting up with instinctive forebodings.

He saw before him a veiled figure. To support herself, she rested one hand on the block he had been carving, while she pressed the other against her heart, as though to stifle pain.

"Whose monument is this?"

"A neglected poet's who died not long ago. Soon perhaps I shall be making one for an old soldier, and one for a holy man, whose soul, I hear, is about to be dismissed."

"Are not some monuments sadder to make than others?"

"Ay, truly."

"What is the saddest you ever made?"

"The saddest monument I ever made was one for a poor mother who had lost her only son. One day a woman came in who had no sooner entered than she sat down and gave way to a passionate outburst of grief."

"My good woman," I said, "why do you weep so bitterly?"

"Do not call me good," she moaned, and hid her face.

"I then perceived her fallen character. When she recovered self-control she drew from her sinful bosom an old purse filled with coins of different values.

"Why do you give me this?" I asked.

"It is to pay for a monument for my son," she said, and the storm of her grief swept over her again.

"I learned that for years she had toiled and starved to hoard up a sum with which to build a monument to his memory; for he had never failed of his duty to her after all others had cast her out. Certainly he had his reward, not in the monument, but in the repentance which came to her after his death. I have never seen such sorrow for evil as the memory of his love wrought in her. For herself she desired only that the spot where she should be buried might be unknown. This longing to be forgotten has led me, among other things, to believe that none desire to be remembered for the evil that is in them, but only for some truth, or beauty, or goodness by which they have linked their individual lives to the general life of the race. Even the lying epitaphs in cemeteries prove how we would fain have the dead arrayed on the side of right in the thoughts of their survivors. This wretched mother and human outcast, believing herself to have lost everything that makes it well to be remembered, craved only the mercy of forgetfulness."

"And yet I think she died a Christian soul."

"You knew her, then?"

"I was with her in her last hours. She told me her story. She told me also of you, and that you would accept nothing for the monument you were at such care to make. It is perhaps for this reason that I have felt some desire to see you, and that I am here now to speak with you of—"

A shudder passed over her.

"After all, that was not a sad but a joyous monument to fashion," she added abruptly.

"Ay, it was joyous. But to me the joyous and the sad are much allied in the things of this life."

"And yet there might be one monument wholly sad, might there not?"



"There might be, but I know not whose it would be."

"If she you love should die, would not hers be so?"

"Until I love, and she I love is dead, I cannot know," said Nicholas, smiling.

"What builds the most monuments?" she asked, quickly, as though to retreat from her levity.

"Pride builds many—splendid ones. Gratitude builds some, forgiveness some, and pity some. But faith builds more than all these, though often poor, humble ones; and love!—love builds more than all things else together."

"And what, of all things that monuments are built in memory of, is most loved and soonest forgotten?" she asked, with intensity.

"Nay, I cannot tell that."

"Is it not a beautiful woman? This, you say, is the monument of a poet. After the poet grows old, men love him for the songs he sang; they love the old soldier for the battles he fought, and the preacher for his remembered prayers. But a woman! Who loves her for the beauty she once possessed, or rather regards her not with the more distaste? Is there in all history a figure so lonely and despised as that of the woman who, once the most beautiful in the world, crept back into her native land a withered hag? Or, if a woman die while she is yet beautiful, how long is she remembered? Her beauty is like heat and light—powerful only for those who feel and see it."

But Nicholas had scarcely heard her. His eyes had become riveted upon her hand, which rested on the marble, as white as though grown out of it under the labors of his chisel.

"My lady," he said, with the deepest respect, "will you permit me to look at your hand? I have carved many a one in marble, and studied many a one in life; but never have I seen anything so beautiful as yours."

He took it with an artist's impetuosity and bent over it, laying its palm against one of his own and striking it softly with the other. The blood leaped through his heart, and he suddenly touched it with his lips.

"God only can make the hand beautiful," he said.

Displaced by the arm he had upraised, the light fabric that had concealed her figure parted on her bosom and slipped to the ground. His eyes swept over the perfect shape that stood revealed. The veil still concealed her face. The strangely mingled emotions that had been deepening within him all this time now blent themselves in one irrepressible wish.

"Will you permit me to see your face?"

She drew quickly back. A subtle pain was in his voice as he cried:

"O my lady! I ask it as one who has pure eyes for the beautiful."

"My face belongs to my past. It has been my sorrow; it is nothing now."

"Only permit me to see it!"

"Is there no other face you would rather see?"

Who can fathom the motive of a woman's questions?

"None, none!"

She drew aside her veil, and her eyes rested quietly on his like a revelation. So young she was as hardly yet to be a woman, and her beauty had in it that seraphic purity and mysterious pathos which is never seen in a woman's face until the touch of another world has chastened her spirit into the resignation of a saint. The heart of Nicholas was wrung by the sight of it with a sudden sense of inconceivable loss and longing.

"O my lady!" he cried, sinking on one knee and touching his lips to her hand with greater gentleness. "Do you indeed think the beauty of a woman so soon forgotten? As long as I live, yours will be as fresh in my memory as it was the moment after I first saw it in its perfection and felt its power."

"Do not recall to me the sorrow of such thoughts." She touched her heart. "My heart is a tired hour-glass. Already the sands are well-nigh run through. Any hour it may stop, and then—out like a light! Shapeless ashes! I have loved life well, but not so well that I have not been able to prepare to leave it."

She spoke with the utmost simplicity and calmness; yet her eyes were turned with unspeakable sadness towards the shadowy recesses of the room, where from their pedestals the monumental figures all looked down upon her as though they would have opened their marble lips and said, "Poor child! Poor child!"

"I have had my wish to see you and to see this place. Before long some one will come here to have you carve a monument to the most perishable of all things. Like the poor mother who had no wish to be remembered—"

Nicholas was moved to the deepest.

"I have but little skill," he said. "The great God did not bestow on me the genius of his favorite children of sculpture. But if so sad and sacred a charge should ever become mine, with his help I will rear such a monument to your memory that as long as it stands none who see it will ever be able to forget you. Year after year your memory shall grow as a legend of the beautiful."

When she was gone he sat self-forgetful until the darkness grew impenetrable. As he



groped his way out at last along the thick guide-posts of death, her voice seemed to float towards him from every headstone, her name to be written in every epitaph.

The next day a shadow brooded over the place. Day by day it deepened. He went out to seek intelligence of her. In the quarter of the city where she lived he discovered that her name had already become a nucleus around which were beginning to cluster many little legends of the beautiful. He had but to hear recitals of her deeds of kindness and mercy. For the chance of seeing her again, he began to haunt the neighborhood; then having seen her, he only returned to his shop the victim of more unavailing desire. All things combined to awake in him that passion of love whose roots are nourished in the soul's finest soil of pity and hopelessness. Once or twice, under some pretext, he made bold to accost her; and once, under the stress of his stricken passion, he mutely lifted his eyes, confessing his love; but hers were turned aside.

Meantime he began to dream in a sad way of the monument he chose to consider she had committed to his making. It should be the triumph of his art; but more, it would represent in stone the indissoluble union of his love with her memory. Through him alone would she enter upon her long after-life of saintlike reminiscence.

When the tidings of her death came he soon sprang up from the prostration of his grief with a burning desire to consummate his beloved work.

"Year after year your memory shall grow as a legend of the beautiful."

These words now became the inspiration of his masterpiece. Day and night it took shape in the rolling chaos of his sorrow. What sculptor in all the world ever espoused the execution of a work that lured more irresistibly from their hiding-places the shy and tender ministers of his genius? What one ever explored with greater boldness the utmost limits of artistic expression, or wrought in sterner defiance of the laws of our common forgetfulness?

### III.

ONE afternoon, when people thronged the great cemetery of the city, a strolling group were held fascinated by the unique loveliness of a newly erected monument.

"Never," they exclaimed, "have we seen so exquisite a masterpiece. In whose honor is it erected?"

But when they drew nearer, they found carved on it simply a woman's name.

"Who was she?" they asked, puzzled and disappointed. "Is there no epitaph?"

"Ay," spoke up a young man lying on the grass and eagerly watching the spectators. "Ay, a very fitting epitaph."

"Where is it?"

"Carved on the heart of the monument!" he cried, in a tone of triumph.

"On the heart of the monument? Then we cannot see it."

"It is not meant to be seen."

"How do you know of it?"

"I made the monument."

"Then tell us what it is."

"It cannot be told. It is there only because it is unknown."

"Out on you! You play your pranks with the living and the dead."

"You will live to regret this day," said a thoughtful bystander. "You have tampered with the memory of the dead."

"Why, look you, good people," cried Nicholas, springing up and approaching his beautiful master-work. He rested one hand lovingly against it and glanced around him pale with repressed excitement, as though a long-looked-for moment had at length arrived. "I play no pranks with the living or the dead. Young as I am, I have fashioned many monuments, as this cemetery will testify. But I make no more. This is my last; and as it is the last, so it is the greatest. For I have fashioned it in such love and sorrow for her who lies beneath it as you can never know. If it is beautiful, it is yet an unworthy emblem of that brief and transporting beauty which was hers; and I have planted it here beside her grave, that as a delicate white flower it may exhale the perfume of her memory for centuries to come."

"Tell me," he went on, his lips trembling, his voice faltering with the burden of oppressive hope—"tell me, you who behold it now, do you not wed her memory deathlessly to it? To its fair shape, its native and unchanging purity?"

"Ay," they interrupted impatiently. "But the epitaph?"

"Ah!" he cried, with tenderer feeling, "beautiful as it is to the eye, it would be no fit emblem of her had it not something sacred hidden within. For she was not lovely to the sense alone, but had a perfect heart. So I have placed that within the monument which is its heart and typifies hers. And, mark you!" he cried, in a voice of such awful warning that those standing nearest him instinctively shrank back, "the one is as inviolable as the other. No more could you rend the heart from the human bosom than this epitaph from the monument. My deep and lasting curse on him who attempts it! For I have so fitted the parts of the work together, that to disunite would be

to break them in pieces; and the inscription is so fragile and delicately poised within, that so much as rudely to jar the monument would shiver it to atoms. It is put there to be inviolable. Seek to know it, you destroy it. This I but create after the plan of the Great Artist, who shows you only the fair outside of his masterpieces. What human eye ever looked into the mysterious heart of his beautiful—that heart which holds the secret of inexhaustible freshness and eternal power? Could this epitaph have been carved on the outside, you would have read it and forgotten it with natural satiety. But uncomprehended, what a spell I mark it exercises! You will—nay, you *must*—remember it forever! You will speak of it to others. They will come. And thus in ever-widening circle will be borne afar the memory of her whose name is on it, the emblem of whose heart is hidden within. And what more fitting memorial could a man rear to a woman, the pure shell of whose beauty all can see, the secret of whose beautiful being no one ever comprehends?"

He walked rapidly away, then some distance off turned and looked back. More spectators had come up. Some were earnestly talking, pointing now to the monument, now towards him. Others stood in rapt contemplation of his master-work.

Tears rose to his eyes. A look of ineffable joy overspread his face.

"O my love!" he murmured, "I have triumphed. Death has claimed your body, heaven your spirit; but the earth claims the saintly memory of each. This day about your name begins to grow the Legend of the Beautiful."

The sun had just set. The ethereal white shape of the monument stood outlined against a soft background of rose-colored sky. To his transfiguring imagination it seemed lifted far into the cloud-based heavens, and the evening star, resting above its apex, was a celestial lamp lowered to guide the eye to it through the darkness of the descending night.

#### IV.

MYSTERIOUS complexity of our mortal nature and estate that we should so desire to be remembered after death, though born to be forgotten! Our words and deeds, the ineffable influences of our silent personalities, do indeed pass from us into the long history of the race and abide imperishable there for the rest of time: so that an earthly immortality is the heritage, nay the inalienable necessity, of even the commonest lives; only it is an immortality not of self, but of its good and evil. For nature sows us and reaps us, that she may gather a harvest not of us but from us. It is God alone that gathers

the harvest of us. And well for us that our destiny should be that general forgetfulness we so strangely shrink from. For no sooner are we gone hence than even for such brief times as our memories may endure we are apt to grow by processes of accumulative transformation into what we never were. Thou kind, kind fate, therefore,—never enough named and celebrated,—that biddest the memory rise on our finished but imperfect lives and then lengthenest or shortenest the little day of posthumous reminiscence, according as thou seest there is need of early twilight or of deeper shadows!

Years passed. City and cemetery were each grown vaster. It was again an afternoon when the people strolled among the graves and monuments. An old man had courteously attached himself to a group that stood around a crumbling memorial. He had reached a great age; but his figure was erect, his face animated by strong emotions, and his eyes burned beneath his brows.

"Sirs," said he, interposing in the conversation, which turned wholly on the monument, "you say nothing of him in whose honor it was erected."

"We say nothing because we know nothing."

"Is he then wholly forgotten?"

"We are not aware that he is at all remembered."

"The inscription reads: 'He was a poet.' Know you none of his poems?"

"We have never so much as heard of his poems."

"My eyes are dim; is there nothing carved beneath his name?"

One of the bystanders went up and knelt down close to the base.

"There *was* something here, but it is effaced by time—Wait!" And tracing his finger slowly along, he read like a child:

"He — asked — but — for — the — the — common — lot."

"That is all," he cried, springing lightly up. "Oh, the dust on my knees!" he added with vexation.

"He may have sung very sweetly," pursued the old man.

"He may, indeed!" they answered carelessly.

"But, sirs," continued he, with a sad smile, "perhaps you are the very generation that he looked to for the fame which his own denied him; perhaps he died believing that *you* would fully appreciate his poems."

"If so, it was a comfortable faith to die in," they said, laughing, in return. "He will never know that we did not. A few great poets have posthumous fame: we know *them* well enough." And they passed on.

"This," said the old man, as they paused elsewhere, "seems to be the monument of a true soldier: know you aught of the victories he helped to win?"

"He may not have helped to win any victories. He may have been a coward. How should *we* know? Epitaphs often lie. The dust is peopled with soldiers." And again they moved on.

"Does any one read his sermons now, know you?" asked the old man as they paused before a third monument.

"Read his sermons!" they exclaimed, laughing more heartily. "Are sermons so much read in the country you come from? See how long he has been dead! What should the world be thinking of, to be reading his musty sermons?"

"At least does it give you no pleasure to read 'He was a good man'?" inquired he, plaintively.

"Ay; but if he was good, was not his goodness its own reward?"

"He may have also wished long to be remembered for it."

"Naturally; but we have not heard that his wish was gratified."

"Is it not sad that the memory of so much beauty and truth and goodness in our common human life should perish? But, sirs," — and here the old man spoke with sudden energy, — "if there should be one who combined perfect beauty and truth and goodness in one form and character, do you not think such a rare being would escape the common fate and be long and widely remembered?"

"Doubtless."

"Sirs," said he, quickly stepping in front of them with flashing eyes, "is there in all this vast cemetery not a single monument that has kept green the memory of the being in whose honor it was erected?"

"Ay, ay," they answered readily. "Have you not heard of it?"

"I am but come from distant countries. Many years ago I was here, and have journeyed hither with much desire to see the place once more. Would you kindly show me this monument?"

"Come!" they answered eagerly, starting off. "It is the best known of all the thousands in the cemetery. None who see it can ever forget it."

"Yes, yes!" murmured the old man. "That is why I have — I foresaw — Is it not a beautiful monument? Does it not lie — in what direction does it lie?"

A feverish eagerness seized him. He walked now beside, now before, his companions. Once he wheeled on them.

"Sirs, did you not say it perpetuates the memory of her — of the one — who lies beneath it?"

"Both are famous. The story of this woman and her monument will perhaps never be forgotten. It is impossible to forget it."

"Year after year —" muttered he, brushing his hand across his eyes.

They soon came to a spot where the aged branches of memorial evergreens interwove a sunless canopy and spread far around a drapery of gloom through which the wind passed with an unending sigh. Brushing aside the lowest boughs, they stepped in awe-stricken silence within the dank, chill cone of shade. Before them rose the shape of a gray monument, at sight of which the aged traveler, who had fallen behind, dropped his staff and held out his arms as though he would have embraced it. But controlling himself, he stepped forward and said in tones of thrilling sweetness:

"Sirs, you have not told me what story is connected with this monument that it should be so famous. I conceive it must be some very touching one of her whose name I read — some beautiful legend —"

"Judge you of that!" interrupted one of the group, with a voice of stern sadness and not without a certain look of mysterious horror. "They say this monument was reared to a woman by the man who once loved her. She was very beautiful, and so he made her a very beautiful monument. But she had a heart so hideous in its falsity that he carved in stone an enduring curse on her evil memory, and placed it in the heart of the monument because it was too awful for any eye to see. But others tell the story differently. They say the woman not only had a heart false beyond description, but was in person the ugliest of her sex. So that while the hidden curse is a lasting execration of her nature, the beautiful exterior is a masterpiece of mockery which her nature, and not her ugliness, maddened his sensitive genius to perpetrate. There can be no doubt that this is the true story, as hundreds tell it now, and that the woman will be remembered so long as the monument stands — ay, and longer — not only for her loathsome — Help the old man!"

He had fallen backward to the ground. They tried in vain to set him on his feet. Stunned, speechless, he could only raise himself on one elbow and turn his eyes towards the monument with a look of preternatural horror as though the lie had issued from its treacherous shape. At length he looked up to them, as they bent kindly over him, and spoke with much difficulty:

"Sirs, I am an old man — a very old man, and very feeble. Forgive this weakness. And I have come a long way, and must be faint. While you were speaking, my strength failed me. You were telling me a story — were you

not?—the story—the legend of a most beautiful woman, when all at once my senses grew confused and I failed to hear you rightly. Then my ears played me such a trick! Oh, sirs! if you but knew what a damnable trick my ears played me, you would pity me greatly, very, very greatly. This story touches me. It is much like one I seemed to have heard for many years, and that I have been repeating over and over to myself until I love it better than my life. If you would but go over it again—carefully—very carefully.”

“My God, sirs!” he exclaimed, springing up with the energy of youth when he had heard the recital a second time, “tell me *who* started this story! Tell me *how* and *where* it began!”

“We cannot. We have heard many tell it, and not all alike.”

“And do they—do you—believe—it is—true?” he asked, helplessly.

“We all *know* it is true; do not *you* believe it?”

“I can never forget it,” he said in tones quickly grown harsh and husky. “Let us go away from so pitiful a place.”

It was near nightfall when he returned, unobserved, and sat down beside the monument as one who had ended a pilgrimage.

“They all tell me the same story,” he murmured wearily. “Ah, it was the hidden epitaph that wrought the error! But for it, the sun of her memory would have had its brief, befitting day and tender setting. Presumptuous folly, to suppose they would understand my masterpiece, when they so often misconceive the hidden heart of His beautiful works and convert the uncomprehended good and true into a curse of evil!”

The night fell. He was awaiting it. Nearer and nearer rolled the dark, suffering heart of a storm; nearer the calm, white breasts of the dead. Over the billowy graves the many-footed winds suddenly fled away in a wild, tumultuous cohort. Overhead, great black bulks swung heavily at one another across the tremulous stars.

Of all earthly spots, where does the awful discord of the elements seem so futile and theatric as in a vast cemetery? Blow, then,

winds, till you uproot the trees! Pour, floods, pour, till the water trickles down into the face of the pale sleepers below! Rumble and flash, ye clouds, till the earth trembles and seems to be aflame! But not a lock of hair, so carefully put back over the brows, is tossed or disordered. The sleeper has not stretched forth an arm and drawn the shroud closer about his face, to keep out the wet. Not an ear has heard the riving thunderbolt, nor so much as an eyelid trembled on the still eyes for all the lightning's fury.

But had there been another human presence on the midnight scene, some lightning flash would have revealed the old man, a grand, a terrible figure, in sympathy with its wild, sad violence. He stood beside his masterpiece, towering to his utmost height in a posture of all but superhuman majesty and strength. His long white hair and longer white beard streamed outward on the roaring winds. His arms, bared to the shoulder, swung aloft a ponderous hammer. His face, ashen-gray as the marble before him, was set with an expression of stern despair. Then, as the thunder crashed, his hammer fell. Bolt after bolt, blow after blow. Once more he might have been seen kneeling beside the ruin, his eyes strained close to its heart, awaiting another flash to tell him that the inviolable epitaph had shared in the destruction.

For days following many curious eyes came to peer into the opened heart of the shattered structure, but in vain.

Thus the masterpiece of Nicholas failed of its end, though it served another. For no one could have heard the story of it before it was destroyed without being made to realize, as never before, how melancholy the thought that a man should rear a monument of execration to the false heart of the woman he once had loved, and how terrible it would be for mankind to celebrate the dead for the evil that was in them instead of the good. So that even the story of it, as told here, may not only help to perpetuate the true memory of the rare being whom it was created to honor, but may have some influence in the direction of that tendency which, age after age, makes the whole of our common, human life grow more and more into an ever-lengthening Legend of the Beautiful.

James Lane Allen.





## GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

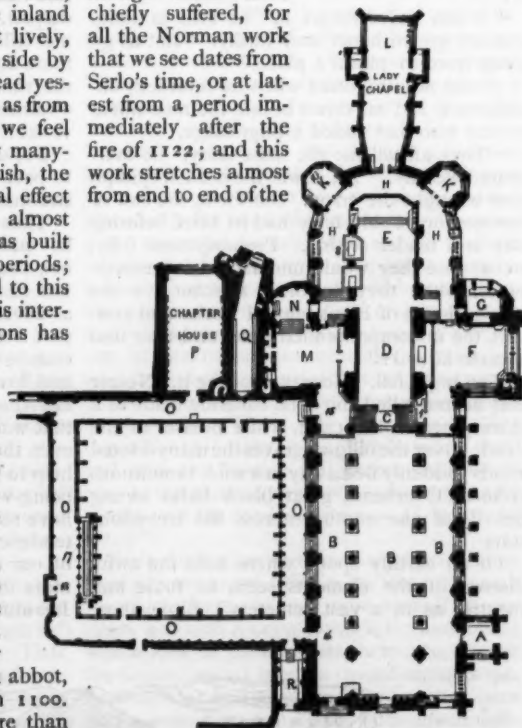


At Gloucester, for the first time on our cathedral journey, we see masts and sails; and did we pursue our course through every ancient episcopal town in England we should nowhere feel closer to her "watery wall." Chichester stands very near the sea, and Norwich not far away from it; but both are out of sight of its waves, while great vessels come up the estuary of the Severn to Gloucester and lie in its capacious pools almost beneath the shadow of the cathedral tower. Here one may find sailors in the streets, smell tar, and fancy one smells salt; yet a pastoral country lies all around, backed by the Cotswold Hills—a tree-clad, meadowy, flowery country of genuine inland aspect. The town itself is quaint but lively, the antique and the modern living on side by side in a union as different from the dead yesterday-mood of many continental cities as from the crude to-day of America. Here we feel what England really means in a very many-sided way; and, just as we should wish, the cathedral is typically English in general effect yet distinctly individual and local in almost all its parts. Nearly the whole of it was built in the Norman and the Perpendicular periods; but just such Norman work is confined to this southwestern district, while the way it is interwoven with the Perpendicular additions has no parallel at all.

THE first ecclesiastical foundation at Gloucester of which we can be sure was a nunnery established in the year 681. In 767 it perished in the confusion of internecine strife. In 823 a house for secular priests succeeded it. In 1022 Benedictine monks replaced the priests, and in 1058 the abbey was removed to another site and its new church was built where the cathedral stands to-day. In 1089 the foundations of still another church were laid by the first Norman abbot, Serlo, and a consecration followed in 1100. Such a ceremony often implied no more than that the choir was ready for occupation; but in this case we are asked to believe that the whole church had been finished. If so, a "Saxon" church, which had stood for thirty-one years and was probably as fine as any of its class,—for Gloucester and its abbey were

already great and famous,—must have been deliberately pulled down, and a building of the size we now behold must have been completed, all within the space of eleven years. The fact seems hardly credible, yet historians as careful as Freeman do not doubt it, and we know from what went on in many other spots how great was the ambition of the Normans to build much larger churches than they found in England, and how splendid was their energy when once they got to work.

Only two years after its consecration Serlo's church was injured by fire, in 1122 again and more severely, and very often in later years. But the roofs and clerestories and the interior fittings must have chiefly suffered, for all the Norman work that we see dates from Serlo's time, or at latest from a period immediately after the fire of 1122; and this work stretches almost from end to end of the



PLAN OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL. (FROM MURRAY'S "HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.")

A, South Porch; B, Nave; C, Choir-aisles; D, Choir; E, Presbytery; F, South arm of Transept; G, Chapel; H, Choir-aisle; K, Apse; L, Lady-Chapel; M, North arm of Transept; N, St. Paul's Chapel; O, Cloisters; P, Chapter-house; Q, Abbot's cloister; R, Niche, or passage to cloisters; S, Abbot's Chantry; T, Duke Robert's Monument; U, Monument of Edward II.; V, Duke Robert's Monument; W, Abbot's door to cloisters; X, Monk's door to cloisters; Y, Lavatory; Z, Recess for towels.





GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL. FROM THE NORTH.

vast main fabric. The Lady-Chapel is a Perpendicular addition; the east wall has been remodeled; the western front and the two adjacent compartments of the nave have been rebuilt; in certain places new exterior walls and windows have been inserted; and the choir is covered with a decorative overlay of the most singular and interesting kind. But the great body of the structure below the clerestory is still Norman in all its constructional parts.

## II.

GLOUCESTER, as well as Winchester, Lincoln, and York, was a fortified Roman station. Its Latin name was Glevum and its British name had been *Caer Glou*. Osric was the local viceroy under Ethelred of Mercia when the nunnery was founded in 681. Archbishop Theodore journeyed from Canterbury to its dedication, and its first abbess was of royal blood. After the time of Canute, when the Benedictines were introduced, both the abbey and the town grew and flourished greatly. During the reign of Edward the Confessor and of William the Conqueror, it was the custom for the king to "wear his crown" at each Easter festival at Winchester, at each Pentecost at Westminster, but at each Christmas-tide at Gloucester, and this ceremony implied the holding of a great "gemôt" for counsel and

judgment. The reason why Gloucester was thus honored is not hard to read—it lay near the confines of the two great earldoms of Wessex and Mercia, and also near the borders of the ever-troublesome Welsh. The Conqueror protected it with a great castle, and placed Serlo over St. Peter's Abbey when the English abbot, Wulfstan, died on a journey to the Holy Land. The house had then fallen so low that two monks and eight young novices were all who greeted their new ruler; and Serlo was busy collecting men and money long before he began to rebuild his church.

It was at one of the Gloucester "gemôts" that the taking of the famous survey called "Domesday Book" was ordered by William I. In 1093 William Rufus lay sick at Gloucester, and here Malcolm of Scotland was called to his bedside, and Anselm was reluctantly appointed archbishop of Canterbury and at once received his consecration in the abbey-church.<sup>1</sup> Here Duke Robert of Normandy, the eldest son of the Conqueror, was buried, and his tomb may still be seen. Here, in 1216, the boy-king Henry III., Henry of Winchester, was crowned while Westminster and his birthplace

<sup>1</sup> In the reign of William Rufus, says Freeman, "almost everything that happened at all somehow contrived to happen at Gloucester." ["Gloucester, its Abbey and Cathedral," in the "Records of Gloucester Cathedral," Vol. I.]

were both in the hands of foreign soldiers. Here Edward II. was buried in his turn, and the revenues of the monastery were enormously swelled by the fact. All through the Middle Ages, in short, St. Peter's Abbey flourished with a mighty growth while the town about it developed as commercial enterprise increased, and was constantly the stage where important

VI. A year after his appointment the parent see and the newer one were joined for a time and his title was Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester. But when Mary came to the throne he exchanged his palaces for a London prison. The rest of his story is well enough known. Here at Gloucester, almost within the precincts of his own cathedral, the great Prot-



THE SOUTH PORCH.

political scenes were played. Yet like the other abbey of St. Peter's, the "Golden Borough," Peterborough in its far eastern shire, this great establishment was not the seat of a bishop until the sixteenth century. Its church was one of the largest and finest in the land, and its income might have made many a prelate envious; but the cathedral title was not given until King Henry VIII. suppressed innumerable monasteries and made a few new bishoprics in their stead. Then the diocese of Gloucester was cut out of the great ancient diocese of Worcester.

After there were prelates in Gloucester only a single name, a single incident, attracts attention. The second bishop was John Hooper, once a monk, afterwards so stern a Protestant that he scrupled long to wear the episcopal robes when they were offered him by Edward

estant bishop was burned at the stake in 1555. With the exception of this name there is none, I think, on the list of Gloucester's prelates which would sound familiar in American ears, unless it be the name of William Warburton, who ruled from 1760 to 1779 and whose praises Dr. Johnson wrote.

### III.

GLOUCESTER Cathedral stands a little aside from one of the main thoroughfares of the town. Its vast body is hidden by house-fronts, and we approach it through a short old street which shows us no great façade or tower or transept-end, only a part of the nave and a two-storied porch. This porch stands towards the western end of the south aisle and forms the main entrance to the church, and like the



THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

porch of Canterbury Cathedral is doubtless a survival of that great "Suth dure" which had been a characteristic feature of "Saxon" churches. The little street debouches on a narrow paved court with bits of lawn about it and the windows of cozy homes looking out upon the great pale-gray, carven church. To right and left the close extends, not very spacious in any direction, yet wide enough and shady and green enough to give the truly English cathedral atmosphere. Peace and beauty reign—we can hardly believe that the busiest street of a modern town lies but a few feet off. Glory to God and good-will to man seem chanted aloud by the voices of nature and of art. Memories of devotion, repose, and brotherly love, we fancy, must be the only ones that people such a spot. Yet not far away, just beyond the college-green, upon which looks the west-front of the church, Bishop Hooper was sent to Paradise through a door of flame.

The south porch is a rich little Perpendicular structure, almost wholly renewed in modern times, with a windowed vestibule below and a chamber above. The part of the church to which it belongs was rebuilt in the second half of the fifteenth century. Morwent, who was then the abbot, seems to have meant to build the whole of the nave afresh; and, as a beginning, he pulled down the western front, with its two flanking towers or turrets, and the two

adjacent bays of the nave. The whole of his front is filled, in the central alley and above a low stretch of wall in which is a small west-door, by a single window rising close up to the very ceiling. Its traceries show that final stage of Perpendicular designing when curved forms were almost altogether lost. It is divided by straight uprights and cross-bars into successive series of tall but very narrow lights, the tiny arched heads of which scarcely relieve the general effect of stiff rectangularity. Even in the upper part of the window-head, where further subdivision was necessary, smaller rectangles are used, and only two of the main mullions make an awkward attempt at curvature. It is not a beautiful window so far as design is concerned, but its size makes it impressive; and it must have been splendid indeed when filled with ancient glass instead of its present discords of impure and glaring tones.

The two compartments of the nave which Abbot Morwent built do not show that he had a very good ideal, or even a very clear ideal, of a great Perpendicular church in mind. The height is divided into three stages, although the time when such division was generally practiced had long gone by. Yet there is no triforium-gallery—nothing but a wide, plain strip of wall between the pier-arcade and the clerestory, defined but scarcely ornamented by a string-course above and below. Moreover,



GLOUCESTER FROM THE SEVERN.

the two bays are not alike. The westerly one is much wider than the other, and its pier-arch is a good deal taller; and thus the continuity of the string-courses is broken, and the clerestory windows are of different sizes. The aisles which flank these two bays are likewise Perpendicular reconstructions; but when we stand in this part of the church and turn our backs upon the window, we have a most imposing perspective of Norman work before us.

On each side are seven vast circular piers, thirty feet in height, bearing semicircular arches; above these is a very low triforium with four small arches in each bay, grouped in twos under wider semicircles; and above these again is a clerestory which was once considerably taller than it is to-day. The arrangement is entirely different from anything we have seen elsewhere. Norman builders, I have often said, usually made pier-arcade, triforium, and clerestory of almost equal height. At Norwich, for example, the piers measure but 15 feet and the whole height to the base of the triforium is 25 feet, while the triforium itself absorbs 24 feet and the clerestory 25. At Gloucester, with piers of 30 feet, the base of the triforium is 40 feet above the floor, while the triforium measures only 10 feet and

the clerestory originally measured 24. Circular piers, we know, are found in certain other parts of England and are most magnificently used at Durham. But Durham's design is almost as unlike Gloucester's as is the design of Norwich. There the circular-pier form alternates with the rectangular; the triforium, though not as high as at Norwich, Ely, and Peterborough, yet maintains its typical Norman importance; and the design gains unity and constructional logic through the presence of massive vaulting-shafts, rising against the alternate square piers from the pavement to the roof. But what we see at Gloucester is simply a great colonnade, so all-important in the general effect that the upper stories almost look like afterthoughts. Only in this south-western part of England do designs like this occur. Tewkesbury Abbey church, which stands not many miles away, is very like the nave of Gloucester Cathedral.

Of course the expression of the nave was far finer when the Norman clerestory was intact. It probably had a group of three windows in each compartment, under an including-arch of which the jambs have been suffered to remain; and the ceiling was doubtless flat and constructed of wood like those



which still exist at Peterborough and Ely. We may not greatly admire the effect of such a ceiling, yet it was better suited to a Norman nave than the very low-pitched vaulting at Gloucester, to accommodate which the clerestory has been cut away. Then, too, the floor once lay a foot below its present level, and this addition to the bases of the piers must have been of great advantage. Nevertheless we feel that the nave of Gloucester was always a stupendous rather than a beautiful piece of work. There is wonderful beauty at Durham, and again, of a different sort, in the great Norman interiors of the eastern shires. But here the

it is plain that at Gloucester, where the height of the piers is doubled, the arches seem too small. A wider spacing of the piers would have permitted arches of a span sufficient to harmonize with their size; but the height of the arches would, of course, have been proportionately increased; and, given the inconsiderable altitude of an English interior, what would then have become of the triforium, which even now is so very low? But the arcade itself would have been infinitely finer. As it stands it has a high-shouldered, awkward look. The piers are too tall, say certain English critics. A Frenchman would be more apt to say: The piers are superb; the fault lies in the English love of low ceilings; there should have been



NORTHWEST VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL, FROM TOWER OF ST. MARY DE LODS.

proportioning is such that the word beauty hardly seems appropriate. The piers themselves are magnificent if we look at them alone; but the real excellence of any architectural feature lies in its harmony with connected features, and these piers are so closely set that their arches seem far less noble than themselves. It will be seen from the figures I have given that at Gloucester, as at Norwich, the capitals of the piers come within ten feet of the base of the triforium. This means that the arches in the one case are no taller than in the other, and that they are no wider, as the width of a semi-circular arch is strictly dependent upon its height. There is no fault to find with the proportions of the Norwich arcade, and therefore

finer arches, and then taller upper stories to justify the huge arcade.

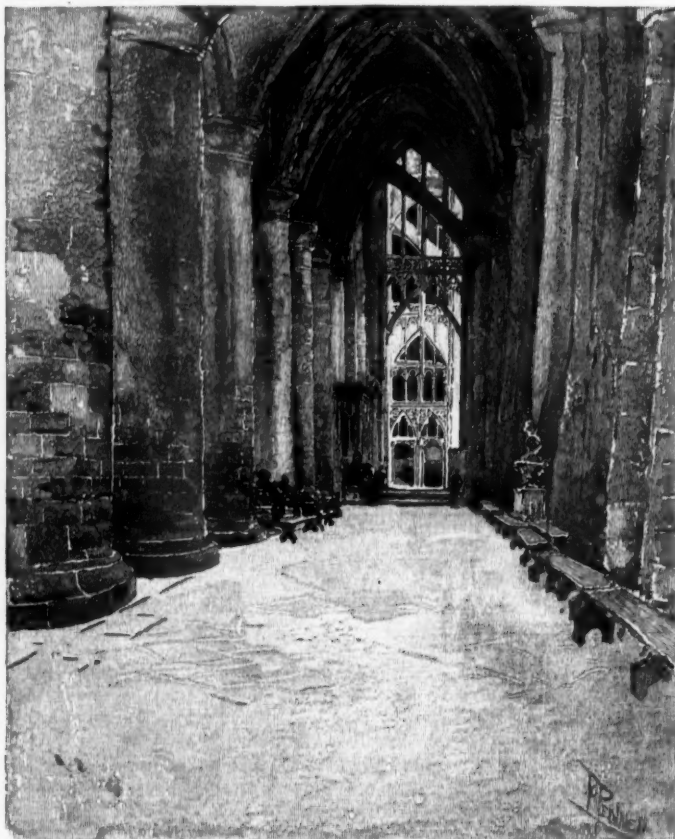
All the paint which once covered these massive stones has perished, and here and there we can see ruddy spots and streakings which bear witness to the fires of long ago. The capitals of the piers are very plainly molded, but the string-courses and the arch-moldings in all the stories are worked with characteristic Norman patterns. The vaulting-shafts which now descend above each pier give the most conspicuous touch of decoration, but these are later additions to the original scheme. They are Early-English features, built, with the ceiling itself, in the first half of the thirteenth century. Each is formed as two super-

imposed clusters of little marble columns with dainty capitals, and the design is as sensible as charming: a single cluster of columns resting on the triforium string-course would have had too stumpy a look, yet a single series of longer columns would have ignored the presence of the string-course. It is interesting, too, to note that, in some places at least, there is proof of a rather exceptional desire to harmonize the new details with the old. The string-courses are adorned with that Norman zigzag or "chev-

ron" pattern which had long gone out of use when these additions were made; yet on the bases of many of the upper groups of little columns the same pattern is carefully carried along.

Gloucester Cathedral was not exempt from the disasters which came to so many great Norman works through the want of care or want of knowledge of their builders. One of the towers or turrets which flanked the western front fell about seventy years after it had been built, and was reconstructed, together with its mate, in the Early-English period, only to be swept away again when Abbot Morwent built

his Perpendicular façade. In the Decorated period, near the beginning of the fourteenth century, the outer wall of the south aisle of the nave was partly renewed by Abbot Thokey; and although I cannot find the fact expressly stated, a threatened collapse must have been his motive. The inner facing of the walls, and the half-piers which support the aisle-vaults, are Norman still; but the outer facing and the vaults themselves are Abbot Thokey's work, and likewise the windows with their Decorated traceries. Now, as seen from the inside, the enormous half-piers and the walls are eleven inches out of the perpendicular—a deflection the effect of which is scarcely exaggerated in the picture on this page. On the outside,



SOUTH AISLE OF THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST INTO THE TRANSEPT.

however, the inclination is but four inches. Of course Abbot Thokey built his part of the wall erect; and thus four inches of movement may be laid to the five centuries and a half which have elapsed since his time, and seven inches to the two centuries which had stretched between Serlo's labors and his own. Seven inches of movement may well have torn the aisle-vaults asunder and seemed reason enough for strengthening the outer walls. Had

#### IV.

THE north aisle of the nave is still in its original condition except as regards the Perpendicular traceries which have been inserted in

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THE NAVE FROM THE NORTH AISLE. *James*

Thokey been inspired by a mere wish to rebuild without actual necessity he would hardly have left so much of the original work as he did. Nor can we lay the damage he found to the account of fire, even had it not continued after his death — it must have been caused by bad foundations.<sup>1</sup>

The plain ribbed Norman vaulting still remains in the north aisle, and by comparison we see that Thokey chose a considerably lower level for his. The adornment of his exterior

walls and his windows (one of which is seen in the distance in the picture on this page) is very charming, and the "ball-flower" ornament which was characteristic of the Decorated period was seldom so lavishly or beautifully applied. It is a pity that all these lights should now be filled with modern glass, some of it tolerable but much of it atrocious. In the north aisle are many sepulchral monuments, but none of great age or interest. But at the eastern end of the south aisle, with its head against one of

<sup>1</sup> In a report of a lecture on Gloucester Cathedral which had been delivered by Professor Willis, the "Gentleman's Magazine" for September, 1860, says: "He admired the ingenuity of the Middle Ages; but whatever may be said of their science as shown in their masonry, he believed they had none. They were perfectly practical and ingenious men; they worked ex-

perimentally; if their buildings were strong enough, they stood; if they were too strong, they also stood; but if they were too weak, they gave way, and they put props and built the next stronger. That was their science, and very good practical science it was; but in many cases they imperiled their work and gave trouble to future restorers."

the piers of the great central tower he built, is the shattered chantry-tomb of Abbot Seabroke, who died in 1457.

The "ritual choir" projects, in the old Norman fashion, across the intersection of nave and transept, and its screen fills up one bay of the nave itself. This screen is an ugly piece of modern work bearing an uglier organ in the place once given to the Holy Rood.

V.

A GLANCE at the ground-plan of Gloucester shows how little alteration it has undergone

to the choir-aisles beyond; they are shut off from the "ritual choir" by a high solid wall; and thus isolated, with the apse-like little chapels in their eastern faces and their many tombs and sepulchral slabs, they look more like a pair of larger chapels than a transept of the usual Norman kind. Moreover, not only all five of the little chapels but the end of the church itself was polygonal in shape, and this was uncommon in Norman buildings. Semi-circular end-walls were the rule; only with the advent of the Pointed styles did the polygonal termination develop in France while the simpler rectangle became the English type.



NORTH WALK OF CLOISTERS WITH THE LAVATORY.

since Norman days. The transept still has a polygonal chapel opening from the eastern face of each of its arms, and the sweep of the aisle of the choir is still intact with two of the three small chapels which opened out of it.

But, as I have said, many things at Gloucester are peculiar, and among them is the ground-plan of the eastern limb. Two steps lead up to the aisles on either side of the choir-screen which fills the last bay of the nave; and the rectangular spaces thus set apart seem like vestibules to the transept-arms. These are exceptionally short, only one bay on each side of the crossing; steps again lead up from them

East of the crossing, however, the constructional design is much more normal than in the nave. The piers still display the circular form, but are so much lower that the proportioning is about the same as in the great churches of eastern England, the pier-arcade and the triforium being of equal height; and the triforium openings are huge single arches such as we have seen at Ely.

Of course a discrepancy of this kind between nave and choir would not be remarkable did they belong to different periods. But here a single period includes them, even if we believe that either the western or the eastern limb may



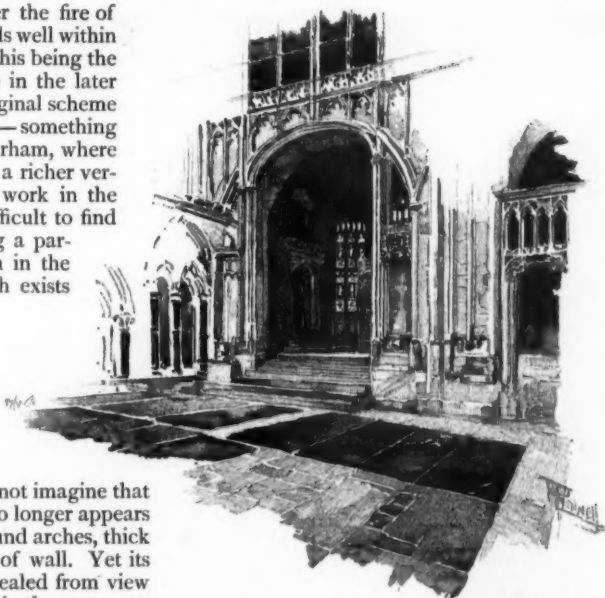
have been reconstructed after the fire of 1122. Even so, everything falls well within the purely Norman period. This being the case, we might expect to see in the later work a desire to carry on the original scheme at least in its chief features—something more like what we saw at Durham, where Ralph Flambard's nave is but a richer version of William of Carilef's work in the choir. I think it would be difficult to find in any other Norman building a parallel to that striking variation in the essentials of the design which exists at Gloucester.

## VI.

BUT if I say that the eastern limb of Gloucester was built, broadly speaking, like the eastern limb of Peterborough, and that below the clerestory it still exists, do not imagine that its effect is still the same. It no longer appears as a solemn perspective of round arches, thick plain piers, and naked fields of wall. Yet its original substance is not concealed from view and its Norman origin denied in the same way as at Winchester. The whole effect (I hardly know what words to use, it is so singular)—the whole effect is Perpendicular; yet when we look a moment we see that the whole body of the work is Norman still. The Perpendicular features are not constructional but decorative; yet they are so applied as to simulate a structural design. The entire surface of the vast Norman interior is covered with a rich overlay of moldings and traceries through the interstices of which the original design may still be followed, the original stones may still be seen.

The clerestory is wholly Perpendicular, built in the middle years of the fourteenth century. The great windows, each filling its compartment from side to side, were divided in the usual Perpendicular manner into elongated rectangular lights with tiny arched and trefoiled heads; and the same design was continued downwards to the very floor, not only over the wall-spaces but over the openings too. The wide triforium openings, and even those of the pier-arcade between the central alley and the aisles, were treated like unglazed windows and screened with this network paneling, while the piers were faced with slender grouped shafts and small capitals which support the elaborate ceiling.

Of course this ceiling, like the clerestory, is of Perpendicular origin; and, as I have told, the east-end of the presbytery was more radically remodeled than its sides. The wall between the central space and the encircling aisle was torn down; length was increased by adding a narrow compartment on each side, and breadth



ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, NORTH ARM OF TRANSEPT.

by slanting the addition outwards; and then a wall was built across the end, but no higher than the base of the triforium stage. This wall, pierced with one semicircular and two pointed arches, is again not straight, but forms one longer and two shorter sides of a polygon. Across it stands the tall reredos; over its surface and its three large openings runs the ubiquitous paneling; and this continues upwards, without a conspicuous break in the design, to form the vast window which fills all the rest of the space. One could hardly imagine a more magnificent effect than is thus created. A critic who believes that architectural factors should not only be strong enough but look strong enough, who insists that some visible sturdiness should appear in a wall which is crowned by a visibly ponderous roof, may find much excuse for disapproval. But if we merely seek a wondering pleasure for the eye, then indeed we stand in the right place. Close up under the vaulting and close to the piers on each hand comes the stupendous wall of glass,—a single window to the eye although bent to a three-sided shape,—held together by stone-work patterns so open and slight that we feel as though a strong wind could make an end of it. Seventy-two feet in height and thirty-eight in breadth, it is the largest single opening in the world, and we fancy it the most fragile. Yet it has stood, stone and glass together, through five centuries of sun and storm, and through more than one of total neglect. It was thoroughly repaired in



CHOIR AND PRESBYTERY, LOOKING EAST.

1862 and all its panes were re-leaded. But we can hardly call a work unstable which demands such helping after half a thousand years.

It is difficult even to suggest the sumptuous effect of this transfigured choir, or the ingenious ways in which the traceries have been adapted to their very various situations. Mr. Pennell's pictures will serve much better than words, but nothing in architecture so vast and elaborate as this can ever have its veritable look explained on paper.

The view of choir and presbytery from the entrance of the "ritual choir" in the nave, which is given on this page, reveals the east window far off in the distance and the richness of the ceiling; gives a glimpse at the left into the north arm of the transept; and shows the flying arch which springs across the whole width of this arm beneath the great arch that supports the tower. On page 691 we stand in the north aisle of the nave, look into the transept, and beyond it dimly discern the choir-aisle; to the left is the abbot's door into the cloisters and one of the Norman windows—which were placed so high to clear the cloister roofs—filled with Perpendicular traceries; and on the right is a portion of the wall which shuts in the "ritual choir." On page 693 we are placed in the south transept and can appreciate its chapel-like effect; and looking westward along the aisle of the nave, under the lofty constructional arch below which extends the open tracery, we see one of Abbot Morwent's Perpen-

dicular windows in the west façade. And on page 686 the view is reversed: we are in the south aisle of the nave with its leaning half-piers and Decorated vaulting, and see the screen-work in the south arm of the transept.

Interesting indeed are the perspectives, varied with every step we make, which show the Perpendicular adornment set now in lines of black against some brightly lighted space, and now in lines of light against a dark stretch of aisle or deep triforium opening. Nothing could be more radical than its contrast with the massive simple forms amid and over which its graceful arches and slender rectangles are woven. Yet the general effect is never inharmonious; or if it is, we forget the fact in our delight in the imaginative

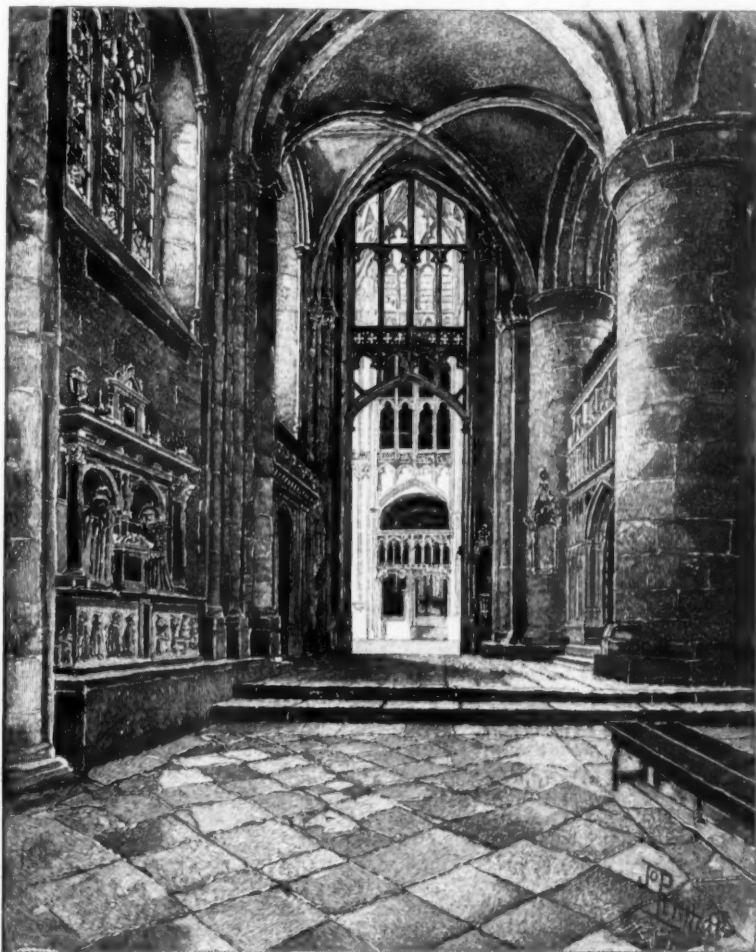
power and technical skill which could thus change sternness into lightness, solemnity into grace, a ponderous into a delicate vigor, a majestic uniformity into an almost playful elaboration. Other interiors are more logical, more truly beautiful than this; but there is none more stately, more rich, or more imposing; and there is none which so clearly reveals that almost passionate love for the style and manner of their own time which ruled the people of the fourteenth century. Simply a desire for what was thought a far superior kind of beauty led to the alteration of this Norman work. Yet how naïve was the desire, how different from the attitude of modern men towards the things of art! Sometimes we piously "restore" an ancient work and bring it back to its original estate as nearly as our poor wits know how. Sometimes we pull it down entirely and build a new work of our own. And we can imagine, perhaps, doing what Wykeham did at Winchester—using our forefathers' fabric as though it were our own, but carefully concealing the fact that we had borrowed it. But so imperious a wish to alter for the mere sake of altering, combined with so entire a frankness in confessing alike the change and our reason for making it, this we cannot fancy by any possible effort.

#### VII.

A TRUSTWORTHY local chronicle recites that the choir of Gloucester was cased and vaulted

by Abbots Staunton and Horton, who ruled the house of St. Peter between 1337 and 1377. The work was begun in the south transept, and all the other portions, including the lower stage of the tower, were finished before the east wall was turned into a gigantic window. The spring-

part of the tower harmonious with the rest of the design, it was necessary to divide the paneling on each face of the lantern-wall into two main arches; hence the need for ribs descending to a capital which had no pier to bear it; and hence the device of the flying arch to sup-



FROM THE NORTH AISLE OF THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST INTO THE TRANSEPT.

ing of the flying arch that is pictured on page 690 marks the level above which the whole fabric was new—the level of the top of the triforium. High above this flying arch soars the one which supports the side of the tower; this one merely supports a capital, corresponding to the capitals of the pier-shafts. To keep the vaulting of the lantern formed by the open

port this capital. It was a bold expedient from the artistic point of view, yet not too bold to be in keeping with the rest of the work; and from the structural point of view there was little audacity. The light, flying spans (there is another opposite the one our picture shows) seem to support the tower vault; but in reality this is carried by more solid stones above.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I can find no record with regard to the condition of the tower and the upper parts of the transept and eastern limb when Abbot Staunton began his work;

but from the witness of the nave and the history of the cloisters we must believe that they had already been once rebuilt in the Early-English style.

Only as high as the top of the lantern did Abbots Staunton and Horton carry the tower. The magnificent upper body which appears outside the church was begun by Abbot Seabroke, whose chantry rests against one of the supporting piers, and was finished soon after his death, about the middle of the fifteenth century. Morwent had ruled in Gloucester just before Seabroke's time. The splendor of the new-wrought choir seems to have inspired him with a wish to rebuild the nave. The parts that he completed make us glad that he went no further; and Seabroke was wise to finish the tower instead of carrying out Morwent's scheme.

Early-English stalls once furnished the choir, and a rare fragment or two remain to show their character. But the work of redecoration was thoroughly done in the fourteenth century, and the present stalls, with tall overhanging canopies, are delightful examples of Perpendicular art. They are much restored, however, and the great reredos under the east window is modern. Behind this is a narrow space which was doubtless the feretory, or chamber for lesser relics, a receptacle likewise used in times of trouble to conceal the treasures of the church.

Three monuments deserve attention—a memorial to Osric, the old English viceroy, set up centuries after his death; the tomb of Robert of Normandy, with a curious wooden figure; and the sepulcher of Edward II., which stands between two of the plain, low Norman piers of the choir. In 1327 the body of the king, who had been murdered in Berkeley Castle, was brought by Abbot Thokey to Gloucester, and a fitting tomb was built for it by Edward III. At once it became the object-point of pilgrimages; and the wealth that flowed for its sake into the coffers of the abbey was for its sake expended on the transfiguration of the building which it honored. Yet no king could have asked for a finer monument than the tomb itself—a lofty base bearing the usual recumbent figure, and a soaring canopy, all covered with slender pinnacles and arched niches, wrought in the rich and graceful late-Decorated style. Here Edward III. hung up a great golden vessel after he was saved from shipwreck; hither the Black Prince brought a golden crucifix with a bit of the True Cross; among countless minor offerings hung a ruby necklace sent by the Queen of Scotland, and a jeweled heart of Queen Philippa's; and here miracles were wrought for all who wanted them.

The Perpendicular screening conceals this monument from the choir, but we see it fully in the encircling aisle, to which the apsidal chapels give unwonted interest. Once there

were three such chapels and all three stood for nearly a century after the new window was built. But about 1450 the central one was removed and the place it had filled became a low-walled vestibule for a splendid Lady-Chapel.

The picture on page 695 will explain the station of this chapel better than any words. It is another of the individual features of Gloucester. It is an independent building, not a continuation of the church; within the choir no sign of it appears except its shadow on the great glass wall. Only when we get behind this wall in the aisle do we realize that there is still a farther space. An astonishing space it is—the fabric seeming almost all of glass and complicated with open screens wherever screens could go. It has not a very ecclesiastical look, perhaps. It is long and narrow, without aisles; and on the right hand and the left are little side chapels, two-storied each, which in their elaborate enframing—be it said beneath my breath—are not dissimilar to gorgeous Gothic opera-boxes. But the many sepulchral slabs in the pavement excite a soberer feeling; and whatever the spiritual mood it fosters, there can be no question with regard to the beauty of the room.

The ingenuity with which it was united to the church on the old Norman foundations best appears in the triforium which encircles the whole east-limb. As wide as the aisles below, extending above the apsidal chapels and lighted by large windows, this triforium can hardly be called a gallery; it is more truly an upper story for oratories and altars. Its space, however, was so greatly encroached upon at the extreme end, when a bay was added to the presbytery and the huge window was built, that here it is indeed a passage merely—seventy-five feet in length but only three in breadth and eight in height, running like a sort of bridge over the vestibule below, between the east window of the church and the west window of the Lady-Chapel, close to both but touching neither. Although the terminal Norman chapel was destroyed below, it was preserved in this second story, and we now enter it like a bay-window from the narrow gallery and look into the Lady-Chapel. Here, too, we see that three great flying-buttresses spring from the outer wall of the aisle, meet in a point behind the new inner wall, and sustain the slender buttress which professes to support the gigantic window. The whole arrangement is extremely curious, extremely skillful—easy enough to appreciate on the spot but difficult to describe. To the average tourist, however, the chief interest of this bridge-like gallery lies in its accidental acoustic properties. It is famous as the "whispering gallery of Gloucester," for the lowest utterance voiced at one end, or the slightest





SOUTH AISLE OF THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST FROM THE TRANSEPT.

pin-scratch made on the wall, is heard distinctly at the other end, seventy-five feet away.

The crypt perfectly reproduces the plan of the old Norman east-limb, and it likewise extends beneath the apsidal chapels of the transept, although not beneath the transept itself. The eastern end seems to have been built on a quicksand with insufficient foundations. The remaining features in this part of the upper church show signs of dislocation, and there are visible works of reënforcement in the crypt. But these are Norman, like the original

stones; and in the rest of the choir and presbytery the early builders built their best. Here their fabric stands straight and sturdy still, although the east wall has been turned into glass, a heavy Perpendicular decoration has been cemented on all the surfaces, and a tremendous tower rests on the four old supports.

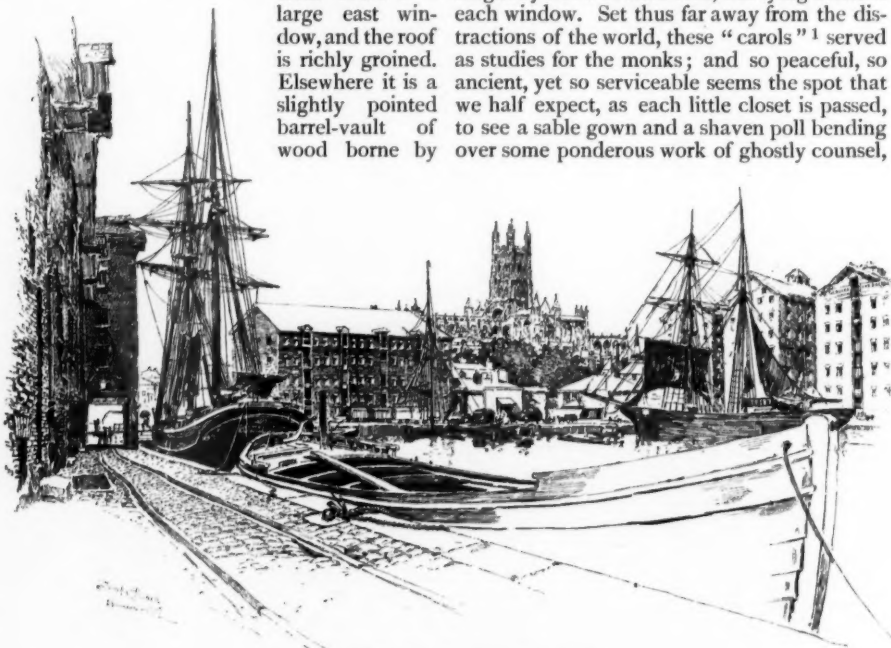
## VIII.

INTERMINGLED Norman and Perpendicular work still meets us as we pass to the chapter-

house and cloisters. The entrance to the chapter-house is through a great semicircular doorway, and within we see a rectangular room, seventy-two feet long and thirty-four feet wide, flanked for three-quarters of its length by a plainly wrought round-arched arcade. The eastern end, however, looking with its cut-off corners like an apse, is a Perpendicular addition.

Here is a large east window, and the roof is richly groined. Elsewhere it is a slightly pointed barrel-vault of wood borne by

preserved. The open arcade, characteristic of earlier times, here gave way to rows of great glazed windows that insured complete protection from the weather. In the north walk the wall projects a little to give room for the lavatory, a hollowed stone bench of considerable length, while opposite is a closet for towels; and the south walk is lined to nearly half its height by a row of little cells, one lying beneath each window. Set thus far away from the distractions of the world, these "carols"<sup>1</sup> served as studies for the monks; and so peaceful, so ancient, yet so serviceable seems the spot that we half expect, as each little closet is passed, to see a sable gown and a shaven poll bending over some ponderous work of ghostly counsel,



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL FROM THE DOCKS.

three transverse arches. Above the chapter-house is a library of Perpendicular design, likewise with a great east window; and between it and the church lies a narrow walk, called the "Abbot's cloister," which, again, is partly Norman, partly Perpendicular.

The chapter-house itself opens on the main quadrangle. Abbot Horton, who completed the casing of the choir, began his rule in 1351, and Abbot Frocester, who wrote the chronicle which tells us all we know of the mighty fabric of St. Peter's, died in 1412. Between these dates the cloisters were built, taking the place of an Early-English quadrangle which itself must have supplanted a Norman one. At Gloucester, as we know, cloisters were really needed, not for mere architectural display, but for the daily exercise and labor of a large houseful of monastic brethren. And the fact is clearly apparent to the eye. These, I think, are the most magnificent cloisters in England, and in no others are signs of utility so well

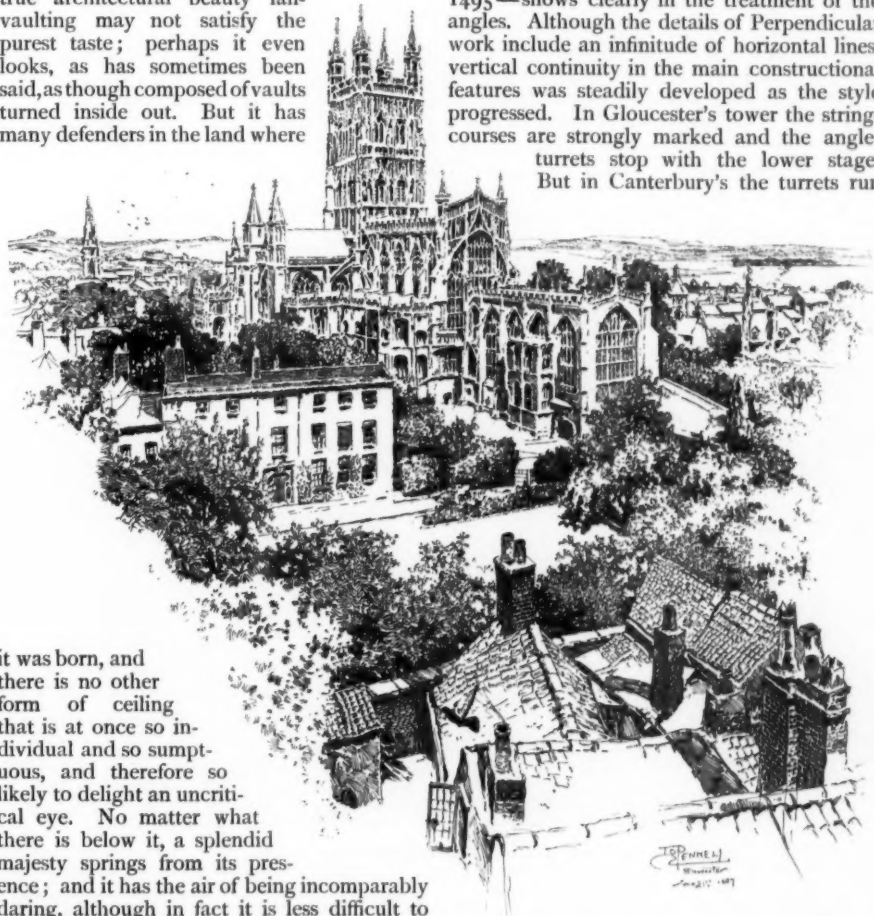
or tenderly bringing into life the brilliant initial letters of a Book of Hours.

But the great feature of these cloisters, for historic interest as for beauty, is the roof, which spreads its enormous fans of stone above all four walks. It would be impossible here to detail the reasons, half constructional, half esthetic, which led to the adoption of this form of vaulting. It must suffice to say that it was peculiar to England. In many other localities we find it on a much more magnificent scale—as in the "New Building" eastward of the choir at Peterborough. But very often he who did a thing first interests us more than he who did it best. Although there were causes and reasons why the fan-vault came to be adopted, no gentle successive experimental steps led up to its completed form. Whatever may have been the fact with other medieval

<sup>1</sup> This word comes from the medieval Latin "carola," a lattice, railing, inclosure; literally, a circle.—*The Century Dictionary*.

features, in this case some one man in some one place must first have used these great inverted cones, covered them with the favorite paneled patterns, and filled the intervening spaces with ornamental circles. And this man's work, it is generally thought, we see in the Gloucester cloisters. Judged for true architectural beauty fan-vaulting may not satisfy the purest taste; perhaps it even looks, as has sometimes been said, as though composed of vaults turned inside out. But it has many defenders in the land where

the central tower of Canterbury. There is the same division into two stories with four canopied windows in each face, and almost the same height—235 feet at Canterbury, 225 at Gloucester. But the fact that the Gloucester tower was the earlier by almost half a century—it was begun in 1450 and the Canterbury tower not till 1495—shows clearly in the treatment of the angles. Although the details of Perpendicular work include an infinitude of horizontal lines, vertical continuity in the main constructional features was steadily developed as the style progressed. In Gloucester's tower the string-courses are strongly marked and the angle-turrets stop with the lower stage. But in Canterbury's the turrets run



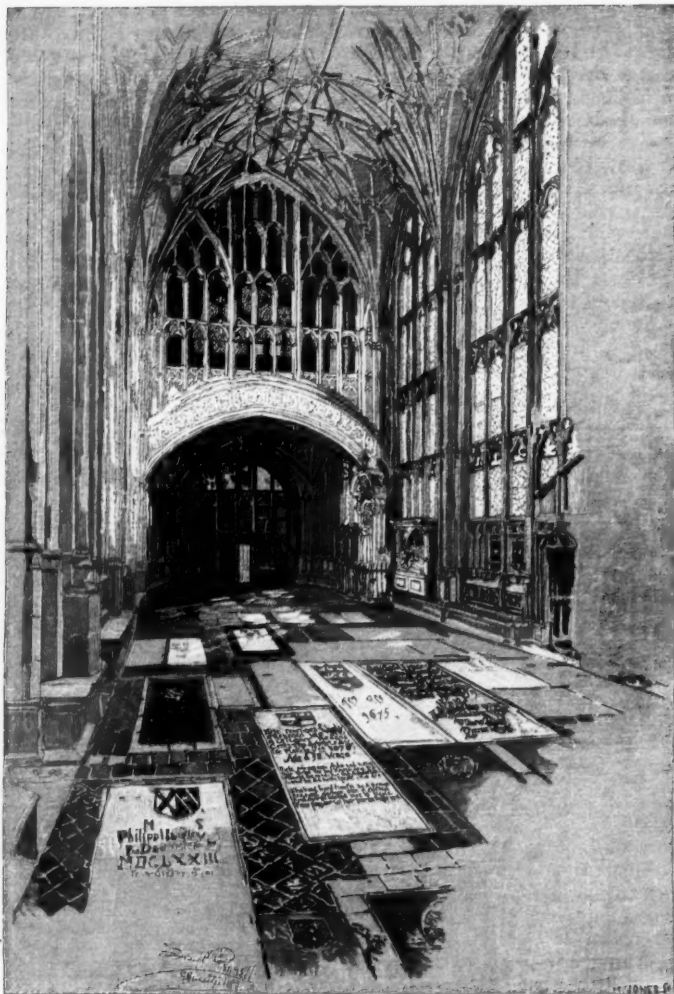
it was born, and there is no other form of ceiling that is at once so individual and so sumptuous, and therefore so likely to delight an uncritical eye. No matter what there is below it, a splendid majesty springs from its presence; and it has the air of being incomparably daring, although in fact it is less difficult to build than are vaulted ceilings of many other types.

The great tower shows admirably from the cloister-garth, but I shall not attempt to say from what point it shows best. For many miles away on every side we see its rich, pale-gray form, relieved against the pale-blue of an English sunny sky, or blending tone for tone with the soft colors of English clouds, or standing out, dark for the nonce, against the splendors of a sunset—a "pharos to the neighboring hills," as Leland called it in his "Itinerary" centuries ago. In general scheme it is very like

SOUTHEAST VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL, FROM TOWER OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

up straight and slender to the cornice and beyond it, forming without a break the pinnacles above the roof.

There are many other points of interest in the exterior of the church, but my space runs short. I can only say that while the general composition as we approach the south porch is by no means so grandiose as that which a similar position reveals at Canterbury or at Lincoln, it would be hard to find anything more typi-



THE LADY-CHAPEL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHURCH.

cally cathedral-like in magnificence and power than the view from the eastward, showing the Lady-Chapel grouped with the traceried east-end, and the gorgeous tower soaring behind.

## IX.

THE beginning of the Perpendicular style may be placed, as we have seen, near the middle of the fourteenth century, and its end was not until the death of Gothic art in general—until the triumph of the re-born classic spirit. During two centuries and more of great national activity, wealth, and ambition, when

architecture was the most vital and progressive of all the arts, we might expect to find that a multitude of changes came about; and, in truth, the earlier Perpendicular work differs in very important ways from that of the later period.

At first the new idea—which can broadly be described as a reaction from the sweetness, grace, and variety of the Decorated style towards a greater formality and severity—expressed itself in the design of the window-traceries and in the continuation of their panels over the walls. Then the arch was altered from a “two-centered” to a “four-centered”



shape.<sup>1</sup> The four-centered shape proved extremely useful because it could easily be adapted to openings of any relative dimensions; and nothing could be better than its effect in doorways, like the one in Winchester's west-front, or in purely decorative work, like the overlays at Gloucester. But in important constructional features—in pier-arcades, for instance, and large wall-like windows—it has a look of weakness and of insufficient strength and dignity. Meanwhile the groined vault was becoming more and more complicated in its starry or twig-like or spider-web intersections; and at last it was replaced by the fan-vault, the final and most striking development of which we shall see in the Chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster.

In the earlier periods of the style a vast amount of work was done in the cathedrals. But by the time the style had reached its very latest development there was little left to alter or rebuild in them; and to make a complete study of Perpendicular art we must turn to parish churches, and especially to the great collegiate buildings at Cambridge and Oxford. Yet a very adequate idea of its course may be gained at Gloucester. Here in the south arm of the transept we are bidden by many to see the first piece of work in England which can truly be called Perpendicular; the rest of the transept and the east-limb reveal the successive steps which brought the style to its middle development; the tower and the Lady-Chapel are later still; and in the cloisters, as has been told, we probably find the first fan-vaults that were ever built.

A word more about the window-traceries. I tried to show in a former chapter how such traceries developed from two or three plain windows simply grouped together with pierced openings in the wall above; and how their character radically changed, at first the form of the openings—light in a dark space of wall—being the thing which the architect bore in

mind, and afterwards the pattern made by the stone bars, dark against a background of light.<sup>2</sup> In the height of the Decorated style, when English architecture was most nearly akin to French, this type of window-design reached its most perfect estate; and in France it was never given up. It was pushed more and more to an extreme, the stone bars flowing and curving in the richest patterns, and the shape of the lights being ever less and less regarded.

But in England the change from the Decorated to the Perpendicular style meant a going back, in theory, to first principles. In a typical Perpendicular window the eye is again supposed to rest, not upon the tracery-patterns, but upon the shape of the lights themselves. These are fine in outline and harmoniously grouped, while if we follow the stone lines we find them always uninteresting and often ugly. English writers sometimes protest that the change was a good one, or that it was at least logical and satisfactory in view of the development of the glazier's art.<sup>3</sup> In theory we may perhaps agree with them; and, abstractly considered, the forms of the stone-work in Perpendicular traceries are perhaps not more ungraceful than those of the plate-traceries of early times. But face to face with his work we are not content with the Perpendicular architect's conception. The mind may grasp and even approve his idea; the eye cannot accept it. No one notices the shape of the stone-work in a plate-traceried window; no one can help noticing it in a Perpendicular window. The proportion of the solids to the voids has radically changed, and with it the strength of the impression that they relatively make. Coerce our eyes as we will in front of a Perpendicular window, we cannot help seeing, instead of the nicely proportioned little lights, an embroidery of dark lines, almost always meager and often very thin and ugly, disposed upon a luminous surface.

*M. G. van Rensselaer.*

<sup>1</sup> A two-centered arch is formed by segments of two intersecting circles; when it is designed these circles must be imagined in their entirety, and their centers marked. But in a four-centered arch each side assumes two different curves, and four centers must be established when it is drawn. All the pointed arches of earlier times are two-centered, no matter what their proportions. But in the late-Decorated period the "ogee arch" with a reversed curve towards the apex was introduced. This form persisted in France but was little used in England. Here it is rarely found on a large scale, although an example is seen in the main exterior molding above the east window at Gloucester. In the true Perpendicular arch the change in curvature comes not near the apex, but near the springing-point; and the individuality of the form grows more and more pronounced with the lapse of time as

it assumes proportions which are more and more "depressed." Compare in this respect the earlier Perpendicular arch in the screening of Gloucester's south transept-arm with the later one in the north transept-arm.

<sup>2</sup> See "Lichfield Cathedral," *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, July, 1888.

<sup>3</sup> This development meant a growing skill in the drawing of the figure, and it has been held by some writers that it was the wish to display this skill which led to the abandonment of the curved irregular lights of the window-head. It seems to me, however, as though the figure-painter lost more than he gained by the introduction of Perpendicular designs: he gained in the window-head, but lost by that subdivision of the lower field which gave him indeed a chance for many figures, but prescribed a small size for them all.

## PREHISTORIC REMAINS IN THE OHIO VALLEY.<sup>1</sup>



Of the many prehistoric remains of America none are of greater interest than the embankments, forming squares, circles, and other figures, in the Ohio Valley. All through the Mississippi Valley, however, are found works of a similar character, as well as along the many tributaries of this great water route, by which a people from the south could have reached, and probably did reach, the central and eastern portions of our continent. Everywhere, from the Gulf northward to the Great Lakes, and even beyond them in the Northwest, as well as eastward to the Alleghanies and to the Southern Atlantic coast, are earthworks which have much in common with those of the Ohio Valley when the latter are considered as a whole. In Ohio, and particularly in the valleys of the Muskingum, the Scioto, Brush Creek, the Little Miami and the Big Miami, and along their tributaries, are many "prehistoric monuments," or earthworks and mounds, of singular forms and of unquestionable antiquity. Associated with these are mounds and works of later times, some of which were made by the historic tribes or their immediate ancestors. Studied as a whole this valley affords undoubted evidence of successive occupation by different peoples, some of whom probably made it a brief abiding-place, while others were lost by absorption, or, possibly in some instances, were driven out by their successors. The fortified hills and other defensive works in the valley suggest many a long struggle, while the admixture of crania of different forms in some of the burial-places is evidence of the mixing of different peoples; and what more likely than that of the conquered with the conquerors? A discussion of the complicated and much-disputed question of the unity or diversity of the Americans would lead far away from the special subject of this paper, and it is only essential for the present purpose to recall a few important points bearing upon the archæology of the Ohio Valley.

<sup>1</sup> With the exception of the "implement chipped from a pebble," the original of which is in the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, the illustrations in this preliminary article are redrawn, by permission of Prof. S. P. Langley, from "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge."

First of all we must remember that this valley was inhabited by man at a period so remote as only to be approximately stated in years; but that at least ten times ten centuries have passed away since the implements of stone, fashioned by this early man, were lost and covered by the overwash of the glacial gravels as the great ice-sheet melted in its retreat to the north, and the rivers cut their way through the gravel it had deposited along its southern border. The discovery of such stone implements in the Ohio gravels was made by Dr. C. L. Metz of Madisonville, Ohio. These were found under the same conditions, and in gravels of the same geological age, as those previously discovered in the Delaware Valley at Trenton, N. J., by Dr. C. C. Abbott, who was the first to find and recognize the works of paleolithic man in the gravel-beds of eastern America. Since the discovery in the Ohio gravels, Mr. Hilborne T. Cresson of Philadelphia has found a chipped stone implement in the gravel-bed of corresponding formation, on White River, in Indiana.<sup>2</sup> The mastodon and the mammoth were the contemporaries of this paleolithic man, and from the distant time of his advent to the present successive peoples have inhabited the Ohio Valley.



IMPLEMENT CHIPPED FROM A PEBBLE OF BLACK CHERT, FROM OHIO GRAVEL EIGHT FEET FROM SURFACE. SIDE AND FRONT VIEW. HALF SIZE.

The evidences of a more recent past are the old village sites with their shell heaps or refuse piles, the earthworks of various shapes, the burial-places, and the fortified hills. Besides these are the mounds of earth, or of stone, marking the graves of leaders among the people, or indicating a tribal or a family burial-place, or, perhaps, a sepulchre of those who fell on some important occasion, as may sometimes be told when the mound is examined and its contents carefully studied. These tumuli are thus of different kinds, and the condition of the remains found in or under them, with the more or less

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Cresson has also found several stone implements in the older, or Columbia, gravel in Delaware. This discovery implies that man lived in the Delaware Valley at a time long preceding the deposition of the great mass of gravel upon which the city of Trenton is built.

marked changes which have taken place in the constituents of the structures themselves, shows that some are very much older than others. Often near these sepulchral monuments are extensive cemeteries of which there is no sign on the present surface of the ground, but on removing the dark soil formed by the decay of vegetation during many centuries, a former surface is reached on which are piles or rows of stones marking the graves. In other places, sometimes near and in other instances having no connection with mounds of earth or stone, are cemeteries of other kinds. In some there can still be seen, partly buried by the dark soil, the stones placed around or over graves; or again, there are large burial-places with no external sign of the hundreds and even thousands of skeletons that lie buried in the dark soil or in the clay below it, according to the thickness of the soil at the particular spot.<sup>1</sup>

These several conditions and circumstances of burial show conclusively that the burial-places are of different periods, some quite recent and others very old, while others again are of times between. The differences in the modes of burial certainly suggest different customs, which presumably indicate a difference, greater or less, among the peoples of various times.

Bearing upon this point of different peoples we find that the prevailing form of the skulls from the older burial-places across the northern portions of the continent, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, is of the long, narrow type (dolichocephalic), while the skulls of the old peoples of Central America, Mexico, and the southwestern and southern portions of the United States are principally of the short, broad type (brachycephalic). Following the distribution of the long and short skulls as they are now found in burial-places, it is evident that the two forms have spread in certain directions over North America; the short or broad-headed race of the south spreading out towards the east and northeast, while the long or narrow-headed race of the north has sent its branches southward down both coasts, and towards the interior by many lines from the north as well as from the east and west. The

two races have passed each other here and there. In other places they have met; and probably nowhere is there more marked evidence of this meeting than in the Ohio Valley, where have been found burial-places and sepulchral mounds of different kinds and of different times.<sup>2</sup> This variation in the character of the burial-places agrees with the skulls found in them. Some contained the brachycephalic type alone; in others, both brachycephalic and dolichocephalic forms were found with many of the mesaticephalic or intermediate form; indicating a mixture of the two principal types, which seem to be of different races or subraces, notwithstanding that several writers, whose opinions must have weight, regard all the native people of America—most, however, excepting the Eskimo—as of one race.

That there is now a certain uniformity in characters and customs among all the native peoples, even including the Eskimo, is unquestionably the case. This degree of uniformity, we can readily believe, may be the result of long contact of two or more distinct races, brought about by intertribal communication, by warfare, by absorption or by union, as well as by the subdivision of tribes, which, as the centuries rolled on, probably have met and separated, again and again, in the vicissitudes of war, or from the necessities of life, or in wanderings over the land. A certain uniformity would thus in time be brought about. But that there was only a single race originally upon the continent, and that an autochthonous one, or, as other writers would have us believe, a group of the "one race of man," from which all the differences in physical characters, as well as of language, customs, and arts, have been developed, seems more difficult of conception when the diversities are studied with as much care as the resemblances have been. So many great and primary differences offer themselves for our consideration that if we give to the facts their true significance we seem compelled to admit, for the present at least, the following groups of North Americans, to each of which the term race or variety may be applied, according to the more

<sup>1</sup> During the explorations in the Little Miami Valley by Dr. Metz and myself, conducted for the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology at Harvard University, we found over fifteen hundred graves in one cemetery, and several hundred in each of the others, and have not yet completed the exploration of any one of these three burial-places.

<sup>2</sup> The late researches of Professor Virchow, in relation to the ethnology of Egypt, are of particular interest in connection with the corresponding facts in America. Professor Virchow has called attention anew to the existence of the early stone age in Egypt, or the paleolithic man of the Nile Valley. After him came the short-headed race of the ancient Egyptians, with which the Egyptian sculptures agree; then the long-headed

race. But with this change of race the peculiar character of early Egyptian art has been retained.

The comparison may well be made in America. Here was also paleolithic man; here also a short-headed early race, far advanced in the arts, and in the early stages of hieroglyphic writing, with a well-organized social system, and a priesthood of great power—the Mexicans, Central Americans, and Peruvians. Here also was a long-headed race which came into contact with a branch of the more highly developed race; and here we have the mixture of to-day, the Indians, agreeing in many things among themselves, yet widely differing in physical character, in their arts, and in language; and among these we find the survival of ancient arts and customs.

or less restricted sense in which we use the term race.

I. The Preglacial or Interglacial race, or Paleolithic man, probably with small oval heads. This race may have been autochthonous, or a very early migrant from northern Europe; and it may have become mixed, in later times, with numbers two and three; otherwise its descendants cannot be traced.

II. The "Eskimo," with long heads. This may have been an early offshoot of number three, or a distinct race early migrating from the old world, and probably very early mixed with number one.

III. The Dolichocephali of the northern and coast regions, bordering on the Eskimo and spreading southward. Early emigrants, probably originally from the northern portions of Asia, and probably mixing somewhat with number two, and unquestionably largely with number four.

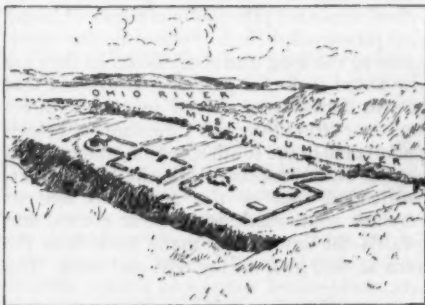
IV. The Brachycephali of the southwest. Early emigrants, probably from Central and Southern Asia, extending eastward and northward in North America, and mixing with number three; while in South America it extended down the coast and into the interior, mixing with a dolichocephalic Andean race.

These groups, call them by what name we will, are the principal ones in North America—though there are possibly others that will find places here and there, as for instance the Caribs in the Gulf region—from which are composed the Americans, or, as they are called, the Indians, with all their resemblances and differences. With this understanding, should we use the term "Indians" as coequal with that of "native tribes of America," we can then accept the belief that out of all these elements there has at last resulted a certain uniformity in the physical characteristics, and an amalgamation of myths, customs, and arts, which have virtually brought about a distinct American race or variety of man; just as it is claimed that the white man in America is slowly but surely assuming marked physical and mental characteristics, which, in time, as the absorption and amalgamation go on, will result in forming a distinct group within the race.

A CENTURY ago a little band of pioneers, under the leadership of General Rufus Putnam, floated down La Belle Rivière and landed at the mouth of the Muskingum, where they made the first permanent Anglo-American settlement in the great Northwest territory. When they

landed they were met by a number of Indians of the Delaware tribe who had come to trade at the neighboring military station of Fort Harmar. The Wyandots, Delawares, and Shawnees, as well as the Mingoes, Miamis, Chippewas, Ottawas, Pottawattamies, Sacs, and Senecas, had towns in various parts of the territory between Lake Erie and the Ohio. The Wyandots claimed that the Shawnees were living on the lands by their permission and did not own the land; and the Iroquois claimed much of the region by right of conquest, and accordingly took part in the treaties with the whites. With few exceptions the Indian towns were back from the Ohio River, on the south as well as the north, all the way down to the Big Miami. Hildreth, in his "Pioneer History of the Ohio Valley," calls attention to this fact, and says that the traditions of the Indians show that the Iroquois, their merciless enemy from the north, invaded the country along the river and drove them from its banks.

The white settlers, while well acquainted with these facts, had no knowledge of the predecessors of the Indian tribes of the valley, and little thought when they landed at the mouth of the Muskingum that they were to lay the foundation of a city over the very ruins of the homes and sacred altars of another race, who, many centuries before, had been a numerous people in the valley. When these ancient works at Marietta were first seen by the settlers they were covered with a heavy growth of forest. Harris, in his "Tour to Ohio," in 1803,<sup>1</sup> quotes the following statement



ANCIENT EARTHWORKS AT MARIETTA, OHIO.  
(FROM A LITHOGRAPH FROM A PICTURE, AND FROM  
THE SURVEY BY WHITTLESEY.)

from the Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler, who was in Marietta a hundred years ago. Says Dr. Cutler:

When I arrived the ground was in part cleared, but many large trees remained on the walls and

and Davis's volume, gives a better idea of the works. For details the two drawings should be compared with the survey by Whittlesey, in "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley."

<sup>1</sup> Published in Boston in 1805. This volume contains a bird's-eye view of the ancient works, reproduced in Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," Vol. I. In several respects an early painting, copied by Sullivan for the frontispiece of Squier



mounds. The only possible data for forming any probable conjecture respecting the antiquity of the works, I conceived, must be derived from the growth upon them. By the concentric circles, each of which denotes the annual growth, the age of the trees might be ascertained. For this purpose a number of the trees were felled; and, in the presence of Governor St. Clair and many other gentlemen, the number of circles was carefully counted. The trees of the greatest size were hollow. In the largest of those which were sound there were from three to four hundred circles. One tree, somewhat decayed at the center, was found to contain at least four hundred and sixty-three circles. Its age was undoubtedly more than four hundred and sixty-three years. Other trees in a growing state were, from their appearance, much older. There were likewise the strongest marks of a previous growth as large as the present. Decayed stumps could be traced at the surface of the ground, on different parts of the works, which measured from six to eight feet in diameter. In one of the angles of a square a decayed stump measured eight feet in diameter at the surface of the ground; and though the body of the tree was so moldered as scarcely to be perceived above the surface of the earth, we were able to trace the decayed wood, under the leaves and rubbish, nearly a hundred feet. A thrifty beech, containing one hundred and thirty-six circles, appeared to have first vegetated within the space that had been occupied by an ancient predecessor of a different kind of wood.<sup>1</sup>

This of course gives only the minimum age since the works were deserted, and probably will not exceed six to eight hundred years. How many forest growths had preceded this we cannot tell; we only know that in many instances ancient mounds and earthworks in the Ohio Valley were cleared of forest growths

of the same character and apparently of the same age as those about them, which we call the primeval forest. The deep deposit of dark soil or vegetable mold upon the sides and summits of the banks of clay also gives a record of many centuries.

Alas that hardly one of these ancient earthworks is left in its entirety! Here and there the more massive walls have resisted the plowman, and portions of others have been permitted to stand untouched. A few might yet be saved from further destruction, and, with some portions judiciously restored, might be preserved. Can we not do something to perpetuate these simple tokens of another race for the study of future generations in this land which we call ours only by the right of might, as others in the past have called it theirs?

Particular attention is directed to this group of earthworks at the mouth of the Muskingum; not only because they were sketched and described at a comparatively early time, but from the fact that they are the most easterly of the great works in Ohio. There are, however, many inclosures and mounds of various kinds still farther eastward, as well as in all other directions from the Ohio River. The largest conical mound in the valley is at Grave Creek, near Wheeling, West Virginia; another, nearly as large, at Miamisburg, in the valley of the Big Miami, is the most westerly monument of considerable size in Ohio. The next group to which it is important to call attention is near Newark, at the forks of the Licking, the western tributary of the Muskingum, sixty or seventy miles northwest from the Marietta works. As will be seen

<sup>1</sup> Of late years several writers have brought forward many arguments showing anew, what every archaeologist of experience knows, that many of the mounds in the country were made by the historic tribes. This has been dwelt upon to such an extent as to make common the belief that *all* the mounds and earthworks are of recent origin. Some writers even go so far as to imply that tree growth cannot be relied upon, and state that the rings of growth do not represent annual rings. As I am firmly convinced that many of the mounds and earthworks in the Ohio Valley examined by Dr. Metz and myself are far older than the forest growth in Ohio can possibly indicate, it matters little about the age of the trees growing over such mounds. However, as such a forest growth gives us the minimum age of these ancient works, it is important to know what reliance can be placed on the rings. In his report for 1887, Prof. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Division of Forestry in the United States Department of Agriculture, discusses the formation of the annual ring, when speaking of tree growth. In a letter recently received from him, in which he points out the probable cause of error in counting the rings of prairie-grown trees, he states that he considers "anybody and everybody an incompetent observer of tree growth who would declare that, in the temperate zones, the annual ring is not the rule, its omission or duplication the exception."

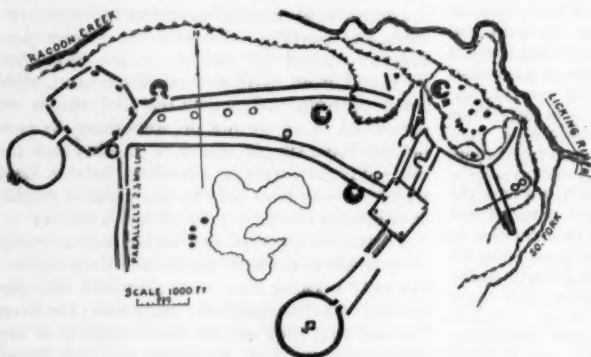
Having received repeated assurances to this effect from other botanists, I recently again asked the question of Prof. C. S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold

Arboretum, from whom I received the following reply: "I have never seen anything to change my belief that in trees growing outside of the tropics each layer of growth represents the growth of one year; and as far as I have been able to verify statements to the contrary, which have appeared of late years, I am unable to place any credence in any of them. The following sentence, quoted from the last edition of Professor Gray's 'Structural Botany,' covers the case: 'Each layer being the product of only a year's growth, the age of an exogenous tree may, in general, be correctly estimated by counting the rings of a cross section of the trunk.' I believe, therefore, that you are perfectly safe in thinking that Dr. Cutler's tree is something over four hundred and fifty years old."

Another matter worthy of careful consideration in regard to the antiquity of many of the large earthworks in the Ohio Valley, first suggested by Prof. M. C. Reed of Hudson, Ohio, is the theory that these works may have been made before the forest had encroached on the great alluvial plains where the works are commonly situated. When we recall the fact that the valley was certainly inhabited by one race at the close of the ice period there, and that a long time must have elapsed before the rivers cut their way to their present channels, and before the forest growth could have covered the old river beds, there seems to be much that is suggestive in this theory; and I have certainly observed some facts in the Little Miami Valley which apparently confirm it.

by the accompanying plan of the principal embankments,<sup>1</sup> there are many complicated structures, covering an area about two miles square. Many of the walls or embankments were probably not over four feet in height. Those forming the square, the octagon, and the smaller circle were nearly six feet high. The

situated at the mouth of the Scioto, and are known as the Portsmouth works, although the group extends for two or three miles on the Kentucky shore as well as on the Ohio side, embracing over twenty miles of embankment. Here were about eight miles of parallel embankments,<sup>3</sup> resembling those of the Newark



ANCIENT EARTHWORKS NEAR NEWARK, OHIO.  
(AFTER A SURVEY BY WHITTLESEY; SQUIER AND DAVIS.)

larger circle has an embankment twelve feet high and fifty feet wide at the base, with a ditch around the inside over thirty feet wide and seven feet deep. At the entrance the walls are sixteen feet high, and the ditch is here thirteen feet deep. These figures give an idea of the magnitude of this complicated earthwork, which is also of particular interest on account of the singular structure within the "great circle."<sup>2</sup> Here a group of four mounds is so arranged as to constitute an unbroken outline having somewhat the appearance of a bird with spread wings. In front of this group is a low crescent-shaped embankment about two hundred feet in length.

Near this most northerly of the important ancient works in Ohio is an effigy mound, known as the "alligator," situated upon a headland nearly two hundred feet high. The effigy is about two hundred feet long, and forty feet wide across the body, with legs about thirty-six feet long. Near one side of this figure is a pile of burnt stones designated as the altar.

The third important group of ancient works to be referred to is about one hundred miles southwest from Marietta and about the same distance south of Newark. These works are

works, with a square, circles, and other figures. On the Kentucky side is a beautiful conical mound, surrounded by a deep ditch, outside of which is a high wall. This closely resembles the conical mound, with its ditch and wall, connected with the Marietta works and preserved in the city cemetery.

Five miles up the Scioto River, upon the level second terrace, sixty or seventy feet above the river, is an oval inclosure within which is a large irregularly shaped mound, made principally of gravel, which is certainly the effigy

of an animal, and more like an elephant or a mastodon than any other. Still farther up the Scioto, particularly for several miles below and above Chillicothe, are many earthworks of various kinds—squares, octagons, circles, crescents, and parallels, with many hundred mounds. Along Paint Creek, the western tributary of the Scioto, are many more inclosures and mounds of a similar character.

Some fifteen to twenty miles south of the Paint is the east branch of Brush Creek, which, flowing south, enters the Ohio about thirty miles below the Scioto. In this southern portion of Ohio the country is broken and hilly, reminding one more of New England than of the country to the westward. The branches of Brush Creek have their source among these hills, and in the valleys are several earthworks and a number of mounds. One of the highest of several hills along the East Branch is known as Fort Hill, on account of the wide and high wall of stones, inclosing an area of forty acres, raised in ancient time around its summit. This artificial wall, in many places twelve or more feet in height, joins the precipitous sides of the hill, and, like them, is thickly covered with forest

<sup>1</sup> After a survey by Colonel Whittlesey; from Squier and Davis's "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley." "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," Vol. I. (1848).

<sup>2</sup> This is not a true circle, as the diameters are 1150 by 1250 feet, according to Squier and Davis, whose measurements are here followed. They also state that the distance between the deep ditches at the entrance is eighty feet. "Here, covered with the gigantic trees

of a primitive forest, the work presents a truly grand and impressive appearance" (p. 68). Mr. Middleton has made a recent survey of this group, and gives the diameter of the "great circle" as 1186 by 1163 feet. For a discussion of these measurements see paper by Dr. Cyrus Thomas of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, 1889.

<sup>3</sup> Portsmouth is built over a portion of the embankments now destroyed.

trees, from among which many a noble oak has been brought low by the woodman's ax, as shown by stumps<sup>1</sup> still standing upon the walls.<sup>2</sup>

Following down the East Branch some eight



FORT HILL, HIGHLAND COUNTY, OHIO.

(FROM SURVEYS BY SQUIER AND DAVIS, AND BY OVERMAN.)

or ten miles its forks are reached, and just below them, on the east side of the creek, is a headland which juts out, a scraggy, rocky ledge, a hundred feet above the level of the waters of the creek. An overhanging cliff, seventy-five feet above the hillside, forms the upper part of this great mass of rock, and it requires but little imagination to trace in the terminal outline of this ledge the form of the head and open jaws of a huge serpent.<sup>3</sup> On the sur-

<sup>1</sup> One of these stumps measures seven by nine feet in diameter two feet above the wall upon which the tree grew, and it was cut down at least fifty years ago.

<sup>2</sup> The Western Reserve Historical Society of Cleveland is endeavoring to raise a fund for the purchase and preservation of this interesting fortification, and

face of this headland, a short distance from the bare ledge, begins the great earthwork now everywhere known as the "Serpent Mound."

Following Brush Creek some thirty or forty miles, as it winds its way to the Ohio, several mounds and a few small earthworks can be seen. Still farther to the west, in what is now the southwestern corner of the State of Ohio, are many ancient works of the same general character as those in the Scioto Valley. On the site of the city of Cincinnati, about seventy miles from Brush Creek, were inclosures and mounds, and in the valley of the Little Miami are many works of remarkable interest. In one group in particular much of importance was found relating to the sacred customs, the arts, and the conditions of the people who formed the ancient works to which special reference has been made. In this valley, too, is "Fort Ancient," the largest of the works known as fortified hills, where an embankment four miles in extent, with numerous openings, surrounds the hill and incloses an area of about one hundred acres. In the valley of the Big Miami are many more inclosures and earthworks of various kinds, with another fortified hill, which has a complicated system of walls at the entrance of the fort. These are the most westerly of the ancient works in Ohio, and the last to which reference can now be made.

With this brief preliminary of some of the important points to be kept in mind in a study of any one of the ancient works of the Ohio Valley, we can proceed, understandingly, to the special consideration of the Serpent Mound, a unique structure situated in the midst of this great system.

it is to be hoped that success will soon attend its efforts in this most laudable work.

<sup>3</sup> This resemblance was first noticed by Dr. Peet in the "American Antiquarian," and was afterwards elaborated by Mr. Holmes in his sketch of the cliff published in "Science" Vol. VIII., p. 627 (1886).

*F. W. Putnam.*

## IN MEMORY OF FATHER DAMIEN.

**M**ORE royal than the minever of kings  
The robe of tortured flesh that clothed his soul,—  
The martyr, reaching out an eager hand  
To clasp the cup of bitterness and dole.

And lo! we see through tears the signs divine  
Of sainthood that the ancient tales repeat.  
Stigmata were the loathsome ulcer-wounds  
Disease had marked in holy hands and feet!

*Anne Reeve Aldrich.*

## THE "MERRY CHANTER."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Rudder Grange," "The Hundredth Man," etc.

XVIII.

### THE CAPTAINS SPEAK.



THE next morning Doris spoke her mind to the captains.

"We must do something," she said. "If we can't do one thing, let us do another. We must set sail for Boston without delay."

"Madam," said Captain Garnish, "Dolor Tripp's trunk is still on board, and no matter what happens, we cannot sail until she sends for that."

Doris stamped her foot impatiently.

"What a thing to wait for!" she said.

Half an hour afterwards a man with a cart appeared on the shore, and hailing the ship, he shouted lustily that he had come for a trunk. Two of the captains took the trunk to him in the boat, and when they returned we noticed that each of them heaved a little sigh.

"Now the last link is broken," remarked Doris.

"There are some links," said the butcher, "that are mighty hard to break."

Doris looked at him compassionately. She thought he referred to the link between himself and Dolor Tripp, but I knew that he meant the link between the bottom of the *Merry Chanter* and the sand bank.

It was now plain to me that the captains felt that matters had come to a crisis, and that they must either do something or say something. For an hour they held a conference in the forecabin, and then they came aft in a body.

Captain Timon, being the oldest, spoke first.

"We captains," said he, "have been considerin' a lot about this ship, and as the owners, and perhaps the passengers that are left, may be gettin' a little worried about the longishness of our v'yage to Boston, we feel—and it's no more than right to let 'em know it—that sailin' to Boston in this vessel is n't what we call plain sailin'. This is an old vessel, and she's been lyin' in the dock so long that her hull is a good deal more barnacle than it is timber. Now it's pretty nigh impossible to sail a ship when her hull is more than half barnacles. Of course most of the barnacles could be scraped off at low tide, but

if we did that we'd open the seams of the old schooner, and she'd leak like a flour-sieve."

"Why did n't you tell us this before?" cried Doris, indignantly.

"Well," said Captain Timon, slowly, "you was the owners, and you wanted to go to Boston, and we would have sailed you there if we could have done it."

"And there's another thing," said Captain Garnish. "Them pavin' stones in the hold is too heavy for this vessel; they sink her too deep. Of course we could go to work and throw them out, but I've followed the sea pretty nigh all my life, and I know that it would n't be safe to take this schooner outside the bay with a pound less ballast in her than she's got in her now."

"This should certainly have been told to us," said Doris, very sternly.

"There's another p'int," said Captain Teel, "that might be overlooked by people that ain't sailors. This ship is short-handed. Of course there's enough of us aboard to sail her in fair weather, and when we cleared for Boston we thought that the spell of fine weather we was then havin' would more than likely last to the end of the v'yage. But there's no knowin' what sort of weather we are likely to have now, and if we was to be beatin' up the coast in a heavy gale, and if one of us was to be at the wheel, and another on the lookout, and another castin' the lead, and another battenin' down the for'ard hatches, it stands to reason that there would n't be nobody to take in the topsails."

Doris was flushed with anger, and I was on the point of bursting out into uncontrollable vituperation, when Captain Cyrus, with a smiling face and pleasant voice, spoke up.

"What we cap'ns want to do," said he, "is to be fair all 'round. We want to be fair to you, and fair to ourselves. Now here's Cap'n Timon, Cap'n Garnish, and Cap'n Teel, that's all got houses of their own, which they've let furnished by the month to summer visitors. Now if we had sailed straight from Mooseley to Boston we'd have been there and back before the month was out, and these three cap'ns could have been on hand to collect the advance rent for another month, either from them tenants or some others. But as things is, and is likely to be, it don't stand to



reason that we can get to Boston and back before the end of the month. Now I am not speakin' for myself, but for my mates. I 've got a house and it 's furnished, but I can't let it, for there is no knowin' what time Mrs. Bodship might want to come there, and it would n't do for her to find a tenant in it. So you see it 's not my interests I 'm speakin' for."

Doris could not say a word, but my anger broke forth.

"You miserable, old, salt-pickled fishermen!" said I, "why don't you speak the truth and be done with it? You know that you have run our vessel aground and you can't get her off. I could have sailed her better myself."

Captain Garnish advanced with flashing eye and clenched fist.

"Young man," he roared, "if you had n't your wife with you, I 'd show you the difference between a pickled fisherman and a live clam!"

The butcher now stepped boldly between the captains and the owners.

"No more of this," he said. "I am only a passenger, but so long as I am on this ship there 'll be no fighting on board of her."

The butcher owned a cleaver, and his words were respected.

Doris rushed down to her cabin, where she burst out crying, and I followed her. We had rather a doleful time together; but after a while we heard the cheery voice of Griscom Brothers, who had come on board for his daily visit, and we went on deck. After his usual hearty salutations to us all, the baker addressed the butcher:

"Lord Crabstairs sent a message to you. He said he has n't no use for chickens now. He told me to tell you that, expecting to spend most of his spare time till he gets married in going backward and forward between the village and the Tripps' house, he makes a present of all his poultry to you, knowing that you will take good care of it."

"If Lord Crabstairs thinks," said the butcher, "that what has happened is going to be covered up by eleven full-grown hens and a year-old cockerel, he has mistaken his man; but if he just wants to give them to me as plain fowls from one man to another, I 'll take them and send him thanks."

"That 's what he meant," cried Griscom Brothers. "He as much as said so to me; and so you can just pitch in and feed them, for they are yours."

Looking about him as he was speaking, Griscom Brothers perceived that something had happened, and that all was not right with us. He was about to speak, when I led him aside and explained the situation.

"That 's a pity; that 's a great pity," said he, shaking his head. "It 's a bad thing to have ill-feeling break out among people who are voyaging together on a ship, but we must see what can be done to straighten out matters."

Before, however, he could offer any suggestions to this end, the butcher came aft with a message from the four captains. I was not on very good terms with the butcher, but he spoke pleasantly to me as well as to Doris. He informed us that the captains had decided that, on the morrow, they would return to their homes by land in order to attend to their private affairs. If, after the end of the month, it would be considered advisable not to endeavor to take the *Merry Chanter* to Boston, they would be content with their share of the money paid by the passengers, and would relinquish all further claims upon the schooner.

"In that case," said Doris, "we must go on shore, also."

"It is base conduct on the part of the captains," said I. "I do not object to go on shore, but I object to being forced to do so by their desertion of our ship."

"The ship shall not be deserted," said the butcher. "I shall remain on board. I have all my belongings here, and I am very comfortable. I have my poultry to take care of and plenty of things to do; and as I can go on shore in the boat whenever I feel like it, I am not afraid to be here without sailors, for I don't believe any storm that could come into this bay could move the *Merry Chanter*. However, I shall keep the anchor out, for the sake of appearances. It does n't mean any more than 'esquire' to a man's name, but it looks well. Now how does that plan strike the owners?"

Doris declared that if the butcher really desired to stay on the ship, we should be very glad to have him do so.

"In that case," said Griscom Brothers, "if you want Johnny to stay with you, he can do it; but if you don't want him, I 'll take him home and set him to bakin'. It is time he was in some solid business. And as for you, madam, and your husband, if you want to stay around in this neighborhood, there is the Tripp house. There 's plenty of room in it, and I believe Alwilda and Lizeth would like you to board with them for a while."

"That would suit me exactly," said Doris. "I wish to be somewhere where I can see the *Merry Chanter* whenever I choose to go and look at it."

"That 's quite natural," said Griscom Brothers; "and we had better call this business settled. And now I 'll go ashore, and engineer the matter with Alwilda and Lizeth. I know I can do it."

The next day the four captains, being ready to go before we were, came in a body to take leave of us.

"We don't want to go away," said Captain Timon, speaking for the others, "without sayin' to you both that we part, on our side, quite friendly. Bygones is bygones. If we could have got you to Boston, we would have got you there, and been glad of it. But we could n't and we did n't, so there 's an end of it. If you ever get your ship floated, and towed into fresh water where her barnacles would drop off, and have her fitted up so that she won't need so many pavin' stones, we might be willin' to ship on her again, and see what we could do to get her to Boston for you. But till that time comes, we bid you good-by. And here 's our hands, wishin' you good luck and lots of it."

Doris shed some tears as she shook hands with the four old mariners; and although my sense of personal dignity demanded that I should not take their hands, I did so for fear of further annoying my wife.

In the afternoon Doris and I also left the *Merry Chanter*,—temporarily, as my wife earnestly declared,—and repaired to the house of the Tripp sisters, who were perfectly willing to accommodate us until we determined what it should be best for us to do.

The schoolmaster went home with his father, who vowed to protect him against Mrs. Bodship at all hazards; and the butcher was left alone on board the *Merry Chanter*.

## XIX.

## HORRIBLE SEA-WEEDS FLAP OVER HER.

OUR days with the Tripp family passed pleasantly enough. I went fishing, and sometimes Doris went with me. Doris went sketching, and sometimes I went with her. Dolor Tripp was in high spirits, and her sister Lizeth developed quite a pleasant humor. Lord Crabstairs spent every day, and the greater part of every evening, in the company of his beloved one; and, consequently, he was a good deal in our company, and seldom failed to make things lively in one way or another.

Griscom Brothers was a regular visitor. He had not yet arranged to leave his quarters over the old kitchen, and generally spent the nights there, giving up his room in the village to his son. He did not altogether relinquish his line of business as a ghost, especially when he had reason to believe that on account of moonlight walks or late departure of a visitor some outer door had been left unfastened. In his wanderings about the house he frequently deposited some delicacy in his line at the door of the room occupied by Doris and myself,

and I am sure that in this regard Dolor Tripp was not forgotten. The butcher could be depended upon for a visit at least every second day. Occasionally the schoolmaster came, but he was a quiet man who did not care to do much walking about the country.

In about ten days after our arrival, Dolor Tripp and Lord Crabstairs were married. A clergyman came over from the village, and we had a very pleasant little wedding, which was made more cheerful by Alwilda, who, as soon as the ceremony was completed, proceeded at once to the dining-room, and changed the color of the blue house in her latest picture to bright yellow with scarlet window-frames. After a banquet, in which the talent of Griscom Brothers shone to marvelous effect, the happy couple proceeded on their wedding trip.

About a week after the wedding, Doris and I were down at the edge of Shankashank Bay. Across the stretch of water that separated the *Merry Chanter* from the shore Doris and the butcher were holding a high-pitched conversation, when this voice-destroying dialogue was cut short by the arrival of a boy in a funny little cart resembling a wooden wash-basin on wheels, who brought us a telegram from the nearest station. This message was from Montreal, at which place we knew the newly married couple intended making a considerable stay. It was from the young bride, and it read thus:

"I am shipwrecked, and lying drowned upon the shore, cold and dead. Horrible sea-weeds flap over me. He will write.—DOLOR."

With pallid cheeks Doris and I read this again and again, but what it meant we could not divine. We knew it meant misery of some sort, but what sort of misery neither of us could imagine. At last, not knowing what to do, we determined to take the butcher into our confidence, and hailed him to come ashore. In a few minutes his boat grated upon the sand.

He read the telegram, and looked as black as night. Doris whispered in my ear: "He must not go back after his cleaver. We must not let him do that!" In a few moments, however, the storm-clouds on the face of the butcher began to disappear.

"At first I thought," he said, "that that man had deceived her; that he 's not a lord. But, considering that he did n't want to be a lord, and put on no airs about it, I don't believe the trouble is there."

"But where is it?" said I.

The butcher shook his head.

"It 's no use going to them," he said, "until we know what has happened. We must wait for the letter."

"Do you think of going to them?" asked Doris in surprise.

"Certainly," said the butcher; "if I am needed."

That was a doleful day for us. We felt obliged to tell the Tripp sisters of the telegram, and the effect of the mysterious message was to throw Lizeth into a fit of grumbling that Dolor should be so foolish as to stir them up with a telegram like that when a letter was on its way, and to send Alwilda into the dining-room, where she began work upon an enormous tombstone, large enough to contain the names of all her family.

The butcher went to the village, where he said he would stay until a letter came, and then bring it to us forthwith. Griscom Brothers was taken into council, and he declared it was his opinion that it was clams. Dolor would be sure to call for them, and as the Canadians were not a clam-eating people they probably did not know how to cook them. Nothing would be more likely to give rise to a telegram like that than a quantity of badly cooked clams. He felt keenly on this point, for he knew how clams should be cooked so that they would hurt no one, and had he been in Montreal the case might have been quite different.

The next day at noon, the butcher, who had staid in the village all night, leaving his poultry, the sandpiper, and the *Merry Chantler* to take care of themselves, brought a letter from Lord Crabstairs.

It was addressed to me, and read as follows:

MY DEAR SIR: I am sorry to be obliged to write to you that I have been knocked out of time worse than any man ever has since the beginning of the world. My wife sent you a telegram this morning, but she tells me she did not go into details, so I shall write you how matters stand, although it is not of the least use, except to make our friends unhappy. We stopped at Boston, because Dolor said that as she had originally started to go there she would like to do it, and she did me the honor to declare that she traveled with as merry a chanter as if she had sailed in your ship. Then she wanted to go to Montreal, and we went there; for I was not in the least afraid to travel in Canada, where I knew no one, and where I should register no name but that of George Garley, which I bore before I came into the title. Well, we saw the sights of Montreal, and they did us no harm. But one of the Cabinet Ministers happened to be in town, and they gave him a public reception, and of course Dolor wanted to go to that, and we went. A lot of heavy swells went in ahead of us, each with some sort of a title or other, and I noticed as Dolor heard these names called out she got more and more uneasy, and just as we were coming up to the scratch she took out of my hand a card on which I had written "Mr. and Mrs. Garley," and herself gave to the usher one of the cards which we had had printed for use in the States only. When we were announced as Lord and Lady Crabstairs we created a fine sensation, I assure you; for nobody of that rank had gone in yet, and I dare say

there is no duchess in England who can carry herself in better style and form than my little wife did. She was as proud as a gilded peacock, and I must say that I was a good deal that way myself. I had never had any good of the title, and I was glad something had come of it. Dolor was so particularly tickled by the deferential manner in which she was treated that I was ashamed I had ever thought of presenting the card of Mr. and Mrs. Garley. The next morning, when I went into the reading-room of the hotel, the first man I saw was that infernal attorney who had brought me the news, in front of my own door, of my accession to the title and the debts. It is of no use to write much about this; it is too beastly miserable even to think about. The wretched cad had found out I had gone to America, and the inheritors of the claims had sent him over to look me up. But he had not heard a bit about me until he saw in the morning paper that Lord and Lady Crabstairs had attended the reception the evening before. He had the papers, and he nabbed me on the spot, and now I go back to England to spend the rest of my life in a debtor's dungeon, and to think that my poor dear did it simply because she thought I ought to be as big a swell as any of them. I vow I wish I had done it myself. Well, it is all up. Life is all up. Everything is all up, so far as we are concerned. The whole world has gone to the bad. What is to be done, I cannot say. In a week I am to sail for England, but it is impossible for Dolor to go with me. She would not be allowed to share my dungeon, and I would not have her do it. Moreover, I could not endure to look through a narrow slit in the wall and see her wandering about the neighborhood, where she did not know one street from another, and wasting to a skeleton day by day. But how I am to go away and leave her, I know not. So here we are in blackest misery. By the eleven devils who continually howl around Judas Iscariot, I wish that the first Lord Crabstairs had been born dead!

Yours wretchedly,

CRABSTAIRS.

For the sake of Dolor, I stick to the title.

This letter was read aloud in the presence of the two Tripp sisters, Doris, and the butcher. When it was finished Alwilda and Lizeth arose without a word, put on their black-and-white striped sunbonnets, and went out—one to the dining-room, and the other to the poultry yard. Doris and I gazed at each other in silence, but the butcher stood up with flashing eyes and heaving breast.

"Who is to go to Montreal?" he said.

"To Montreal?" I repeated. "There's no use in any one going there in a case like this; there is nothing to be done."

"If no one else goes," said the butcher, "I shall go."

"That you shall not do," said Doris. "It would not be suitable or proper. I am going." She went, and of course I went with her.

WE found the bridal couple in doleful plight. Lord Crabstairs was a prisoner in his hotel,

awaiting the departure of the steamer on which his passage had been taken. Poor Dolor was plunged in blackest grief.

"Of course you did not understand the telegram I sent," she sobbed. "It was n't half strong enough."

Her husband was a brave fellow, and tried to put the best face on the matter, especially when his wife was present.

"I dare say I shall have a bit of a jolly time now and then," he said, "and that things will not be quite as bad as we have been thinking they would be. I never speak to that wretched cad of an attorney about anything, but I have heard that they turn debtors into a court now and then to take the fresh air, and perhaps they'll let me keep chickens. That would be no end jolly! And, more than that," he exclaimed, his whole face lighting up, "who knows but that they'll let me have a cow? I know I could keep a cow in a stone courtyard, and if they will let me serve milk and eggs to the fellows in the other dungeons I would have lots to do, especially when it came to the collecting of the monthly bills."

This kind of talk may have cheered the poor man a little, but it did not cheer us. Our principal concern was for Dolor. We had read stories of the Fleet and the Marshalsea, and supposed it likely that Lord Crabstairs might in time learn to endure life in a debtors' prison; but Dolor would be an absolute stranger in England, and she could not be allowed to go there. So there was nothing for her to do but to return to her home.

We spoke privately to Lord Crabstairs on this subject, and he agreed with us.

"Of course that 's the place for her," he said; "and I would rather think of her there than anywhere else, but there is one thing about it that worries me. I don't want her to go there if that butcher intends to live in the neighborhood. Not that I have anything to say against the butcher. He is an honest man and tossed up fair every time, and if at the last toss two tails had come up instead of two heads, perhaps he might have had her. But that 's neither here nor there. Heads turned up, and there was an end to him."

Neither of us answered this remark. Doris looked as if she had something to say, but she did not say it.

"I will write to him," exclaimed Lord Crabstairs, "and put the matter fair and square before him. Then he will surely see it as I do."

"Anything like that," said Doris, somewhat severely, "you must certainly attend to yourself."

Lord Crabstairs wrote to the butcher and put the matter fair and square before him. On

the next day but one this answer came by telegraph:

"If her coming home depends on my going, I go."

"There is a man for you!" exclaimed Doris, with a slight flush on her face as she read this telegram.

I made no reply. The butcher was well enough in his way, but he was not a man for me.

Dolor knew nothing of the letter or the telegram. That evening she said to us:

"I have been thinking about going home. It will be perfectly dreadful with my husband snatched away to a living death, and every hope in life shattered and shivered, but in some ways it may be better than it used to be. I shall have more company. I dare say the *Merry Chanter* will not sail for ever so long, and I shall often see you two, and perhaps the captains, to say nothing of Griscom Brothers and the schoolmaster. The butcher too is a very pleasant man, and probably he will always live in the neighborhood."

At this Lord Crabstairs leaned his head upon his hands and gave a groan. Dolor stepped quickly to his side and put her arm about his neck.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "I wish I better knew how to help you to bear your misery! And to think," she suddenly exclaimed, standing erect, with her eyes sparkling with indignation, "the people who really owed these horrible debts, as well as the people to whom the debts were owed, have been dead so long that they have even ceased to be corpses!"

## XX.

### THE COLLECTOR OF ANTIQUES.

DORIS and I agreed to stay in Montreal until the very last minute, and when the steamer should be entirely out of sight we would return home, taking Dolor with us. To Lord Crabstairs we privately promised that before starting we would telegraph to the butcher.

Saturday was the steamer's sailing day, and on Friday morning the attorney came to Lord Crabstairs's room, where Doris and I were paying an early visit to the unfortunate couple. Lord Crabstairs had declared he would never again speak a word to this attorney, who had dogged him across the Atlantic. But this time he broke through his rule.

"What do you mean," he cried, "by this impertinence? Is it not enough to have one cur keeping guard outside the door without another pushing himself into the room?"

This harsh speech made not the least impression upon the attorney, who quietly



remarked: "Half an hour ago I received a message by cable concerning you which I did not in the least understand. But in picking up the morning paper I find this despatch from London, which is a curious bit of news, and may interest you." And handing a newspaper to Lord Crabstairs he stepped to one side.

Lord Crabstairs took the paper and read aloud the following news item:

Considerable interest has lately been excited with regard to the case of Lord Crabstairs, who recently succeeded, not to the estate,—for there is none,—but to the title of this ancient family. It is well known that his only inheritance was a vast mass of debts, some of which began to accumulate in the seventeenth century, and which were increased and multiplied by a long line of ancestors, so that many years ago it became impossible for any descendant of the house to pay them. In consequence of this unfortunate state of affairs the new Lord Crabstairs became liable to arrest at the moment of his coming into the title, and to be sent to the debtors' jail, where so many of his forefathers had passed their lives. The public has already been made aware that this new nobleman evaded the officers of the law and fled to America, where, in Montreal, he was recently arrested as an absconding debtor. The publication of the facts in the London papers attracted the attention of an American gentleman, Mr. Copley Westbridge, who has been for some time in Europe expending a large portion of his great fortune in collecting material with which to found an antiquarian museum in New York. Mr. Westbridge pays much attention to antiquities of every kind, and the case of Lord Crabstairs interested him greatly. He obtained permission to examine the vast mass of claims, bonds, defeasances, judgments, executions, warrants, mortgages, bills, writs of *elegit* and of *capias ad satisfaciendum*, and legal papers of every variety originating in the reigns, protectorates, and regencies of two centuries; and all so worded and drawn as to bear upon the unfortunate man who happened to be Lord Crabstairs, no matter in what period of time or part of the world. This mass of ancient and curious documents appeared so valuable to Mr. Westbridge that he bought the whole of it for his museum. The descendants of the original creditors consented to accept a fixed price for the collective debts, and Mr. Westbridge signed a quitclaim, which entirely absolved Lord Crabstairs and his descendants from any connection with the debts of his forefathers. By this transaction this unique and highly valuable collection of legal curiosities goes to the States, and a British peer is made a freeman on his native soil.

As Lord Crabstairs read this piece of news his voice became louder and louder, and I am sure the eyes of all of us opened wider and wider, and that our hearts beat faster and faster. Dropping the paper, Lord Crabstairs stepped towards the attorney.

"What is the message you received?" he shouted.

"It was very short," replied the attorney;

"merely these words: 'No further claims against your prisoner; release him.' Therefore, my lord, you are no longer under arrest. Good-morning."

With two shouts of wild ecstasy Lord and Lady Crabstairs rushed into each other's arms, and Doris and I quietly withdrew.

The gayest, happiest, and most madly hilarious three people in the Dominion of Canada that day were Doris and Lord and Lady Crabstairs. I, too, was wonderfully well pleased, but my pleasure did not exhibit itself in extravagant manifestations such as those of my companions.

"What are you going to do?" asked Doris of Lord Crabstairs as we all sat at luncheon together. "Are you going back to England? Have you any sort of an ancestral pile left to you?"

"I really do not know," replied his lordship. "I have never gone very deep into the beastly business. Whether there was an entail or no entail, there is nothing left, anyway. But if anything were left, I should have nothing to do with a stick or a stone that belonged to my ancestors, for fear that the American antiquarian had overlooked a paper or two, and that some sort of antiquated debt in geometrical proportion still stuck to the property. I own a neat little place in Bucks, and if everything has n't been scattered to the four winds, there is a cow there, and a lot of high-bred poultry, two dogs, and a cat, and some of the prettiest flower-beds you ever saw in your life. Lord and Lady Crabstairs will live there, and if the other lords of the realm think that my house is too humble an abode for a British peer they can smother their mortification until I make money enough to build a better one. I intend that the next house of the Crabstairs shall date from me."

It was decided that the best thing for us all to do was to return together to the Tripp house. We wrote at once to announce the good news of our coming, and we were met at the railroad station by a little crowd of friends. Lizeth Tripp was there, but not Alwilda, who would not leave the house unprotected even on an occasion like this. The four captains were there, and Griscom Brothers, and the schoolmaster, and very prominent among the others the butcher, wearing a freshly washed and starched gown, and a shining, high silk hat. Having heard that Dolor's husband was coming back with her, he did not think it necessary to leave the neighborhood. Behind this little group of friends stood the entire population of the village.

We walked to the Tripp house in a long procession, the baggage of the bridal pair

being gladly carried by the four captains, the schoolmaster, Griscom Brothers, and the butcher. The villagers followed us for a short distance only. They all knew what sort of a woman Alwilda Tripp was. The hired man had come down to the station, but he had hurried back ahead of us, and now stood at the open gate bearing a huge sunflower, which he presented to Lady Crabstairs.

"I don't believe there's another person in this world," said Lizeth, when we had reached the house, "on whom that man would have wasted nearly a gill of chicken seed."

We found Alwilda in the dining-room, standing before the huge tombstone she had painted on the wall. She quietly submitted to the embrace of her sister, and very civilly returned the salutations of the rest of the party.

"I am very much puzzled," she then remarked, "to know what to do with that tombstone. I don't want to scrape it out, because I took a great deal of pains with it, and yet, as things have turned out, it does n't seem to be suitable."

"Who is that sprawling nigger at the foot of the stone with his head in a brass pan?" asked Lord Crabstairs.

"By that," replied Alwilda, "I intended to represent the downfall of an African king."

At this we all laughed heartily, and Lord Crabstairs cried:

"Well, whatever you do, madam, paint out the nigger. He does n't suit at all. And if you want an inscription for your tombstone I'll give you one: 'Here lies two centuries of debt, and the devil take it!'"

"I might put that," said Alwilda, "except the part about the devil. I can have instead of it 'now departed.'"

"I think I can propose something better than that," cried Doris. "You can cut off the top of the gravestone so as to make it look like the base of a monument, and on this you can paint a handsome column or obelisk. You can make a flower-bed of the fallen African king, and pretty vines can twine themselves about the base of the stone. These, with blossoming shrubs and flowers on each side and in the background, will make a very cheerful picture. Then on the monument I propose you paint these words: 'To the memory of the good ship *Merry Chanter*, which'—" She hesitated a few moments, and then said: "I cannot think of a good sentiment. Will not one of you help me?"

Griscom Brothers smiled, and in a moment said:

"How do you like this? 'To the memory of the good ship *Merry Chanter*, which made slow time but fast friends.'"

"Capital!" said Doris. And we all agreed

that this would be an exceedingly appropriate inscription.

"I'll paint it in that way," said Alwilda. And immediately she went to work upon it.

## XXI.

THE MERRY CHANTER LEAVES  
SHANKASHANK BAY.

LORD and Lady Crabstairs remained with us at Dolor's old home for a week or more, and then started on a short western tour. When this continuation of their bridal trip was completed they would sail for England to take possession of their small estate in Buckinghamshire, where, as the humblest and happiest of all lords and ladies, they expected to build up a little paradise.

Every one of us was sorry to have them go, and each of us gave them some little memento: the butcher's present was a beautiful new cleaver of the best steel.

"This sort of thing," he said, "comes very handy in a kitchen."

And then speaking to me in an under voice he remarked:

"They say that sharp-edged tools cut love, but there are cases when this does n't matter."

The four captains brought queer things which they had picked up in distant lands, and Griscom Brothers put a little oyster pie in a tin can and told them they must think of him when they ate it in their own house.

"I do not need anything," said Dolor, "to make me remember the ghost who used to leave pies at my door."

"I have n't anything that will do for a memento," said Alwilda; "but I will paint your portraits from memory and send them to you."

"May the ship sink that carries them!" muttered the butcher.

The day after the departure of Lord and Lady Crabstairs, Doris and I walked down to the shore to look at our ship.

"Do you know," said Doris to me, "that I am very much afraid the *Merry Chanter* will never sail again. I don't believe the highest kind of tide will lift her now. She must have become a permanent portion of the earth's surface."

I had long been waiting for an opportunity to assert myself, and to make plain to Doris the value of my opinions and my decisions. I considered such action as due to my personal dignity, and had only postponed it because no proper occasion had appeared to offer itself. Now an occasion offered.

"There is no need of surmises on the subject," I said. "I have positively determined that that ship is not fit for navigating purposes,

and that we must give up all idea of sailing in her to any place whatever."

"I am glad you think so," said Doris, "because I was afraid I might have some trouble in convincing you that now we ought not to think of such a thing as taking voyages in our ship. But what shall we do with her?" she continued. "But here comes the butcher. Let us ask him."

The butcher, who had been rowing from the ship, now ran his boat upon the beach. When Doris had asked his advice upon the important subject under consideration, he stood for some moments holding his chin in his hand.

"I'll make you an offer," he said. "I like living on board the schooner. It suits me first-rate. She's got a splendid foundation, and will stand storms like a lighthouse. If you say so, I'll buy her of you."

My wife and I retired a little for consideration.

"There cannot be the slightest doubt about it," said Doris. "We should sell him the ship, for it is of no earthly use to us."

"Very well," said I; "let us sell it to him."

THE butcher bought the *Merry Chanter*, and with the purchase-money in our pockets Doris and I prepared to leave Shankashank Bay for a little inland town, where we would set up a home entirely unconnected with maritime pursuits.

On the morning of the day we were to leave we went on board the *Merry Chanter* for a final visit. The schoolmaster received us at the beach, and rowed us to the ship. As we stepped on deck the butcher, in whitest gown and blackest hat, received us with a sorrowful courtesy. Griscom Brothers was on board with the four old captains, who had come over purposely to bid us farewell. We were all there except the lively Lord Crabstairs and the pretty Dolor. The butcher thought it proper to allude to this fact.

"There is a gap among us, my friends," he said, "which we cannot fail to see. There are, however, other gaps, which are not visible," and he turned his face towards the sea.

Doris walked over the ship and bade good-by to everything. Her own old hen, followed by a brood of now well-grown chickens, came clucking towards her, doubtless remembering former dainty repasts. The other poultry crowded about her, hoping to be fed, and the sandpiper ran along the rail by her side, his little eyes sparkling with the expectation of a crumb.

She walked to the bow, and looked over at the wooden figure-head.

"Good-by, dear Merry Chanter," she said. "Whenever the winds are high, and I know there is a storm on the coast, I shall think of you bravely breasting the waves that rush in from the sea, and shouting your bold sea-songs out into the storm."

The butcher insisted upon rowing us to the shore. As we bade him farewell he cordially invited us to pay him a visit whenever we felt like breathing a little sea air.

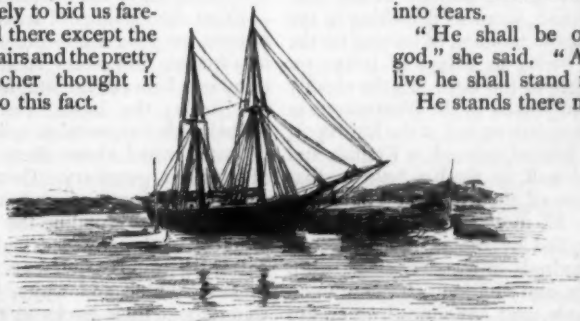
"When you are fixed and settled," he said, "I want to send you—a—not exactly a present, but something to remind you of this part of the world."

THREE months after this there came to our new home an enormous box, which gave rise to more curiosity in Doris and myself than we had ever felt in regard to any package in any shape or size. When, after an infinite deal of pains, the cover had been forced off and some wrappings removed, there we saw the *Merry Chanter*, unbolted from the bow of our ship, and sent by the butcher to us.

When Doris saw it she burst into tears.

"He shall be our household god," she said. "As long as we live he shall stand in our home."

He stands there now.



Frank R. Stockton.

## FROM TOKIO TO NIKKO. AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



JULY 20, 1886.—The cholera was upon us, and we decided to go to Nikko and spend a month there, near the F——s'. The doctor, who was anxious to get back to its coolness and its other charms, was to pilot us and instruct us by the way, and much of the miscellaneous information that I shall give you has come more or less from him. Late in the morning we rode to Tokio, and lunched in Uyèno Park, looking down on the great pond and the little temple which stands in it, and which you know, having seen it on the fans and colored prints. They were veiled in the haze of the sunlight, as if in a spring or winter mist, and through this fog of light shone the multitudinous little sparkles of the ribs and swellings of the lotus pads, lapping one over another, and reaching to far streaks of clearer water. A denser lightness here and there marked the places of the flowers, and a faint odor came up in lazy whiffs. The roof of the temple seemed to be supported by the moisture below. Above there was no cloud. All things lay alike in the blaze, enveloped in a white glimmer of heat and wet, and between the branches of the trees around us the sky was veiled in blue. The locusts hissed with a crackling sound like that of heated wood. The ugly bronze Buddha at the corner of the tea-house shone as if melting in the sun. Then came the moment of leaving for the station, where, owing to delays of trains, we waited still longer in the heat. In the cleanly waiting-room we looked at the illustrations in the Japanese newspapers, and at the last report of the weather bureau, printed in English and fastened to the wall, or read a little in that morning's edition of the excellent Yokohama English paper; all these comforts of civilization being supplied by the road. At length the noise of hundreds of wooden clogs, worn by men, women, and children, clattered upon the stones outside, and announced an end to waiting. The tightly closed train had been baking in the sun all day, and we leaned out of the doors on the sides and gasped for breath.

Our train skirted the great hill of Uyèno, and its dark shadow, which did not quite reach us. Monuments and gravestones, gray

or mossy, blurred here and there the green wall of trees. The doctor told us of the cooler springtime, when the cherry trees of Uyèno cover the ground with a snow of blossoms, and the whole world turns out to enjoy them, as we do the first snows of winter.

But this is a lame comparison. The Japanese sensitiveness to the beauties of the outside world is something much more delicate and complex and contemplative, and at the same time more natural, than ours has ever been. Outside of Arcadia, I know of no other land whose people hang verses on the trees, in honor of their beauty; where families travel far before the dawn to see the first light touch the new buds. Where else do the newspapers announce the spring openings of the blossoms? Where else would be possible the charming absurdity of the story that W—— was telling me of having seen in cherry-blossom time some old gentleman, with capacious saké gourd in hand and big roll of paper in his girdle, seat himself below the blossom showers, and look and drink, and drink and write verses, all by himself, with no gallery to help him? If there is convention in a tradition half obligatory, and if we, Western lovers of the tree, do not quite like the Japanese refinement of growing the cherry merely for its flowers, yet how deliciously upside-down from us, and how charming is the love of nature at the foundation of the custom.

From the rustling of leaves and reëchoing of trees we passed into the open country, and into free air and heat. In the blur of hot air, trembling beneath the sun, lay plantations and rice fields; the latter, vast sheets of water dotted with innumerable spikes of green. Little paths raised above them made a network of irregular geometry. Occasionally a crane spread a shining wing and sank again. In the outside ditches stood up the pink heads of the lotus above the crowded pads. At long intervals small groups of peasants, men and women, dressed in blue and white, knee-deep in the water, bent their backs at the task of weeding. The skirts of their dresses were caught up in their girdles, and their arms were freed from their looped-back sleeves.

The doctor spoke to us of the supposed unhealthiness of rice planting, which makes life in the rice fields short, in a country where life is not long.



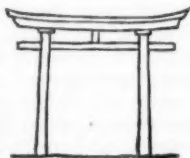


THE LAKE IN UVËNO PARK.

We are told that the manuring of the rice fields taints all the waters for great distances, and we are warned not to drink, without inquiring, even from the clearest streams. Not even high up in the mountains shall we be safe; for there may be flat spaces and table-lands of culture which drain into the picturesque wildness below. We learn that with all these hardships the rice growers themselves cannot always afford this staple food of the country, for cheaper than rice are millet, and buckwheat, and the plants and fungi that grow without culture.

Contrasting with the tillage we were passing, islands of close foliage stood up in the dry plain, or were reflected, with the clouds above, in the mirror of the wet rice fields. Occasionally a shrine was visible within, and the obligatory Torii stood at the edge of the grove, or within its first limits.

Looking through a Torii one is sure to be in the direction of something sacred, whether it be temple or shrine or holy mountain. Neither closeness nor distance interferes with this ideal intention, and the sacred Fusi-yama is often seen a hundred miles away in the sky, framed by these lines, built for the pur-



A TORII.

pose. This assemblage of four lines of stone or wood or bronze is to me one of the creations of art, like the obelisk or the pyramid. Most impressive, most original of symbolic entrances, whether derived from sacred India or from the ancestral innocence of Polynesia, there is something of the beginning of man, something invented while he lived with the birds, in this elementary porch, whose upper line, repeating the slope of hill and wave, first embodied the curve that curls all upper edges in the buildings of the farther East.

And if indeed the Torii<sup>1</sup> be nothing but the first bird-perch, then I can imagine the father of all peacocks spreading his gigantic fan across its bars; or I may prefer to suppose it the rest for the disk of the sun god, whose lower curve is repeated by the Torii's upper beam.

SOMETIMES there were traces of inclosure about these woods; sometimes they had no edgings but their own beautifully modeled contours. Long ages, respectful care, sometimes fortunate neglect, have made of these reserved spaces types of an ideal wildness, for these are sacred groves, and they are protected by the divine contained within them.

This preservation of a recall of primeval

<sup>1</sup> The usual etymology of Torii is bird-perch; from *Tori*, a bird.

nature, this exemption of the soil from labor, within anxious and careful tillage, is a note of Japan constantly recurring, and a source of perpetual charm.

Notwithstanding the men and women working in the fields, there was a certain desolateness in the landscape, and A—— made out its reason more easily than I, and recalled that for miles and miles we had traveled without seeing any of the four-footed beasts which the Western mind always associates with pastoral life and labor.

As the evening came on we crossed a large river and looked down from the height of the new bridges upon the discarded ferry-boats, and upon the shape of a more fantastic one that was never meant to sail—a pine tree, shaped and trimmed, spread its green mast and sails in a garden by the water. Far away were lines of mountains and the peaks of extinct volcanoes.

At every station now the country people gathered to stare at the novelty of the train; we saw the lighting up of the farm-houses as we passed; in the door-yards, behind high hedges reminding me of Normandy, bonfires were being made to keep off mosquitoes: then temples and shrines with lights before them, and at eight o'clock on a festal night we came into Utsunomiya.

The streets were full of people carrying lanterns; children ran about together, with little toy shrines, and the whole town was drowned in noise. We got into a *basha*, a sort of omnibus, attached to two wild horses, and were hurried through the crowded streets, much as if carrying the mails, with apparent disregard of the lives and limbs of the inhabitants.

The hotel, where we were expected and where the doctor had represented us as distinguished visitors, opened its whole front, in a Japanese way, to receive us, for there was no outside wall to the lower floor. We were driven quite into the house, and beheld an entire household drawn up in line on the platform, which occupied a full half of this lower space. The doctor did all that was right, while we remained in amused embarrassment before our prostrated host and the kneeling attendants. As we sat helpless on the steps of the platform our shoes were taken off, and in stockinged feet we were ushered through the crowd and the lower part of the house, through the preparations for passing travelers, the smell and heat of washing and cookery, and an inexpressibly outrageous odor, even for this land of frightful smells, evidently of the same nature as that of the rice fields.

Notwithstanding this horror, we found, on clambering up the steep little staircase of dark, slippery wood, better fitted to stockings than to boots, a most charming, cleanly apartment

ready for us: ready, I say, but its three big rooms, which took all one side of the court, contained nothing but a drawing hanging in each room and a vase filled with flowers; in justice, I ought to add a European table of the simplest make, and three European chairs. Under them was spread a piece of that red cloth which seems to have a fascination for the Japanese—perhaps as being European.

Everything was of the cleanest—wall, floor, stairs, tables; everything was dusted, wiped, rubbed, polished.

It was too hot and we were too tired to go out and see the town, noisy with the excitement of a festival. The doctor directed the preparation of a meal on a Japanese basis of rice, mingled and enlivened with the contents of various cans; and meanwhile I went down another little staircase of cleanly white wood, at the farther end of our apartment, to our little private bath-room below.

This was about six feet square, and its furniture consisted of a deep lacquer tray to lay clothes in. The bath-tub was sunk in the floor, but so that its edge rose high above the level of the room. I had declined the "honorable hot water," which is the Japanese necessity, and obtained cold, against protest. I had yet to learn the luxury and real advantage of the Japanese hot bath. I closed my door, but my window was open, and through its wooden bars I could see our opposite neighbors across the garden of the courtyard—a whole family, father, mother, children, and young daughter—file down to the big bath-room at the corner, whose windows were open to mine. I heard them romp and splash, and saw heads and naked arms shining through the steam. Meditating upon the differences which make propriety in various places, I joined my friends at dinner and listened to what the doctor had to say upon the Japanese indifference to nudity; how Japanese morals are not affected by the simplicity of their costumes, and that of course to the artist it seems a great pity that the new ideas should be changing these habits in a race so naturally law-abiding; for even the government is interfering, and enforcing dress within city limits. Then came the question whether this be a reminiscence of Polynesian ancestry and simplicity, or born of climate and cleanliness. And, indeed, all Japan spends most of its time washing, so that the very runners bathe more times a day than our fine ladies. Meanwhile the servant-girls were spreading for us the blue-green mosquito nettings, put together with bands of orange silk. They were slung by cords from the corners of the beams, which serve for a cornice, and made a good-sized square tent in the middle of the room. Inside, our beds



OUR RUNNER.

were made up on the floor, of well-wadded coverlets folded one upon another. One of these I took for a pillow. I have not yet dared to try the block of wood, hollowed out for the nape of the neck, which serves for a pillow in Japan, notwithstanding that it has a pad to relieve its severity—a pad of paper fastened on, and which you remove sheet by sheet as you want a clean pillow-slip. I can understand, however, how precious it must be in a country where the women keep, day and night, undisturbed, those coiffures of marvelous black hair, glistening with camellia oil, the name of which I like better than its perfume. From inside my netting I could see, as I was lying,—for the screens, which made our windows, remained wide open,—through the topmost branches of the trees of the garden, the Japanese family opposite, now ending their evening meal.

Laughter and chatter, clattering of cups, rap of pipes against boxes, a young man came in and bent over one of the women seated upon the floor; the girl repeated some prayer, with clapping hands outstretched; the lights were put out, all but the square “ando,” or floor

night-lantern, and they drew their screens. I fell asleep, to be waked with a start by the watchman, who, every hour, paced through the garden, striking a wooden clapper, and impertinently assured us of the hour.

THIS weary noise marked the intervals of a night of illness, made worse by nightmares of the cholera, from which we were flying. The earliest dawn was made hideous by the unbarring and rolling of the heavy *amados*,<sup>1</sup> the drawing back of the inside screens (*shojis*), and the clattering of clogs over pavement, through other parts of the house. Our Japanese family across the way I could hear at their ablutions, and, later, tumultuously departing for early trains, and at last I slept in broad daylight.

LATE in the morning we entered our friend the basha. In the daylight, I noticed that the horses wore something like a Dutch collar, and were harnessed with ropes.

Two men, one the driver, the other the running groom, sat on the low front seat. Our trunks and bags and Japanese baskets encumbered the omnibus seats on which we stretched our sick and wearied bodies—for the doctor himself was ill, and smiled mechanically when I tortured him with questions. We left town at a full gallop, and at risk of life for every one in the streets; one of our drivers meanwhile blowing wildly through a horn, to the inspiring of the horses and the frightening of the Japanese small boy. Soon one of our men plunged off his seat and began running by the horses in the old Japanese way—hereditary with him, for they follow the calling from generation to generation. Running without pause and without sweating, he threw his body back as if restraining his pace to that of the horses. At the limits of the town, in full run, he stripped his upper garments and showed himself tattooed at every visible point. Above the double strip of his breech-clout, a waterfall, a dragon, and a noble hero made a fine network of blue and pink on the moving muscles.

<sup>1</sup> Rain-doors, outer wooden screens, which close the house at night, and roll in a groove.

Now the road became heavy, wet, and full of deep ruts; and our miserable ponies came to a stand-still—and balked. The Japanese mildness of our driver disappeared. He took to beating their poor backs with a heavy bamboo cane; while we remonstrated feebly, regretting that we had not sufficient strength to

lotus and the iris, the peach, the cherry, and the plum make up the flower poetry of the extreme East.

THEN, leaving the dry and sunny uplands, we entered a famous avenue, shaded for twenty miles by gigantic cryptomeria trees 60 to 120



IN THE GREAT AVENUE OF CRYPTOMERIA.

beat him too. Then he explained, deferentially, that confusion seized him at being unable to keep his promise of delivering us at Imaichi for the appointed hour; and I felt as if we had been put in the wrong. Imagine the difference had he been—any one but a Japanese. We turned aside from the main way into a little dry side-path, which led us into the hills and moors. As we got among them we left the annoying odors of the rice fields, and smelled for the first time the fragrance of wild roses, looking like ours, but a little paler. This was the first thing which reminded me of home—the roses that the Japanese do not seem to care for, do not seem to understand. With them the rose has no records, no associations as with us, for once on this farther side of the garden of Iran, the peony and the chrysanthemum, the

feet high. They were planted, as an act of homage, some two centuries ago, by some mighty noble, when it was decided to place at Nikko the tomb of the great shōgun Iyēyasū. They rise on each side of the sunken road, from banks and mounds, over which steps lead, from time to time, to plantations and rice fields beyond, and to shrines peeping out among the trees. In side-roads above, on either hand, passed occasionally peasants and pack-horses laden with forage, or the bright shine of a peasant woman's red skirt. Where an occasional habitation, or two or three, are niched in some opening, the tall columns of the great trees are interrupted by spaces filled with crossed branches of the wilder pine, and behind these, outside, sometimes the light-green feathery mass of a bamboo grove.



Against the bank stood low thatched buildings; near them, the great trees were often down, or sometimes dying; an occasional haystack, sliced off below by use, was fastened, in thick projection, around some smaller tree. Once, at a turn of the road, near a building with wide roof, pushed against the corner bank out of a basin fringed with iris, sprung into the air a little jet of water. Near by, a solitary ditcher had placed in a bamboo fence some bright red blossom, with its stem and leaves, apparently to cheer him at his work.

The heavy road was being ditched on each side to carry off the soaking waters, and our weary, miserable horses broke down again. A—— and I rested by going in advance, and I experienced the new sensation of walking among the bamboo stems, like an insect among the knotted stalks of a gigantic grass. The still heat of the sun burned in great smoky streaks across our way, spotted by the flight of many yellow butterflies. There was no sound of birds in the high spaces above; the few peasants that we met slipped past on their straw sandals, their noiseless horses also shod with straw; occasionally a shiver of the great spruces overhead, and far behind us the cries of our grooms to their horses.

It was two o'clock when we galloped bravely, as if with fresh horses, into the single long street which is Imaichi village. We were now on high ground, some two thousand feet above our point of departure, and could feel, but not see clearly, in the blaze of sunlight, great mountains lost in great wet clouds.

We stopped at the village inn; drivers and runners were sitting on the stone bench in front, drinking tea, when we drove up. We sat down on the straw-matted porch inside, the whole front of the building open, and drank miserable, herby tea, and tasted the usual sweet balls of sugary stuff.

Alongside the tea-house, in one of the recesses between the buildings, we could see the runners of *kurumas* being washed off and rubbed down, just as if they were horses in a livery stable. As they stood naked, their companions poured pails of water over them, its brown spread covering the stone slabs. Some of them, in the porch, lay on their backs, others prone, others on the side, all near a kettle, which hung over a charcoal fire, in which, perhaps, they were heating *saké*. One on his back, his neck on the wooden pillow, was smoking. The village itself lay in hot, clean repose,—not dusty,—the rows of buildings on each side of the street irregular, but all of the same appearance. Most of the fronts were open, the goods all displayed outside of the walls, or on the floors; innumerable pieces of paper hanging about every-

where. A few men sat about on the porches, their naked feet hanging off, their sandals on the ground below them, the inevitable umbrella by their side. Most of the village was asleep, in nakedness. The color of flesh glowed in the hot shade; brown and sallow in the men, ruddy on the breasts of the women and the entirely nude bodies of the children.

And here, now, we said good-by to the *basha*, and got into the two-wheeled baby-wagon, which they call a *kuruma*. One man ran between the shafts, and another, in front, was fastened to the cross-bar by a long strip of cloth tied about him. The file of our five wagons started off at a rapid trot—we had two for our baggage—with the doctor ahead, his white helmet dancing before us in the sun. From under my umbrella I tried to study and occasionally to draw the motions of the muscles of our runners, for most of them were naked, except for the complicated strip around the loins—a slight development of the early fig-leaf. The vague recall of the antique that is dear to artists—the distinctly rigid muscles of the legs and thighs, the rippling swellings of the backs—revived the excitement of professional study and seemed a godsend to a painter. The broad, curved hat, lifted by a pad over the head, was but an Eastern variation, not so far removed from the Greek *πίταρος* of Athenian riders. Some heads were bare; that is to say, their thick black thatch was bound with a long handkerchief, which otherwise hung on the shoulders or danced around their necks. Not all were naked. The youngest, a handsome fellow, had his tunic pulled up above the thighs, and the slope of his drapery and his wide sleeves gave him all the elegance of a medieval page. I found it easier now to struggle against heat and indolence, and to make my studies as our runners ran along, for we had entered again the avenue of the great *cryptomeria*. We had passed the entrance of another, which in old times was the road, traveled by the mikado's ambassador, in the fifth month, when he journeyed across the island to carry offerings to *Iyéyasū* in his tomb at Nikko. The big trees grow still taller in this higher air, their enormous roots spreading along the embankments in great horizontal lines and stages of buttresses. Prolonged wafts of cool air blew upon us from the west, to which we were hurrying. Above us spread a long avenue of shade, high up and pale in the blue. And so we got into Nikko as the sun was setting, with the delicious sensation that at last we were in coolness and in shade.

RIGHT before us, crossing the setting sun, was the island mountain of Nikko-san; small

enough to be taken in by the eye, as it stood framed by greater mountains which were almost lost in the glittering of wet sunlight. The mountain threw its shade on the little village; down its one long street we rode to the bridge that spans the torrent, which, joining another stream, gives Nikko the look of an island. Alongside this bridge, at a distance of two hundred feet, crosses the red lacquer bridge, over which we are not allowed to pass. It is reserved for the family Tokugawa, the former

Before us steps of enormous width passed under the foliage and turned above in many directions, and there on the lowest step, her dainty feet on straw sandals, whose straps divided the toes of the close-fitting Japanese socks, with bare ankles, stood our hostess, in latest European dress, most graceful contrast to our own consciousness of being jaded and dirty, and to the nakedness of our runners. Panting with the last run, they stood at rest, and leaned forward against the cross-bar of the shafts, with mus-

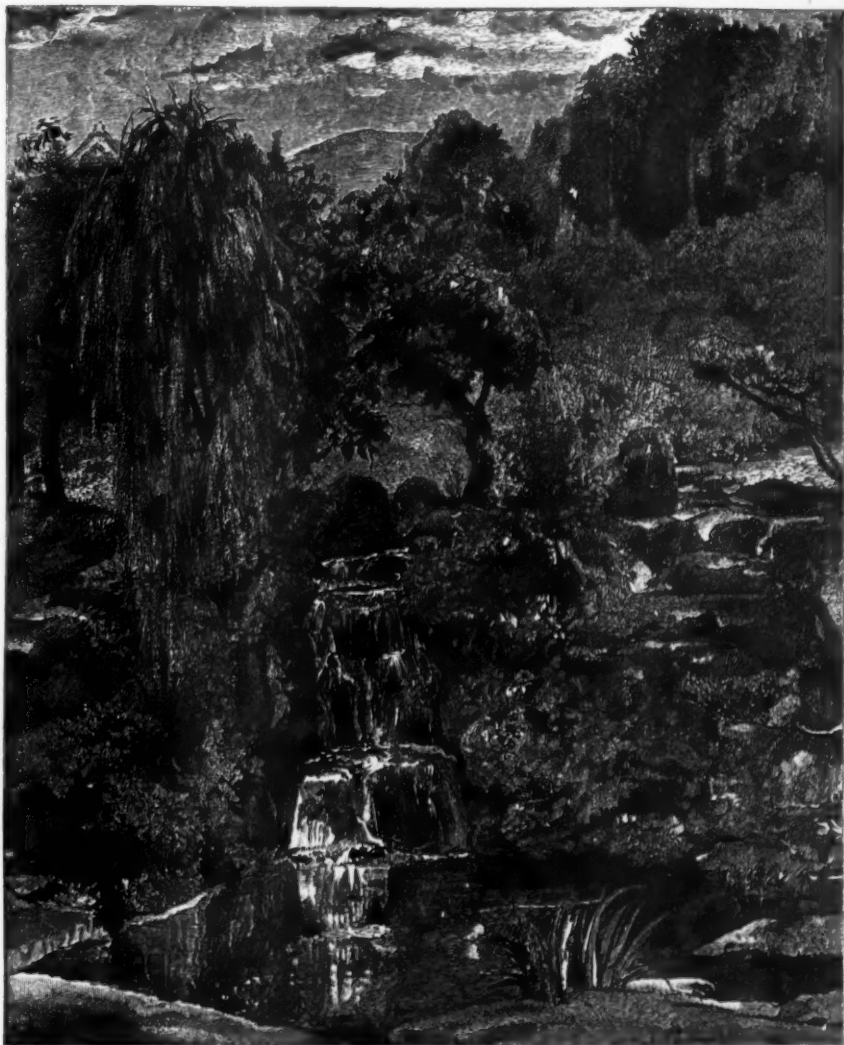


NIKKO-SAN.

shôguns of Japan, whose ancestors built the great shrines of Nikko, and for the emperor on his occasional visits. It stands supported on a gigantic framework of stone, imitating wood, the uprights being pierced to allow the crosspieces to run through, against all European constructional principles, but with a beauty which is Japanese, and a fitness proved by time.

These great posts under the bridge lean against what seems the wall of the mountain; the rock foundation being supplemented, everywhere that a break occurs, by artificial work. Here and there cascades fall over natural and over artificial walls and glisten far up through the trees on the opposite side of the bridge. As we rattled over it, we looked down on the overflowing long wooden trough, which carried the pure waters of the mountain to the village that we had passed, and upon the torrent below, whose limpid clearness was made blue by mist, where the warmer air was chilled by a coldness drawn from far-up mountains.

cles still trembling, clear streams of sweat vanishing their bronze nakedness, and every hair plastered with wet on forehead, chest, and body. Just before them rustled the unrumpled starched spread of the skirts of the fair American. She was summering at Nikko, and, friendly with the Buddhist clergy, had arranged that one of the priests should let us have his house, and kindly walked with us to it, a little way up in one of the first open spaces of the mountain. After passing the great outside fringe of trees we found a large clear opening, broken up by walled inclosures, the wall sometimes high and sometimes low, and edged by gutters through which the torrents ran. These were the former residences of princes, whom etiquette obliged to worship officially at Nikko. A quarter of a mile up we came to our own garden,—with an enormous wide wall or embankment of stone, some twenty feet deep,—which also had been a prince's, and now belongs to the little Buddhist priest who is our



THE WATERFALL IN OUR GARDEN.

landlord. There are two houses in the inclosure, one of which he lets to us. Ours is brand-new and two stories high, while his is old and low, with an enormous roof, and an arbor built out from the eaves and connecting with his little garden. High behind his house rise rocks and wall; and on top of them are planted willows, pines, maples, and the paulonia, whose broad leaves are part of the imperial crest. A little waterfall tumbles over the rocks and gives us water for our garden and for our bath. In our house we made the acquaintance of Kato, who is to wait upon us. A few minutes later

we were welcomed by our landlord, dressed for the occasion. He conducted us to our rooms, and leaving for a moment returned with a china bowl that was covered with a napkin, and contained sweetmeats which he told me are peculiar to Nikko.

Seeing that we were helpless with the language, he bowed low and left us to our bath and to a survey of our new quarters. We were tired, sick, miserable, weary travelers, having gone through a shipwreck of heat and fatigue, but there was a fascination in feeling that this baby-house is ours, that it is typical, that on entering

we left our shoes out on our own threshold and were walking on the soft clean mats, stocking-toed; that in a few minutes we should be stretched on these as on a bed, and that Kato would pour out our tea. Our lowest story, which has a veranda, can be divided so as to make a servant's room and a hall beyond. In an L behind stretches out a wash-room with a big dresser fixed to the wall, under which, through a trough, rolls a torrent from the waterfall; and, farther on, the little square bath-room with one side all open to the floor, when the wooden screen is drawn, through which we get light and air, and through which the box containing burning charcoal is brought from the priest's house to heat our bath. We have a little staircase — just the width of our trunk — which leads sharply up to the veranda above, from which we step into A——'s room and then into mine; they are separated by movable screens, so that we can be about as private as if the division were a chalk line. But outside we have a wealth of moving wall: first the paper screens, which, when we wish, can separate us from the veranda; then, lastly, on its edge, the amado, or

wooden sliding doors, which are lying now in their corner box, but which later will be pulled out and linked together, and close the open house for the night.

Then, as we were about leaving, we solemnly placed a great ornamented revolver before the little god of Contentment who sits upon the Tokonoma — that mantelpiece which is at the level of my eye when I lie on the floor, and which is the Japanese ideal seat of honor, but never occupied. This revolver is left there to appease a Japanese conventional fear of robbers. We went down in the twilight to our friends, and had a very European supper, and sat on their veranda, looking through the trees towards the bridge, in a moonlight of mother-of-pearl; and we were so sleepy that I can only suppose we must have talked of home, and I can only remember our host clapping his hands for lanterns, and Kato leading us back, with the light held low, and the noise of the torrents running under the little stone bridges that we passed, and our taking off our shoes on our own door-step, and the thunder of the amados as Kato rolled them out for the night.

*John La Farge.*



## THE VOICE OF THE VOID.

I WARN, like the one drop of rain  
On your face, ere the storm;  
Or tremble in whispered refrain  
With your blood, beating warm.  
I am the presence that ever  
Baffles your touch's endeavor,—  
Gone like the glimmer of dust  
Dispersed by a gust.  
I am the absence that taunts you,  
The fancy that haunts you;  
The ever unsatisfied guess  
That, questioning emptiness,  
Wins a sigh for reply.  
Nay; nothing am I,  
But the flight of a breath —  
For I am Death!

*George Parsons Lathrop.*





## GLASGOW: A MUNICIPAL STUDY.

THE people of Glasgow are accustomed to claim for their city the second place in the British Empire. If by the words "city," "burgh," or "borough" there is meant merely a populous place,—an aggregation of houses and people with a concentration of various commercial, industrial, and social interests,—then metropolitan London would assuredly rank first and without rival. But if by these words is meant a distinct and complete municipal organism, the people of Glasgow may claim not the second, but the first place among the communities of Great Britain. London as a municipal corporation is but a mile in extent and has only fifty thousand people; "larger London" having no unified corporate existence.<sup>1</sup> Glasgow in 1888 had a population of 560,000 within a compactly inhabited area of 6111 acres; and its vigorous development has caused so generous an overflow that the whole community, including the continuously built-up suburbs, now numbers little short of 800,000 souls. The annexation of 8000 additional acres is about to be accomplished by act of Parliament.

As a type of the modern city with highly developed and vigorous municipal life, and with complex, yet unified, industrial and social activities,—in short, as one of the most characteristic of the great urban communities in the English-speaking world of the nineteenth century,—Glasgow may well repay study. It combines in itself most remarkably all that is significant in the history of city government among peoples of British origin; that is to say, to study Glasgow is to study the progress of municipal institutions in every stage. Like all modern commercial cities Glasgow has exhibited the phenomenon of rapid growth, and has had to meet the various problems that rapid growth under new industrial and social conditions has forced upon the attention of all such cities. Indeed, Glasgow has grown quite as rapidly as the large towns of America. In 1750 the population was less than 25,000. In 1800 it was approximately 75,000. In 1811 it was 100,000; in 1831, 200,000; in 1851, 329,000; and in 1871 it was 478,000. In 1881 it had reached 488,000, with 186,000

more of overflow into the immediate suburbs, making a total of 674,000. And to bring the figures up to 1889, it is reasonably safe to estimate that within a district six or seven miles long and three or four miles wide, containing less than 15,000 acres, there is a population of 775,000.

Whether originally due in greater or less degree to the danger of raids from Highland clans and attacks from invading English armies, it has from a very early period been the custom of Scotch townsfolk to build compactly and to house the population in tenement-flats. Aberdeen, Dundee, and Leith illustrate this custom quite as well as do Edinburgh and Glasgow. The rapid growth of the present century has given most serious reality to all the latent and lurking evils of a tenement-house system, and Glasgow has been compelled to study and apply modern remedies—indeed to be a leader in the invention and trial of remedies—for the ills that spring from the overcrowding of the poor. The regulation of house building and occupancy; provision for domestic cleanliness; schemes of street cleansing, of garbage removal, of epidemic disease prevention, of improved "watching and lighting" arrangements, with a view to the lessening of crime; provision of shelter for floating population; a differentiated and adequate system of sanitary inspection; the establishment of baths and various conveniences to improve the health, comfort, and moral condition of the people: all these features of recent municipal activity may be studied to special advantage in Glasgow.

Like Liverpool in England, or Chicago in America, Glasgow is an excellent instance of what I may call the "self-made," or rather self-located, modern commercial city, as contrasted with great urban communities like London and New York, which have assumed vast proportions and importance in spite of themselves and without the application of any organic municipal energy. Glasgow more than a hundred years ago entered deliberately upon the herculean task of making itself an important port by deepening its shallow river into a harbor and an ocean highway. Following the gradual improvement of the Clyde navigation came first a large American trade, in tobacco, cotton, and other staples. The development of the coal and iron mines of the Clyde valley in the immediate neighborhood followed; and when the day of iron ships had its dawning,

<sup>1</sup> Larger London's new county council may, however, be regarded as the beginning of a central metropolitan government.

Glasgow was prepared to make them for the nations. Meanwhile its textile and chemical manufactures had been growing in importance, and the community found that its courage and energy had resulted in its expansion to the rank of one of the greatest centers of industry and commerce in the entire world.

In all this expansion Glasgow's character as an integral community has been exceptionally well sustained. The people have been disposed to live inside the circle of their work, and that must obviously signify a high degree of centralization; by which I mean something more than mere density of population. The same families send workers to the ship-yards, or iron works, and to the textile factories where women and children are employed. All the great industries belong essentially to the one working community. It is peculiarly interesting to observe a city which, having made itself prosperous and mighty by well-directed, organized municipal energy, at a later time applies that same energy to the solution of the dark social problems which seem the inevitable concomitant of the new material progress of communities.

#### GENERAL ORGANIZATION.

THE present municipal organization of Glasgow is simple and easily understood in its main features, although somewhat anomalous and complex in certain minor respects. The whole government may be said to be exercised by a grand committee of fifty men chosen by the qualified electors. There are sixteen municipal wards, each of which elects three members of the town council. The election is for a term of three years, and one man from each ward retires annually. There are also two *ex-officio* members of the council, namely, the "Dean of Guild," who represents the venerable Merchants' House, and the "Deacon-Convener," or chairman of the associated trade guilds; these two functionaries representing the bodies which before the Scotch Municipal Reform Act of 1833 were in sole control of the municipal government. The perpetuation of this custom of allowing a small share in municipal government to the old-time trades' and crafts' corporations is not practically objectionable, and it unites the present with the past in a manner peculiarly British.

The municipal franchise before 1868 was, like the borough parliamentary franchise, in the hands only of rate-payers upon premises valued at £10 or more, and who, whether occupiers or owners, lived within seven miles of the borough. In 1868 the franchise was further extended to all occupiers of houses within the borough, however small their rent,

provided they paid their poor-rates. This is known as the household franchise, and comes short of universal suffrage only in excluding lodgers. There is a special lodgers' franchise for those occupying rooms worth £10 a year, unfurnished, but unmarried workingmen are practically excluded. For the entire city of Glasgow there are only about a thousand names registered upon the lodgers' list. The municipal franchise now differs from the parliamentary only in the particular that women householders are admitted to the one and excluded from the other. The present number of men entitled to vote is 75,000 and of women 14,750—a total municipal electorate of 89,750.

In considering the effect of the franchise upon city government, it is to be borne in mind that not only is the mass of unmarried workingmen excluded, but also all others who have failed to pay their rates. This is a point of enormous importance; for I have ascertained that in Glasgow last year no less than 25,000 householders were disfranchised by reason of non-payment of assessments. The total number of houses is 121,722, of which number 86,089 are valued at less than £10 a year. It is estimated that nearly 5000 persons who are registered as Glasgow voters, by reason of ownership or occupancy of premises, live outside the corporation, within the seven-mile limit. The difference between the actual voting registration—which is made by the assessor and is complete—and the number of houses exceeds 30,000; and after making due allowance for unoccupied premises and other considerations, the fact remains that about one-third of the householders enfranchised by the act of 1868 fail to pay the rates and never vote. If it were possible to secure reinstatement by payments of arrears, as an election approaches, there would be a tempting field of activity opened up to corrupt politicians. But this cannot be done. The better class of workingmen in Glasgow of course pay their rates, take an active interest in public affairs, and do not fail to vote. But there is a very large population of the degraded poor which does not in fact participate in elections, and is not of the slightest service to "ward politicians"; a genus which, by the way, is rarely found in British cities. What I may call the self-disfranchisement of the slums is an important consideration in Glasgow's municipal government.

The councilors of Glasgow come chiefly from the ranks of men of business, and are upright, respected, and successful citizens. No salaries attach to such offices anywhere in the United Kingdom, and it is deemed an honor to be selected to represent one's ward. Party lines are seldom very sharply drawn in municipal elections. An efficient councilor may, in

general, expect reelection for several terms if he is willing to serve. The seat of a satisfactory man who asks reelection is in a majority of cases not contested at all. No other candidate will appear, and he will be awarded the seat without the actual holding of an election. It may be said that in the sixteen wards of Glasgow it is unusual to have more than five or six contests for seats in any one year.

From their own number the councilors choose a "provost," usually called the "Lord Provost," and ten "bailies" or magistrates. The provost in Scotch towns corresponds to the mayor in English towns, while the bailies are in some respects analogous to the English aldermen. The provost presides over the council, serves on council committees, and personifies the pomp and dignity of the municipality; but except in his capacity as a member of the council he has no important executive responsibility. He has no appointments to make and has no veto upon enactments of the council. Like the bailies, he is, however, a magistrate, and has his share of judicial work to do, mostly in the exercise of ordinary police jurisdiction. The bailies sit as citizen magistrates in certain districts of the city upon a plan of rotation, each being assisted by a paid legal adviser technically called an "assessor." To relieve them somewhat, there is now employed a "stipendiary," or salaried police judge, who sits constantly in the central district. The provost and bailies are designated for three years. It is important to make clear to American readers that the provost is in no sense an administrative head as the American mayors are, and that there is not in British cities any disposition whatever to concentrate appointing power and executive control in the hands of one man as an effective way to secure responsible administration. There is nothing in British organization or experience to sustain the proposition of certain American municipal reformers that good city government can be secured only by making the mayor a dictator. American conditions differ considerably, however, from English conditions; and the success of administration by town councils in Great Britain is not a conclusive argument against the theories of the American reformers.

All appointments, as I have said, are made by the council itself. Heads of departments are selected with great care and their places are practically permanent. In the minor appointments the responsible heads are allowed to use large liberty of suggestion, the council ratifying such selections as are agreed upon by the departmental head and the supervising council committee. Although the number of persons in the employ of the Glasgow departments is large, there is no examination system

in use. The best men are selected from among the applicants, and there is little or no complaint of favoritism. Those conditions under which an examination system might be very desirable happily do not exist.

While the full government of the city is vested in the fifty members of town council constituting a body officially known as "the lord provost, magistrates, and council," they exercise their powers under various acts of Parliament which make them (1) water commissioners, (2) gas trustees, (3) market and slaughter-house commissioners, (4) parks and galleries trustees, (5) city improvement trustees, and (6) a board of police commissioners. These distinctions are chiefly matters of book-keeping. The essential fact is that the powers are all vested in the common council. Each of these departments is organized separately, and its work is carried on under the supervision of a standing committee of the council.

The town clerk is the most important standing officer of all British towns. He is expected to hold his position for life. He is much more than simply the keeper of the records of the council and its committees. He attends its meetings also as its constant legal adviser. He drafts measures desired from Parliament, and takes charge of them while pending. He is the city's conveyancer, the custodian of its title-deeds and charters, and its attorney in all civil actions. The Glasgow clerk, James D. Marwick, LL.D., is a high authority upon questions of municipal history and law.

The chamberlain, whose office, like that of the town clerk, is very ancient, is the treasurer of the corporation proper; and the present incumbent has been appointed as the treasurer of several of the newer departments or "trusts." He has also, in Glasgow, gradually assumed the function of a compiler of municipal statistics. He joins the provost and town clerk in arranging for special occasions and "doing the honors" of the city to distinguished guests. The nominal treasurer of the city is a member of the council; but the chamberlain is actual custodian of the funds, while the cashier is still a different official.

The assessor has devolving upon him the important work of valuing "lands and heritages" from year to year for rating purposes, and also that of making the registration lists of parliamentary and municipal voters. Of other officials enough will be said in the descriptions of the working departments.

#### THE SANITARY DEPARTMENT.

CONSIDERATIONS of the public health have been predominant in determining the most important lines of action entered upon within the

last quarter-century by municipal Glasgow. I shall find it convenient, therefore, to begin an account of the several departments with a sketch of the organization and work of the sanitary administration. These new municipal undertakings find their true center in the bureau of the medical officer of health, who furnishes the vital statistics — and the deductions from those statistics — which incite and direct municipal activity, and who gives constant advice and authoritative judgment as to general methods and particular cases. A council committee of eighteen supervises the entire sanitary administration of the city, with sub-committees on cleansing and on hospitals. The sanitary department is a model of good work and thorough organization. Its ultimate authority is the medical officer of health, while its executive head is the sanitary inspector. The department is in some sense double-headed; yet there is no conflict of authority, and the arrangement works admirably in practice. The medical officer is relieved from the details of administrative work. His office-room adjoins that of the sanitary inspector, and the two officials are in constant communication. The entire force of inspectors is at the service of the medical officer, yet he has no responsibility for their routine work.

The department was established in 1870 upon a broad and wise basis. It was at that time proposed by the new incumbent of the office of sanitary inspector: (1) that the city should be divided into five main districts for sanitary purposes; (2) that a sub-inspector should be appointed for each main district, having under him ordinary or "nuisance" inspectors, epidemic inspectors, a lodging-house inspector, and a lady visitor; and (3) that a central office should be established, with the necessary clerks. This plan was accepted by the council and went at once into operation. The population at that time was 450,000, and the average inhabitancy of the main districts was therefore 90,000. The work began with an out-of-door force of forty inspectors, of whom five were the district chiefs, five inspected lodging-houses, seven were occupied with the detection of infectious disease, eighteen were "nuisance" men, searching for ordinary unsanitary conditions in and about the houses of their districts, and five were "women house-to-house visitors." In essential features the organization is retained unaltered. There remain the five main districts in which sanitary inspection is carried on, although their boundary lines have been altered in order to make each one of them precisely inclusive of a certain number of the twenty-four areas into which, for purposes of vital statistics, the medical officer has divided the city. There are now employed eight epidemic in-

spectors, sixteen nuisance inspectors, and six female inspectors under the immediate supervision of five district inspectors. In addition to these there are six night inspectors, two food inspectors, a common lodging-house inspector, and a vaccinator. The sanitary wash-house and the fumigating staff, although a part of the health force, may be left for a separate description. There is also an indoor force of about twelve thoroughly competent men. All these officials are subject to the orders of the medical officer and the sanitary inspector, and are actively generated by the latter, who holds conferences every morning with the district chiefs and the individual inspectors of all the other branches of the service.

It must be remembered that the prime necessity for all this vigilance grows out of the density of population, which is not equaled by that of any other British city except Liverpool. The present city bounds contain an area of 6111 acres and a population of decidedly more than half a million. The density of London, according to the census of 1881, was 51 to the acre, while that of Glasgow was 84. The average density of sixteen of the twenty-four sanitary districts, moreover, is above 200, and the average density of five districts is 300. Localities are not few where single acres contain a thousand or more people. The tenement-house is almost universal. The best as well as the worst of the laboring class, and the large majority of the middle class, live in the "flats" of stone buildings three or four stories high. In some cases two or three hundred people use a common staircase, and much greater numbers may be found using common passage-ways, or "closes," as they are called in Scotland. For no other English-speaking city, so far as I am aware, are the statistics of house room and inhabitancy so complete as for Glasgow. To quote Dr. Russell, the distinguished medical officer of the city, "25 (24.7) per cent. [of the inhabitants of Glasgow] live in houses of one apartment; 45 (44.7) per cent. in houses of two apartments; 16 per cent. in houses of three apartments; 6 per cent. (6.1) in houses of four apartments; and only 8 per cent. in houses of five apartments and upwards." This simply means that 126,000 of the people of Glasgow live in single-room tenements and 228,000 in two-room tenements. (In Scotland, however, the word "tenement" is usually applied to the entire building, and the word "house" to the one or more apartments arranged for the occupancy of a family; thus the ordinary "tenement" contains many "houses.") These population figures are those of 1881, and Glasgow has grown in numbers materially since that date; so that the number of people living in houses of one or two rooms is actually greater,



although probably a little less relatively. A population thus housed might well give employment to an army of sanitary inspectors. Glasgow's extraordinary rapidity of growth filled the tenements with Irish and Highland laborers from the huts of the rural districts, where they had known nothing of the relations of cleanliness to health, and where, moreover, their unsanitary modes of life were not a menace to thousands of other people. Their uncleanliness in the great city of Glasgow tempts epidemics and keeps the death-rate terribly high.

Among these overcrowded tenements the epidemic inspectors are constantly at work ferreting out cases of contagious disease. Last year they discovered 3769. As yet the law does not make it obligatory upon medical practitioners in Scotland to report cases of such disease, but their voluntary coöperation with the Glasgow department is quite general, and 5230 cases were reported at the office in 1887, making a total of 9000 cases registered. The epidemic inspectors are trained men who have usually served in the higher ranks of the police force. The nuisance inspectors are practical men who understand plumbing and the building trades, and who reported last year 21,886 "nuisances," practically all of which were in consequence remedied. These had to do with defective drains, matters of water-supply, garbage accumulations, offensive ash-pits, and all sorts of structural defects, decays, and unwholesome conditions.

The work of the night inspectors is done under the authority of a clause in the Glasgow police act which provides for the measurement of all houses and the ticketing of those which have less than 2000 cubic feet of space. The tickets posted on the doors show the maximum number who may occupy the house, and the night inspection is to prevent overcrowding. For, small as these abodes are, great numbers of them take lodgers in addition to the regular family. Fourteen per cent. of the one-room houses and 27 per cent. of the two-room houses take lodgers. In a recent public address, entitled "Life in One Room," Dr. Russell, the medical officer, remarked, "Nor must I permit you in noting down the tame average of fully three inmates in each of these one-apartment houses to remain ignorant of the fact that there are thousands of these houses which contain five, six, and seven inmates, and hundreds which are inhabited by from eight even to thirteen." The last report of the department shows 16,413 ticketed one-room houses, and 6617 ticketed two-room houses; and the total number of inspections made last year (1887) for overcrowding was 52,996. Of these one-room houses, 3285 contain less than

900 cubic feet of space. The average rent of one-room houses throughout Glasgow is almost exactly \$2.00 per month, while that of two-room houses is about \$2.60. The average cubical space of the two-room houses as compared with that of the single apartments is somewhat greater than the relative excess of rent. The inspection of these houses is of immense public benefit; but the undeviating enforcement, by the use of pains and penalties, of the rules regulating overcrowding, is obviously impossible. The inspectors and the police magistrates are obliged to use discrimination, and to deal leniently in one case and severely in another.

It is the business of the common lodging-house inspector to secure the registration of all establishments of the sort everywhere known as lodging-houses, to visit them frequently, and to enforce public regulations which have wholly transformed these places in Glasgow. There are one hundred and one of them now on the inspector's list. But I shall have occasion on a later page to refer again to lodging-houses.

The work of "female visitation," as it is called, among the poor families is doubtless productive of great good. The lady inspectors made more than 45,000 visits last year, and their suggestions as to cleanliness and household reform seem to carry weight by virtue of their official position. It is hardly necessary to say that in the selection of ladies for this work care is taken to obtain the services of those who have tact, discretion, and sympathy.

#### EPIDEMIC HOSPITALS.

BUT I must pass on to a description of the means used by Glasgow for the isolation and treatment of infectious disease. For the health authorities long ago discovered, what some American cities seem so slow to learn, that epidemics are not inevitable visitations, but are preventable. Glasgow had suffered from typhus and small-pox and cholera and other plagues from time to time, and had depended upon the parochial authorities and the privately managed hospitals to make special provisions at such times for the epidemic cases. At length, in that series of health acts passed by Parliament, some for Scotland as a whole, and some for the local authorities of Glasgow, which began about 1855 and which is yet far from ideally complete, it was provided that the Privy Council might, by order, in special emergencies, confer upon the local authorities temporary powers for dealing with epidemics after their acknowledged outbreak; these powers including the right to provide "such medical aid and such accommodation as might be required." Serious prevalence of typhus in

1864 compelled the health officer to look to the authorities for accommodation; and a temporary pavilion hospital was accordingly opened. Its usefulness was so great that when, in 1866, the Glasgow police act was revised, a new clause compelled the local authorities to maintain the existing hospital and empowered them to open others for the reception of infectious cases and the protection of the public against epidemics. In 1869 typhus compelled the enlargement of the original hospital to 250 beds, and in the next year "relapsing" fever not only filled these quarters with patients, but forced the authorities to make additional provisions.

They acted with a most commendable wisdom. On the extreme eastern edge of the city was a private estate, called Belvidere, containing rather more than 30 acres, and sloping beautifully down to the Clyde. It was purchased, and the mansion-house was enlarged and transformed into quarters for the attendant physicians and nurses. Wards were hastily built of wood in the detached pavilion form. These have gradually been replaced by permanent pavilions of brick and stone, each containing two wards. The establishment is now the most attractive and complete in its appointments and in adaptation to its particular purposes, and the most satisfactorily administered, of any in the United Kingdom, if not in the world. As now used it has accommodations for from 500 to 600 patients, which can be increased to 1000 without any overcrowding of the spacious wards. A technical description of the arrangements of this establishment is not, however, compatible with the scope of my paper, and I must not digress in that direction. Thoroughly compatible, however, is a discussion of the policy of the Glasgow authorities in giving this place the semblance of a lovely village, with its trees and lawns, its playgrounds and beautiful flower-gardens, with its separate and home-like private apartments instead of common dormitories for the eighty nurses, and with convalescing-rooms and every convenience attached to each sick-ward — when it would have cost much less money to build a big, repulsive "pest-house" and inclose it with a grim wall, "a place for sick paupers to die."

I am not dealing with sentimental considerations when I commend this policy. The difference between popularity and unpopularity in a public hospital for infectious diseases may well mean all the difference between a terrible epidemic and its easy prevention. What, for instance, is the extra cost of a spacious and attractive hospital where it is actually a privilege for a poor child to be sick, compared with the frightful cost, direct and

indirect, entailed upon a city by the prejudices which so frequently lead to the secretion of epidemic patients by the ignorant poor? In a densely populated city everything depends upon the discovery and isolation of such forms of disease at the earliest possible moment. An epidemic destroys valuable lives, and it also paralyzes trade and industry and causes immense pecuniary loss. It is the endeavor of Glasgow to treat contagious cases with such care and tenderness and such affluence of all that modern invention and science can suggest, as to secure ready coöperation from all classes in the work of isolating infection. The plan is growingly successful. After the average sojourn of six weeks at Belvidere patients are reluctant to leave, and they carry wonderful tales back to the tenement-rows. The Belvidere nurses are ladies, and the city gives them such accommodations as, in their arduous and necessarily secluded work, they might reasonably desire. The small-pox wards are built separately, and in fact the small-pox hospital is entirely distinct in all its departments; but when, as at present, there are no small-pox patients, some of the wards are used for scarlet fever, measles, or other diseases, and the whole group of buildings is administered as one great fever hospital. It should be said that the rich as well as the poor may, and do, avail themselves freely of the privileges of this hospital, especially for scarlet fever and measles. The average daily number of patients in 1887 was 332, and the total number received in the year was about 3000. The city's capital outlay in epidemic hospitals is half a million dollars. Dr. Allan, the accomplished medical superintendent, agrees with Dr. Russell, the health officer, in regarding the establishments at Belvidere as large enough for the highest efficiency; and when the extension of the municipal bounds is accomplished — a thing most urgently desirable for sanitary administration — it will be the city's policy to develop another hospital at the opposite end of the town.

#### SANITARY WASH-HOUSE.

NOT the least important feature of the health department's work in Glasgow is the Sanitary Wash-house. A similar establishment should be a part of the municipal economy of every large town. In 1864 the authorities found it necessary to superintend the disinfection of dwellings, and a small temporary wash-house was opened, with a few tubs for the cleansing of apparel, etc., removed from infected houses. For a time after the acquisition of Belvidere a part of the laundry of the hospital was used for the purpose of a general sanitary wash-house. But larger quarters being needed, a

separate establishment was built and opened in 1883, its cost being about \$50,000. This place is so admirable in its system and its mechanical appointments that I am again tempted to digress with a technical description. The place is in constant communication with sanitary headquarters, and its collecting wagons are on the road early every morning. The larger part of the articles removed for disinfection and cleansing must be returned on the same day, to meet the necessities of poor families. I visited the house on a day when 1800 pieces, from 25 different families, had come in. In 1887, 6700 washings, aggregating 380,000 pieces, were done. The quantity, of course, varies from year to year with the amount of infectious disease in the city. The establishment has a crematory, to which all household articles whatsoever that are to be burned after a case of infectious disease must be brought by the vans of the sanitary department. The carpet-cleaning machinery and the arrangements for disinfection by steam, by chemicals, and by boiling I cannot here describe.

The department's disinfecting and white-washing staff is operated from the wash-house as headquarters. A patient being removed to the hospital, the authorities at once take possession of the house for cleansing and disinfection. It is a point of interest also that the city has provided a comfortable "house of reception" of some ten rooms, with two or three permanent servants, where families may be entertained for a day or more as the city's guests if it is desirable to remove them from their homes during the progress of the disinfecting and clothes-washing operations. The house is kept in constant use, and it is found a very convenient thing for the department to have at its disposal.

As net results of the sanitary work of the Glasgow authorities may be mentioned the almost entire extinction of some of the worst forms of contagious disease, and a mastery of the situation which leaves comparatively little fear of widespread epidemics in the future, in spite of the fact that Glasgow is a great seaport, has an unfavorable climate, and has an extraordinarily dense and badly housed working population. The steady decline of the total death-rate, and its remarkably rapid decline as regards those diseases at which sanitary science more especially aims its weapons, are achievements which are a proper source of gratification to the town council and the officers of the health department.

#### THE CLEANSING DEPARTMENT.

In close affiliation with the sanitary department, and under the superintendence of the

same general committee of the common council, is the cleansing department. While for administrative purposes it is a distinct service, it seems to me important to make conspicuous the fact that the street-sweeping, garbage-disposal, street-watering, and other work of this important public department are a part of the sanitary government. Health considerations come first. It is the business of the superintendent of cleansing not merely to manage his department to the greatest possible economic advantage, but to manage it primarily in such a way as to satisfy a fastidious medical officer of health. Mr. John Young, for a number of years at the head of this department, has made it a model of efficiency. To use Mr. Young's own language, the work of the department "embraces (1) the scavenging of all courts and back yards forming a common access to lands and heritages separately occupied; (2) the scavenging and watering of all the streets and roads within the city; and (3) the collection, removal, and disposal of all night-soil, general domestic refuse, and detritus."

The propriety of cleansing private courts and passage-ways at public expense is better considered in the practical than in the theoretical aspects. Glasgow has a population of which more than 90 per cent. live in closely built "flatted" houses, and of which 70 per cent. live in houses of one or two rooms. Health demands that the common courts and stairs be kept clean. Experience shows that, if done properly, the owners would pay their private employees more than the small tax—one penny in the pound sterling of rental value—which is collected of them as a special rating for this purpose. There are 11,000 of these courts, etc. to be kept clean, some of which have to be cleansed two or even three times in a day, and all at least once a day. For this work the main cleansing districts are subdivided into sections, which are laid off into about 200 beats, each of which is cleaned by one man under the supervision of a section foreman.

The streets (181 miles) are swept nightly, most of the work being done by twenty-three horse machines which are followed by the department's removal carts. A good feature of this work are the iron boxes or bins, with hinged lids, sunk in the sidewalks next the curbing along the principal streets at intervals of forty yards. Men and boys are kept busy brushing up the day litter and depositing it in the boxes, the contents of which are removed by night with the sweepings.

The summer street sprinkling is also done by the cleansing department, and it is done with great economy, for the simple reason that the amount of the street cleansing work varies inversely to the amount of street sprinkling

required; and so the regular force of men and horses employed to keep the streets clean during the rest of the year is sufficient to do that work and the watering besides in the summer months. The sidewalks of Glasgow are left to be swept by owners and occupants, who are, of course, required to keep them clean. The system as a whole results in well-cleansed thoroughfares.

The third distinct portion of the work of the cleansing department is the collection and disposal of domestic refuse and night-soil; and this is more difficult and expensive than the other two portions combined. For this service the city is divided into several main districts, regard being had in this division to the points of outlet. The central or "business" part of the city is served by daily morning "dust-carts," each house being provided with a special form of covered bucket which facilitates collection. As regards the great bulk of the population, living in flatted tenement-houses, it has been found best to collect refuse, including such excrementitious matter as is not carried down the sewers, from improved "ash-bins" in the back courts. Each main district has a force of men engaged in emptying these bins and wheeling the contents out to meet the night-carts which ply between the district and the nearest "despatch station" of the department. It should be explained that each district is subdivided for this work into six sections, one section being cleansed every night, and the entire city being thus served once a week. As the use of the water-closet system is becoming more general, the amount of excrementitious matter to be collected by the department decreases. But many large factories, besides the numerous "public conveniences" on the streets, make use of the "pail-closet" system, the pails being very frequently exchanged and the removal to the despatch stations being in covered vans. This system of scavenging is as thorough in execution as it is methodical and complete in its plan.

There are two principal and three minor despatch stations. The most approved in its appointments is the one known as the "Crawford Street Works." Stated briefly, it is the policy of the department to send out as manure to the farms just as large a proportion, in bulk and weight, of the street sweepings and general refuse as can be made a marketable article. At Crawford street the carts drive across a weighing platform to a great dumping and sorting floor. Street sweepings, after a little raking to remove newspapers and large articles, are shoveled through hatchways, without further treatment, into railway wagons standing on the lowest floor. The contents of the ash-bins are passed through great revolving double

riddles or separating machines. The larger cinders are sorted out and furnish fuel for the establishment's boilers. The finer ashes and cinders pass down to the floor below into the mixing machines, where they are met by the discharges from the tanks holding excrementa. The newspapers, old baskets, boots, bricks, broken furniture, etc. pass from the riddles to a sorting floor and thence down flumes to the crematory furnaces, where they burn furiously without the aid of any other fuel, a chimney two hundred and forty feet high making a strong air draught. The expense of a much closer cremation and of the drying and condensation of manure, which is necessary in the large English towns from lack of a market for bulky fertilizers, is avoided in Glasgow. The heavy, cold Scotch soil is improved by a coarse and ashy manure that could not be used in the Midland counties of England. The sweepings of the macadamized roads, which are not salable, are used by the city, on its own bog-redeemed farm of "Fulwood Moss," for filling, "top dressing," etc. The total quantity of material carted by the department last year was in excess of 231,000 tons, and the amount of manure sold was 195,000 tons; the difference being made up of snow, drainage of water from muddy sweepings, materials cremated, and macadam sweepings. This is a remarkable record. The manure is sold in fifteen counties, much of it going sixty or seventy miles. The city owns its railway wagons (seven hundred of them), and has an arrangement with all the roads by which the manure is carried for one halfpenny (one cent) per ton per mile, cars returned free. It would be for the obvious advantage of the city to send out the largest possible quantity even if nothing more than freight charges were received. The net proceeds are, however, from twenty-five to fifty cents a ton.

The operations of this department are a charge upon the general police rate (excepting the cleansing of private courts, which is paid for by the proprietors benefited by means of a special levy of one penny per pound of rental value). There were employed, on the average, throughout last year, 794 men—422 in domestic scavenging, 217 in private street and court cleaning, and 155 in public street scavenging and sprinkling. The city has invested nearly \$600,000 in works and plant, and a little further outlay will suffice for the enlarged area and population when annexation is accomplished. The total ordinary expenditure of the department last year, including interest, was \$370,000. Sales of manure brought in a revenue of \$130,000, and after deducting the cost of the private court scavenging met by special assessment, there remained only \$190,000 of general charge to be paid out of the rates for



an admirable and complete service of street-cleansing and watering and of domestic scavenging for a population of nearly 600,000—a net cost *per capita* of only about thirty-five cents. And this economy is the more noteworthy from the fact that the ruling motive of the department is that of the health officer and sanitary engineer rather than that of the contractor. I am tempted to go into some details of the method used by Superintendent Young in buying supplies (horse feed, etc.) for his large operations, but other departments must have their due space.

#### THE IMPROVEMENT TRUST.

SHORTLY after the extension of Glasgow's boundaries in 1846, and the consequent reorganization of the municipal government, public attention was forcibly drawn to the frightfully crowded and unsanitary condition of the central parts of the city. The success which had followed the city's brave efforts to enlarge and deepen the tiny Clyde into a great ocean highway had been attended with a most extraordinary development of industries in the Clyde valley, and growth of urban population. The more fortunate classes moved out of their old homes in the central district of the city to the handsome West End suburbs. The business core shifted somewhat also, and the old buildings were packed with an operative class which Glasgow's new prosperity had drawn by scores of thousands from the Highlands and from Ireland. The people lived for the most part in single-room apartments, and in unwholesome conditions which will not be readily comprehended by future generations. Epidemics, originating in these filthy and overcrowded quarters, invaded the homes of the better classes, and self-protection made some measures of reform a necessity. It was resolved by the town council to set aside \$150,000 for the acquisition of property in some of the worst neighborhoods; but while a considerable investment was made in condemned tenement structures, the work of building others on the same bad models was going on apace. At length a committee was appointed to make inquiry and report to the council upon the sanitary laws and arrangements of the large cities and towns of the kingdom. Mr. John Carrick, who was a member of that committee, and is now the efficient city architect and master of public works, after nearly half a century of inestimably valuable service in the municipal government of Glasgow, is the principal source of my information upon this subject. The report was made in 1859. It observes:

Originally the "closes" and lanes of the city were not at all objectionable. The houses were of  
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moderate height, and unbuilt spaces were attached to many of the dwellings, and promoted ventilation; now, however, in those localities almost every spare inch of ground has been built upon, until room cannot be found to lay down an ash-pit. Houses, too, which were only intended to accommodate single families have been increased in height and are found tenanted by separate families in every apartment, until they appear to teem with inhabitants. . . . A worse state was disclosed by an inspection of some of the more recently erected houses for the working classes. Tenements of great height are ranged on either side of narrow lanes with no back-yard space, and are divided from top to bottom into numberless small dwellings all crowded with occupants. . . . Occupation of cellars and sunk flats as dwelling-houses is largely in the increase.

These quotations will show the nature of the evil. As remedial measures the committee advised that new police powers be obtained from Parliament to deal with the height of buildings, the size of apartments, the area and back-yard spaces, the lighting and ventilation, the provision of water-closet and ash-pit accommodations, and ample water-supply, and so on. It was further advised that the new legislation for Glasgow should increase the powers conferred on local authorities by the general nuisance removal act (Scotland) of 1856, and that specific authority should be obtained for the appointment of a competent medical officer and staff of nuisance inspectors; for the prevention of overcrowding apartments by regulating the maximum number of inmates on the basis of their air space; for the prevention of the use of sunk floors as dwellings; for compelling owners to cleanse and whitewash house property; and to prevent the discharge of refuse from certain factories and works into the common drains. It was still further recommended that all ashes and night-soil be made the property of the city, and that all proceedings under the new police act be taken summarily before the city magistrates. Special suggestions were added, to the effect that powers be obtained from Parliament to acquire property for the sake of sanitary improvement, upon payment to the proprietors of sums to be fixed in the last resort by competent tribunals, and that public baths and wash-houses be built and opened for the benefit of the working classes.

I have enumerated these propositions at some length because at that time, almost thirty years ago, they were so novel and so far in advance of prevailing notions. With great difficulty the desired legislation was secured, in 1862, for the brief and experimental term of five years. To shorten the story, let it be said that in 1866 the "Glasgow police act" was renewed, with amendments, and made permanent; and under its wise provisions have been developed those

admirable sanitary and cleansing services which I have already described. But in 1866 those parts of the earlier act which related to the purchase and improvement of property were made parts of another famous enactment of the same year, by which the town council was constituted an "Improvement Trust" for the carrying out of certain definite objects specified in the act. It had become constantly more apparent that drastic measures must be taken with the old part of the city. Nothing short of very extensive demolitions could remedy the evil. There were practically no streets at all; but only a system of "wynds, vennels, and closes," permeating an almost solid mass of tenement-houses.

Other large British towns have followed the example set by Glasgow; and demolition, street-widening, and improved construction under public auspices is no longer a novelty. But Glasgow, it should be remembered, had the courage to lead the way; and the Glasgow city improvements act furnished Lord Cross with the model upon which his improved dwellings act was constructed. Glasgow's action was hastened by the fact that several railway companies were seeking access to the heart of the city for great terminal grounds and buildings, and the time seemed especially opportune for a rearrangement and improvement of streets. As laid before Parliament, in 1865, the scheme covered an area of 88 acres, which then contained a population of 51,294; the average mortality of the area for some years past being 38.64, with epidemic diseases the cause of 36 per cent. of the deaths. The average density was nearly 600 to the acre, and in various parts of the district it exceeded 1000—the total inhabitaney of the city then being 423,723, covering an area of 5063 acres, and showing therefore an average density of 83 as contrasted with 583 in the area to be dealt with. The financial side of the scheme looked plausible. The initial outlay was estimated at about \$7,250,000, and it was expected that the re-sale of building-sites would pay back all but \$750,000. A new park was to be made at a cost of \$200,000, and the paving and sewerage of three or four miles of new-made streets was estimated at \$325,000. For all the advantages of improved streets, improved health, and improved general appearance of the town the rate-payers were not to be charged at all dearly.

The council committee which carried out the improvements acquired some further powers and did more than was originally contemplated. Besides purchasing the 88 acres and some other small areas in the crowded parts of the city, they acquired and laid out in streets and squares for workingmen's residences two

estates known as "Overnewton" and "Oatlands." They also formed an important open space, the "Cathedral Square," in a densely populated neighborhood, and carried out other large enterprises not at first in the list. Their operations were very vigorous from 1869 to 1876, and were coincident with, if not directly the cause of, much house-building and real-estate speculation in Glasgow. A considerable amount of the property acquired by the trustees was disposed of on good terms; but there came a general reaction,—due in part to idle ship-yards,—a marked decline in the price of land, and a cessation of sales. For the past decade the improvement trust has been obliged to hold a large amount of property, at a reduced valuation. The total cost of all its purchases and improvements, not including interest charges, has been about \$10,000,000. For lands sold there has been received approximately \$5,000,000; and the property still held by the trust is valued, at present reduced prices, at nearly \$3,400,000. The margin of shrinkage has, however, been practically covered by current taxation, so that the account now stands about even; *i. e.*, the assets and liabilities of the trust are at a balance. The act authorized an annual assessment of sixpence in the pound of rental valuation, but the trustees have steadily reduced the levy until it is now only a penny.

The principal improvement made is a system of modern streets in the center of the city that will be of advantage for centuries and will repay the cost hundreds of times over. Twenty-seven new streets have been formed and 24 old ones greatly widened and improved. The old unsanitary tenement property has not all been demolished. The plan was adopted of tearing out intermediate buildings, opening back courts, where none existed, and otherwise ameliorating such property as the new streets, and the wide swaths cut by the elevated tracks of the invading railways, left still inhabited. In fact the business depression which checked operations and discouraged and alarmed all Glasgow for the time being made the city improvement trust unpopular and obliged the council to proceed cautiously. The city is, therefore, to-day a landlord on a large scale, and is holding really unsanitary property for the sake of the rents, waiting for an opportunity to sell the sites before demolishing the buildings. Its rents now bring in annually about \$100,000, which sum goes far towards offsetting the interest charge on the property held for sale. The improvement trust has given the city, among other things, the handsome new Alexandra Park.

It remains for me to speak of the model tenements and of the important series of model

lodging-houses which this department has ventured to erect and maintain.

#### MODEL TENEMENTS AND LODGING-HOUSES.

It was the original understanding that the city's work was to be that of demolition, and that private enterprise, regulated by the new sanitary rules and requirements, would suffice for proper reconstruction and would make due provision for the displaced population. Rather early in their operations, however, the committee found it advantageous to build one or two tenement-houses as a model and example of proper arrangements and construction; and it may be assumed that a good influence was thus exerted upon the character of the large amount of new house room that builders were at that time providing. These were, however, only incidental undertakings. Very recently the council committee has gone into improved tenement building on a larger scale, and, as it seems to me, with more doubtful propriety. On Saltmarket street, in a very central locality and on the site of old tenement-houses which have been removed, the improvements committee have just expended \$50,000 in building a row of solid tenement-houses, with a dozen shop rooms on the ground floor; and the row is to be at once extended to at least twice its present length. The twofold object is avowed of bringing back population to a neighborhood now comparatively empty, and of getting some return for valuable property that has been lying unproductive vainly awaiting purchasers. But it would seem a mistake to attempt to draw population back to the heart of the city. It is the peculiarity of Glasgow that the laboring people live on the inner circle of their work; and this has been so frequently deplored that it would seem decidedly a reactionary move for the authorities themselves to build tenements with the view to bring back the very people whose dispersion to the suburbs has always been regarded as so important a desideratum. It is, however, the best class of working people for whom the city is providing these new houses, and the real motive seems to be the promotion of a market for the adjacent property. Whether wise or unwise, this experiment is not upon a sufficiently large scale to have very significant results.

Much more important and interesting is the experience of Glasgow in providing common lodging-houses. Every large city has a transient and shifting element that finds accommodation in the cheap lodging-houses, and these places are too frequently the haunts of vice and crime. They had been particularly bad in Glasgow until brought under strict regula-

tion by the new police acts. There was also an almost irresistible tendency to overcrowd the smallest and most wretched tenement apartments with nightly lodgers of the abjectly poor class. Partly to relieve this pressure and to assist somewhat in the readjustments of population necessitated by the improvements scheme, and partly to institute a competition that would compel the private keepers of such houses to improve their establishments, the council committee in charge of the improvement works opened two model lodging-houses in 1870. So decidedly successful in every way were these institutions that another one, in temporary quarters, was opened in 1874, to be replaced by a large and permanent one in 1876. Three more large houses on the same plan were opened in 1878, and a seventh and last in 1879. They have continued to be an unqualified success. Their incidental advantages as a police measure, in promoting the good order of the city, can hardly be overestimated. The common lodging-house inspector has now 101 houses on his list, although the city's seven establishments provide about one-third of the total accommodation, having nearly 2000 beds out of a total 6273 reported by the inspector. It is a pleasure to visit these municipal hostelries and see for one's self how cleanly, comfortable, and decent they are. Every lodger is given a separate apartment, or stall, in one of the high and well-ventilated flats, and has the use of a large common sitting-room, of a locker for provisions, and of the long kitchen range for cooking his own food. The charge per night is  $3\frac{1}{2}d.$  or  $4\frac{1}{2}d.$  (7 or 9 cents), according to the lodger's choice of a bed with one sheet or with two. (In any case he rests on a woven-wire mattress.) Six of these houses are for men, and one is for women, the charge in the latter being only  $3d.$  The regulations require of all the common lodging-houses of Glasgow that they shall be exclusively for one sex or the other. The success of the corporation's houses has had the good effect of leading private enterprise to open a few similarly improved establishments, with the same scale of prices and conducted on the same strict rules as regards good order and cleanliness. I find that the city's six houses for men, during the year ending May 31, 1888, entertained 647,681 nightly lodgers, and that the house for women, which is smaller than the others, entertained 33,986. The returns for the preceding year are about the same. The cost of the houses, which are substantially built, was about \$450,000. After paying all running expenses and a due amount for deterioration of property, they yield a net return of from four to five per cent. on the investment. It costs about \$6000 a year to

"run" one of the houses, and the receipts are from \$8000 to \$9000. They are, therefore, a source of actual profit to the city, although of course designed primarily to promote good order and the welfare of the unfortunate classes. So far as I am aware no other city has made an experiment of this kind, at least upon so large a scale, and Glasgow's experience has peculiar interest.

#### PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES.

As a part of that large scheme of sanitary and social amelioration that I have thus far been describing are to be regarded the great public baths and wash-houses of Glasgow. Power to establish such places was obtained in the police acts of 1862-66; but it was not until 1878 that the first one was opened. Glasgow was not at that time at all well provided with baths; and if private capital had been disposed to embark extensively in the business, the common council would hardly have ventured to add this to its undertakings. But there was manifest need, and the authorities courageously proceeded to supply the facilities *pro bono publico*. They have now five large establishments in different parts of the city, the first of which was opened in 1878 and the last in 1884. Each includes under the same roof very capacious swimming-baths for men and for women and numerous small bath-rooms, every modern facility being provided; and also, as a distinct feature, an elaborate and extensive wash-house for the use of poor families that lack home conveniences for laundry-work. The substantial character of these institutions will appear when I state the fact that, although honestly and economically built, they have cost more than \$600,000.

The swimming-baths are kept open through the entire year, at a uniform temperature, and the pure and soft Loch Katrine water makes them particularly inviting. Their establishment was an inestimable boon to the working classes, who needed them as a common decency of life, and who enjoy them as a luxury. They are in charge of competent swimming-masters, and there are swimming-clubs and frequent contests in connection with each of them. Glasgow affords the masses so little healthful recreation comparatively that this feature of the baths is the more appreciated. The number of bathers exceeds 400,000 a year, and there is reason to believe that it will increase rapidly; although the present average of 1300 per day the entire year through would seem to justify the city's outlay. The charges are of course small—twopence for use of swimming-bath, and a little more for the private baths.

Hardly less useful in the cause of public

cleanliness and decency are the wash-houses. For the trifling sum of twopence an hour a woman is allowed the use of a stall containing an improved steam boiling arrangement and fixed tubs with hot and cold water faucets. The washing being quickly done, the clothes are deposited for two or three minutes in one of a row of centrifugal machine driers, after which they are hung on one of a series of sliding frames which retreat into a hot-air apartment. If she wishes, the housewife may then use a large roller mangle, operated, like all the rest of the machinery, by steam power; and she may at the end of the hour go home with her basket of clothes washed, dried, and ironed. To appreciate the convenience of all this, it must be remembered that the woman probably lives with her family in one small room of an upper tenement flat. The number of washings done in these houses increased from 76,718 in the year 1885-86 to 96,832 in the year 1887-88; and unquestionably this patronage is destined to have a very large future growth.

It would be a decided oversight not to mention the fact, in passing, for the sake of those interested in noting the advancing socialism of the day, that in each of these establishments the city also separately conducts a general laundry business, drawing its patronage from all classes of society. I observe by reference to one of the printed municipal wash-lists that its charges for shirts, skirts, etc. are at about the current Glasgow rates. This line of enterprise has doubtless been entered upon because the baths and wash-houses, while paying running expenses, do not as yet, at their low rates of charge, pay interest upon the investment. This rather undignified entrance of the municipal corporation into competition with the private laundries of the city can hardly find permanent favor; but this is merely incidental, and it detracts nothing from the praiseworthiness of the public services rendered by the baths and wash-houses.

#### THE CORPORATION GAS WORKS.

HAVING made the municipal water-supply, dating from 1860, a grand success, having next begun a corporation park system and then a consolidated market system, and having entered vigorously and hopefully upon the sanitary and city improvement schemes already described, Glasgow was prepared in 1869 to undertake another large municipal enterprise. In that year, after much difficulty in adjusting the details of the arrangement, the gas-supply of the city was transferred from private hands to the corporation, to be managed by the council as an ordinary department. The



original cost exceeded \$2,600,000. Twenty years of management by the authorities has given unmitigated satisfaction to all the citizens of Glasgow. The quantity of gas sold has increased from 1,026,000,000 feet in 1869-70, the corporation's first year, to 2,427,000,000 in 1887-88, an increase of 140 per cent., while the population has grown only 20 per cent. In 1869-70 the amount manufactured was 20 per cent. greater than the amount sold or accounted for. Careful management has reduced this amount of leakage to about 10 per cent. More than 130,000 meters are in use; and as it is not the policy of the corporation to charge its customers for more than they actually receive, it is inevitable that there should be a considerable percentage of loss in delivery. From \$1.14 per thousand feet, which was charged consumers in 1869-70, the corporation has been able to make reductions year by year until for 1888-89 the price was fixed at sixty-six cents. No one will claim that a private company would have made these reductions while continuing to supply a satisfactory quality of gas.

Yet the department has been able to construct new works,—it now owns three large establishments,—pay its interest charges and running expenses, write off large sums every year for depreciation of works, pipes, and meters, and accumulate a sinking fund which now exceeds \$1,000,000. Its total indebtedness was at the highest point in 1875, when it reached \$5,330,000. The net debt is now reduced to about \$2,400,000, which is very much more than covered, of course, by the value of the plant. Whatever competition gas as an illuminant may have to face in the future, the Glasgow corporation works have now reached a point of perfect financial security.

In the rather gloomy winter climate of Glasgow, which necessitates a large use of artificial light, cheap gas in all the tenements, however humble, and in every passage-way, is an inestimable blessing; and the more than doubling of the *per capita* use, under the city's management of the works, means a vast increase in comfort and happiness that defies statistical expression. Great wisdom and humanity has been shown, therefore, in the policy of smaller earnings and a less rapid debt-payment for the sake of a more rapid reduction of the charge to consumers and a more rapid growth of the total consumption. These considerations of the general good, which dominate the public control of such services as those of light and water, can have only small weight in the councils of a private money-making corporation; and herein lies perhaps the most fundamental reason for the municipal assumption of these functions.

It remains to speak of the recent experiment of the Glasgow gas department in supplying gas cooking-stoves, either selling them at about cost price, or renting them at a moderate charge by the year, half-year, or quarter. To understand the local application of this experiment, it is necessary to recur to the fact that fully 70 per cent. of the people of Glasgow live in houses of one or two rooms, using the same fire for cooking and heating, but spending as little as possible for mere heat during eight months of the year. All these houses are fitted with gas for illumination. An immense saving would be effected by the use of gas for cooking, besides the consideration of comfort in the summer months when fires for heating are not an object. And these same considerations apply to a majority of the families living in more than two rooms. The city recovers in rents a fair interest and depreciation charge on its investment in stoves, and is at the same time extending the market for its gas. For more than three years this business has gone on briskly, the city having from \$60,000 to \$70,000 invested in stoves. During the year 1887-88 there were sold 1193 heating and cooking appliances, and 1465 were rented. It can hardly be deemed a permanent feature of the gas department.

#### THE CORPORATION'S STREET RAILWAY SYSTEM.

In all of Glasgow's municipal experiences I find nothing more likely to interest American city authorities than that which relates to street railways. It is an experience which may well make American cities blush for their own short-sightedness. Street railways, or "tram lines," as they are generally called in Great Britain, are an American invention, and the first ones in London and some other English towns were constructed by American companies. It was that enterprising American citizen George Francis Train who first proposed to build tram lines in Glasgow. Having laid a line in London and another in Birkenhead, Train undertook in 1861-62 to get parliamentary authority to begin operations in Glasgow. His bill was opposed by the city authorities, who "headed him off" by inserting in a bill, then pending for the increase of the city's powers in other directions, a clause giving the council power to lay tram lines. The new power was not utilized, however, and in 1869-70 two syndicates, one or both being of American origin, again promoted bills in Parliament for power to invade the Glasgow streets with a horse railway system. Again the authorities were aroused, and the result was a compromise all around. It was

agreed that the city should keep the control of its streets, any part of which it was so averse to surrendering; and that it should construct and own the tram lines, while the two syndicates were to unite in one company and work the lines on a lease. The first lines were opened in 1872, and the lease then made is to terminate in 1894. By its terms the company was required to pay to the corporation (1) the annual interest charge on the full amount of the city's investment; (2) a yearly sum for sinking fund large enough to clear the entire cost of the lines at the expiration of the lease; (3) a renewal fund of four per cent. per annum on the cost of the lines, out of which they were to be kept in condition and restored to the city, in perfect order and entirely as good as new, in 1894; and (4) a mileage rental of \$750 per street mile. Such were the money conditions of the lease; and certainly the city's interests were well looked after. But meanwhile the interests of the public as passengers were equally well secured. First, it was provided that in no case the charges should exceed a penny per mile. This, it should be remembered, was at a time when fares were nowhere less than 2d. Further, the parliamentary act described a number of important "runs,"—those most likely to be used by laboring men and large masses of population, and several of them considerably exceeding a mile,—and specified that one penny should be the charge for these, and that morning and evening cars should be run for workmen at half price, equal to one American cent.

The company which secured these remarkable terms took advantage of a passing mania for investment in tramways, and sold the lease to a new company of local capitalists for a premium of about \$750,000. This new company experienced hard times for two or three years; for besides running expenses, interest upon the capital invested in the business, and the heavy payments on the four accounts to the corporation, there was the burden of the enormous premium to carry. Not until 1875-76 did it begin to pay its stockholders dividends. Since 1880, however, the business has flourished, and dividends of from nine to eleven per cent. have been paid, after writing off each year a due proportion of the unfortunate premium charge.

The city is so compact—covering, as I have said, only 6111 acres of ground—that a large mileage of tramways was not to be expected. The present total of thirty-one miles serves the public very well, the system providing continuous lines across the city from north to south and from east to west, with convenient access from the center to almost every outlying neighborhood. In arranging the system originally, just

at the time when the great improvement scheme was fairly begun, the authorities had in mind a service that would help them to relieve the central congestion of population and would aid in the symmetrical development of the city. To this end they wished to build certain additional lines that did not seem to the operating company to promise immediate profits. The system, as scheduled by the act of Parliament, embraced about seventeen miles of lines, and the city found that it had no authority under its lease to compel the company to work additional lines on the same conditions. A compromise was made by which the company agreed to pay the interest and the renewal cost upon the new lines and was relieved from rental and sinking-fund charges. This was perfectly fair under the circumstances.

The total capital investment of the city has been a little more than \$1,700,000, interest charges upon which are paid by the company. On the 1st of June, 1894, the sinking fund provided by the company will have reached somewhat more than \$1,000,000, which will pay the full cost of the original system. There will remain the cost of the newer lines, some fourteen miles in extent. The renewal fund will have left the system in perfect repair, and the city will have received in rental money a sum amounting to about \$225,000. As for the company, it will have paid off its premium incubus, will have earned good dividends, and will have made due allowance for depreciation in the value of its working plant.

When the time comes for making a new arrangement the city will be in condition to demand still more favorable money terms. The mileage rental under the next lease will doubtless be much increased; and the moneys which under the present lease have gone to sinking-fund and interest charges will accrue to the corporation as clear revenue. After 1894, therefore, the tramways of Glasgow will yield the municipal treasury a large income and will not require a penny of public expenditure. It is expected that a new lease will be arranged with the present company, which has a large capital invested, is excellently managed, and has always been just and honorable in its dealings with the corporation. That the rentals may be arranged on a sliding scale, or in some manner to make them partly dependent upon results, is not improbable.

#### VARIOUS OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

It has been deemed best to dwell in detail upon those features of Glasgow's municipal government that are most distinctive and most likely to have interest for other communities. There are various other functions and under-

takings of this vigorous administration that I should discuss with some fullness but for the space limits necessarily assigned my article. Glasgow is not unique in having a good water-supply, but it was one of the first great cities in the world to construct water-works of an ideal and permanent character. It had been wretchedly supplied with unwholesome water at high rates by private companies pumping from the Clyde. More than thirty years ago the authorities bought out these companies, obtained exclusive control of Loch Katrine in the Highlands, and brought to the city through a great aqueduct a magnificent and inexhaustible supply of pure mountain water. The expense was great. No private company could have been induced to undertake such an enterprise. Yet the city has been able easily to make the works pay for their own maintenance and enlargement, and to accumulate large sinking funds for the liquidation of the original cost, while reducing the water-charges rapidly from year to year and providing the most bountiful quantities for everybody that any British city grants. Glasgow illustrates the indirect advantages that a city derives from a good municipal water-supply. The great pressure in the mains, due to the high sources whence the water comes, suffices to extinguish nearly all fires without the use of engines; and the annual saving in the fire department alone is more than enough to pay interest charges upon the cost of the water-works. Moreover, Glasgow statisticians have convinced me that the absence of mineral ingredients from the water effects a saving in the two items of tea and soap that more than meets the cost of the works. Further, the pure and soft water, cheaply furnished, has made it possible to develop in Glasgow various important lines of manufacture that otherwise would have been driven to rural districts.

Glasgow has had an interesting experience in the matter of public illumination. The municipal gas works have made it possible to light the streets well at a low cost. But the authorities were not satisfied with lighting the streets. I have explained the circumstances under which the population is massed in tenement buildings, and the frequency of private alleys and courts used by great numbers of people. The authorities some years ago entered upon the policy of lighting private courts and passages as well as public streets, and further undertook the lighting of all common stairs in tenement-houses. The stair-lighting alone costs the city more than the lighting of all the streets, counting wages and gas. But the measure is one of great humanity as well as a police precaution of the highest value. A light is equal to a constable. The illumination of the dark passages has had a most marked

effect in diminishing crime. The presence of public lights on the tenement staircases has added to the comfort and security of the population, while facilitating the work of the ordinary police, of the night inspectors, and of the health officers. No other large city in the world, so far as I am aware, lights the staircases. Edinburgh has, however, lately resolved to follow Glasgow's example in this respect. It should be said that the expense of stair-lighting is partly met by a special assessment.

The municipal council, under acts which constitute a "market trust," manages the city's important market properties. All the wholesale marts for produce, meat, animals, and fish are in the city's own hands, and are so managed as to yield net revenue while facilitating the work of the public food inspectors and contributing to the healthfulness of the city. Belonging to this department are the great municipal slaughter-houses, which for many years have entirely superseded all private establishments, and which are admirably appointed.

It would be easy to devote several pages to the department of public works, under the control of Mr. John Carrick, who, as City Architect and Master of Works for more than forty years, is a mine of information upon every topic pertaining to street-making, bridge-building, sewerage, and the construction of public buildings, and who knows more than any other man about the material and municipal development of Glasgow. Mr. Carrick's office is supplied with a corps of competent architects and engineers, and it supervises every kind of municipal construction. But the actual work in Glasgow, as in every other British city, is always done by private contractors. The sewerage of Glasgow is not to be commended. The mains empty at frequent intervals into the Clyde, with the most malodorous results. It is intended to construct intercepting sewers on each bank, which will carry the material to filtration works below the city, from which point the "sludge" will probably be barged out to sea.

Of parks, picture galleries, and libraries also much might be said; but summary statements may suffice. Within the period of the recent improvements that have been fully described a park system has been formed, and its cost has in large part been defrayed by the re-sale at advanced prices of portions of the tracts originally purchased for park purposes. Bequests of important collections of paintings, chiefly by the old masters, have given Glasgow a municipal gallery of importance, and it is expected that the early future will witness the completion of an adequate art building and the rapid accession of modern works of art. Although the Glasgow people have hitherto refused to

adopt the Free Libraries Act, which almost every other important town in Great Britain has availed itself of, bequests to the city have founded two libraries, which are open to all readers and are of considerable importance. The Mitchell Library, though but a few years old, will soon have a hundred thousand volumes. It has the best supplied periodical reading-room in Great Britain. Mr. Barrett, the accomplished librarian, with the help of the council committee on libraries, has performed wonders in building up this collection of books; and it is to be hoped that his ideal of a great central library with ten branches, each having reference, loan, news-room, and lecture-room departments, may be soon realized through the adoption of the Libraries Act with its penny rate.

Poor relief and public education are not in the United Kingdom made functions of municipal corporations, but are intrusted to distinct elective local bodies. None the less, but for the exigencies of space, it would be quite within the scope of this paper to state briefly how the people of Glasgow provide for these two extremely important objects. In a word let me say that Scotland, urban as well as rural, is divided into "parishes," each of which has an elective board that levies poor-rates, dispenses relief, and has entire charge of the indigent; while

elementary education in Scotland is now universal and compulsory under the management of elective school boards, school taxes being collected by the several parish authorities, although the jurisdiction of the Glasgow school board extends over the entire city. A magnificent array of public school buildings has appeared in Glasgow since 1873, and admirable provision is made for technical education.

All municipal taxation in British cities takes the form of rates levied upon the rental value of occupied lands and buildings. In Glasgow the rates are divided between owners and occupiers in a manner which could not be described without going into much detail. The general financial position of the municipality is excellent. Its debt is not formidably large, and most of it is potentially covered by the growing sinking funds of prosperous and productive departments. The numerous undertakings of the municipality, far from imposing heavier burdens upon the rate-payers, promise in the years to come to yield an aggregate net income of growing proportions, to the relief of direct taxation. Glasgow has shown that a broad, bold, and enlightened policy as regards all things pertaining to the health, comfort, and advancement of the masses of the citizens may be compatible with sound economy and perfect solvency.

*Albert Shaw.*



## ROBERT BROWNING.

(DECEMBER 12, 1889.)

SOFT falls the snow upon the fading year,  
 As death falls softly on the quiet face  
 By which we fain would stand a little space,  
 To drop the silent tribute of a tear,  
 And lay the laurel-wreath upon the bier,  
 Where sleeps in peace, as if in love's embrace,  
 He who so long hath held his lofty place,—  
 Our crownéd singer, our belovéd seer!  
 Who kept his faith undimmed in faithless days;  
 Whose witness for the *right* was stern and strong;  
 Whose life was true and earnest as his song;  
 Whose love was noble as his poet's bays.  
 What meed for him whose working-day is done?  
 Rest with his love,—and joy eternal won!

*Agnes Maule Machar.*



## SOME WAYSIDE PLACES IN PALESTINE.



JACOB'S WELL.

**T**HE student of the Gospel according to St. Luke gathers the impression that in the time of Christ Palestine must have had a large number of thickly settled cities and villages. Such, indeed, was the fact. The district of Galilee alone, says Josephus, contained 204 places, each with an average of 15,000 inhabitants. That would give the 2000 square miles of Galilee a population of quite 3,000,000. What a number of people Jesus must have reached, then, in his short ministry, aided by "the twelve" and the chosen "seventy"; for Luke declares "that he went throughout every city and village, preaching and shewing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God."

The modern visitor finds no little difficulty in verifying this record. All that I can hope to do is to round out the series of descriptive papers which have appeared in this magazine<sup>1</sup> by presenting notes and illustrations of some wayside places which have not had attention. Some of these gain fresh interest because they are involved in the Gospel record selected for this year's International Lessons.

In the time of Christ Samaria seems to have formed the southern border of the Plain of Esdraelon, extending all the way from the

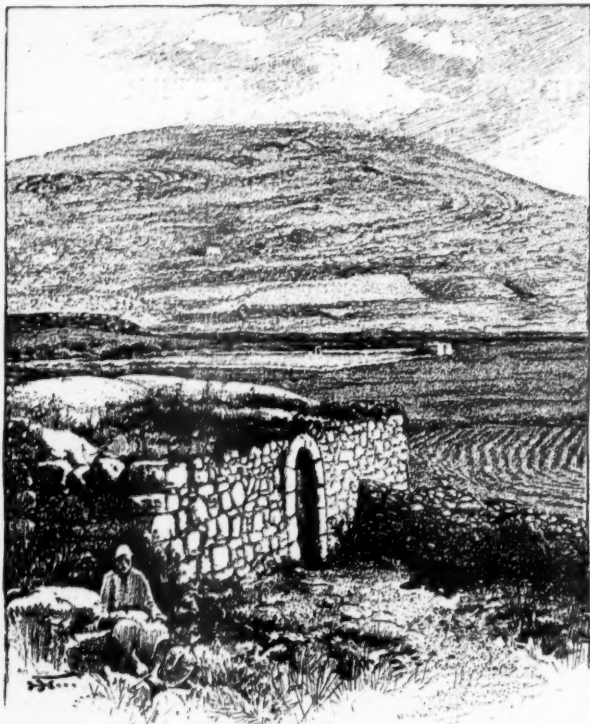
Carmel hills on the west to the Jordan depression on the east.

The district of Galilee covered all that lovely region which was apportioned to the tribes of Issachar, Zebulun, Asher, and Naphtali; and the little cluster of Galilean towns which we shall visit are, with one exception, located in lower Galilee, upper Galilee having already had our attention.

Coming up from Shiloh we soon cross the line which separates Judea from Samaria. After an invigorating climb along the shoulder of Mount Gerizim, a descending bridle-path appears, which leads down to the most sacred spot in all the Vale of Shechem—Jacob's Well. Not very far away, surely, must be the very spot where the Saviour held the conversation with the Samaritan woman. Beneath one of the ruined arches of the church which once stood here, a few feet below the surface and reached by rude steps, is the mouth of the well. Its sides are splendidly walled, and one can see his face reflected in the water sixty or seventy feet below. The original depth of the well was over a hundred feet, and it is seven and a half feet in diameter. A person not acquainted with the condition of the country might wonder why so much expense of time and money was undertaken in order to provide such a well, when a great abundance of water is supplied to the neighboring valley by the bordering mountains, Ebal and Gerizim. It was really a safeguard against marauders. It is also true that the custom of sinking wells on an estate began as far back as the time of Abraham and Isaac, and these old wells are still guarded with the most jealous care. While the photograph was being made my old Samaritan guide, Jacob es Shellaby, sat by the broken arch which covers the well, and then led me down to the great flat stone at the mouth. Through a circular hole in the stone the natives pass their skin vessels and bring up the water, which flows alike from the deep-sunken arteries of the mount of cursing (Ebal) and from the mount of blessing (Gerizim). The Jew, the Samaritan, the Christian, and the Mohammedan alike reverence it, and it is no uncommon thing to find them praying together near at hand; one with his face turned religiously towards Gerizim, another facing the east, a third gesticulating in the direction of the vale between the mountains,

<sup>1</sup> "The Sea of Galilee," December, 1887; "From Dan to Beersheba," April, 1888; "Sinai and the Wilderness," July, 1888; "From Sinai to Shechem,"

December, 1888; "Round about Galilee," January, 1889; "Round about Jerusalem," May, 1889; "Three Jewish Kings," October, 1889.



JOSEPH'S TOMB.

while the fourth bows with his face turned towards the scattered ruins of the church which the Crusaders erected over the sacred site. The mountains are there just as Jacob, Joseph, Joshua, and Jesus saw them — Ebal northward, with its high terraces of prickly pear; Gerizim rising in the south from its rich grain fields and groves of walnut and sycamore.

About an eighth of a mile across the valley from Jacob's Well, and near the base of Mount Ebal, is the traditional tomb of Joseph. It is marked by a rude inclosure twenty feet square and twelve feet high. The interior of the structure is divided into two sections, of which the one to the south is the tomb. It is about six feet long and four feet high, and resembles the common tombs erected in all parts of the country in memory of Moslem saints. I do not remember any more enchanting walk in Palestine than the descent from Shechem down the valley to where it begins to widen and then northward to Joseph's sepulcher. The rugged peaks of Moab puncture the hanging mist and catch their share of color, and the rocky face of Ebal stands out in fine contrast to the splendid olive groves and the highly cultivated fields of the valley. Farther on, rising from a great mass of

olive trees, is a picturesque old tower, half covered by clinging vines, called Jacob's Tower. It is said to have been the home of the patriarch when he sent Joseph over to Dothan to look after his brethren. The nearer we approach it the higher it seems to reach up the side of Mount Gerizim, near which it stands, and the great trees are dwarfed by it.

The present inhabitants of Shechem devote a great deal of time to their religion, and it is interesting and picturesque to see an assemblage form on a "religious day." The people come in from the neighborhood in companies, dressed in every variety of clothing, and moving along under the shade of the splendid trees without much apparent purpose. Many stop at the wells and quench their thirst; others lave in the stream or rest upon the rocks and grass. The scattered groups on the highway gradually become a dense throng and press onward to some designated place. As

the multitude increases the excitement grows, and in all directions heated debates go on. At last a low, flat-roofed building, with a great open space near it, is reached, and the people halt. On the housetop, with green turban, stands the "holy man," who works his audience up to a frenzied condition, and then sends them away ready for any violence to which their fanaticism may lead them. Shechem is not a pleasant place for Christians.

The pride of Shechem is its olive groves. The olive, no matter how young, always looks old and care-worn when it stands alone. When cultivated in orchards or groves, however, nothing in the country is more beautiful. The bark seems to granulate and scab as soon as it becomes of any thickness, and the short stems hopelessly twist before they have any girth; but nature averages her favors, even with the olive, for an abundant foliage is supplied to hide all deformities. When the cool breeze disturbs the leaves they turn first their green and then their gray sides to the light, with the steady movement of the palm branch.

Just as the center of the town of Shechem is reached we notice that the water-shed no longer flows Jordanward, but begins to

meander westward on its journey to the Mediterranean. Soon after the mountains are left behind a wide basin opens to view. On each side of the river the terraced hills incline gently like the banks of the lower Rhine, and long lines of aqueducts, and now and then a vine-covered Roman arch, rise up and remind one of the Hauran. The clatter of mills is heard, and the tinkling of bells announces the near presence of flocks; repeatedly we see an adventurous sheep or goat, stationed on a protruding rock, lowering its head with threatening aspect and stamping its forefoot in anger at our audacious approach.

After an advance of about a mile and a half westward the glen narrows and the inclines on each side grow more precipitous. In a little time the dragoman leads northward up a steep and stony road. The sound of water is left behind, and the trees and flowers are exchanged for obtruding stones and rank thorn bushes. Journeying on, after a tough grapple with a bare, bald ridge, the fertile valley and the brook again are seen. The sides of the hills in all directions are dotted with fig, sycamore, and olive trees. Apples, pomegranates, and apricots also abound. Every knoll is crowned with a village, and life and prosperity are indicated by the sounds which come from them. The narrow bridle-path follows the valley, descends through splendid groves, and then, turning abruptly to the west, leads upward, say five hundred feet, to the summit of the oval hill upon which historic Samaria stands. Only the eastern side is approachable. In other directions the inclines are so regularly terraced and so thickly clad with verdure that they have the appearance of being under a high state of cultivation. The hills encircling Samaria cause the elevation on which the place stands to look like a cone rising from a great crater. Towards the sea is visible the top of Mount Carmel; towards Galilee, Mount Tabor; towards the Jordan, Hermon, Little Hermon, and Gilboa; and southward, Ebal and Gerizim; while in the north, like the light clouds above them, rise the snowy peaks of Mount Lebanon.

The usual camping-place of the sojourner

is at the top of the hill near some fruit trees, and only a short distance from the ruins of the old Church of St. John. A requisition was made upon the camera there one morning, which resulted in a curious picture, showing examples of architecture representative of three periods in the checkered history of Samaria. The first is the black tent of the Arab, probably in no respect different from the ones inhabited by the patriarchs when they watched their flocks in the adjoining fields; the second is the squalid stone domicile of the permanent dweller in



"WITHOUT PURSE AND SCRIP."

Samaria; and the third is a picturesque portion of that remarkable memorial of the indomitable energy and genius of the Crusader, joined perhaps with suggestions from the Saracen.

I am free to confess that I did not meet the proverbial good Samaritan as I journeyed through this much-favored country. If one meets a tiller of the soil he will sidle off as far as the narrow path will allow, and scowlingly watch the traveler's approach. The offer of a piaster will bring him to a standstill.

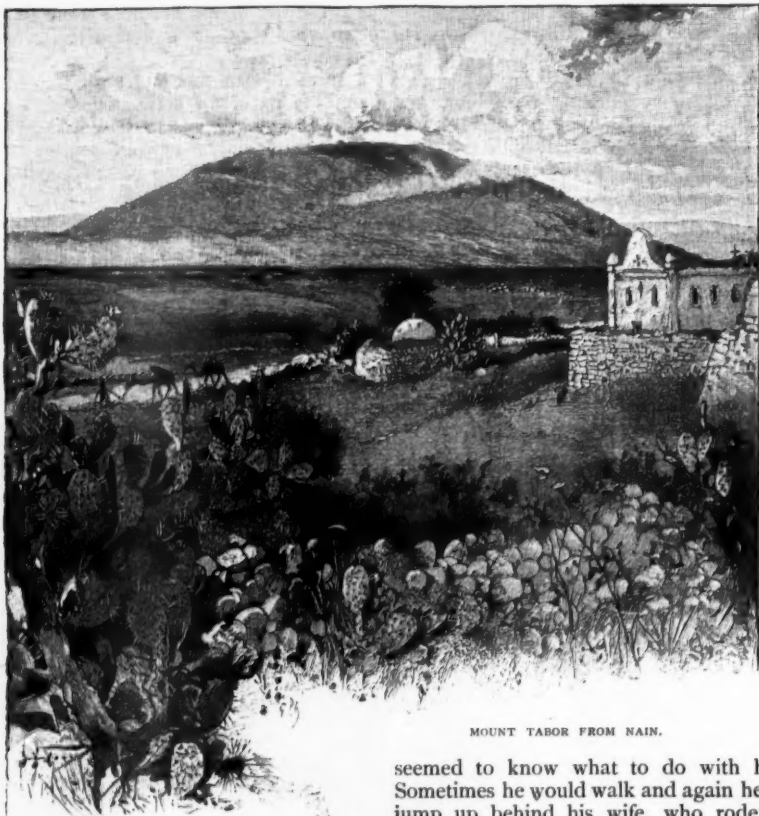
"How far is it to Nain?"

"God knows," comes the fervent answer.

"How long will it take to go there?"

"As long as God pleases," he answers, with a shrug of his shoulders and a pull at his pipe.

"Shall I reach there by noon?"



MOUNT TABOR FROM NAIN.

"If God permit."

"But may I hope to make the distance in an hour?"

"As God may direct," he answers, walking away.

"Is Nain distant, or is it very near?"

"There," he answers, moving his finger through a wide arc. If one extracts a more neighborly spirit than this from a Samaritan he must have the mysterious power of a dervish.

As I drove away from the Samaritan's country I heard rude music and the firing of guns. A wedding feast had been going on in the valley below, and the bride and the groom, with an attendant procession, were coming towards us. A crowd of young people accompanied the happy twain, with the intention of fulfilling the Bedouin idea of hospitality by seeing the guest a half-day's journey on his way. The groom was the guest. He had come over from Shechem for his bride, and was taking her home. He was a tall, well-built swain, but very awkward, and hardly

seemed to know what to do with himself. Sometimes he would walk and again he would jump up behind his wife, who rode cross-legged on a mule. She was a pretty little creature, with merry, bright eyes. She and her still more merry attendants gave me a good opportunity of studying the faces of the Samaritan women, for their faces were not veiled. All were in holiday costume, and were singing as they went; the young men in front and at the rear taking up the song in responsive verses. The hills which rise right and left as one rides down from Samaria to Jenin are beautiful. Some of them are of considerable height; some are bare and rocky, though the greater number are verdure-clad. The surroundings of the homes on the mountains are sometimes very attractive, for the people have a way of winning their vineyards to grow where to a stranger's eye there seems but little soil. The tall and majestic date tree is much more frequently seen here than it is either south or north, and is always a sure sign of a neighboring habitation. Near a group of mulberry trees and lofty palms a roadside fountain was found. Around it, some beating their laundry with olive-wood clubs upon the stone water-troughs and some filling



their water-pitchers, were a number of girls. The faces of some of them were very pretty and bright. It was not surprising that in these days they should know the use of the camera; and no sooner had a chance shot been made at them than each particular water-jar stood on end and the unfortunate disciple of Daguerre was beset for bakshish, and almost belabored by the black-eyed water-carriers. One poor little girl had no jar, and had substituted a square tin can which had served originally to carry American kerosene.

It was just at sunset that my path led me across a plain and up the hill which brought me to the outskirts of the town of Jenin, close to the southern border of the Plain of Esdraelon. The departing sun gave its last touch of color to the head of the minaret of the little mosque which overtopped even the palm trees. Our Moslem attendants were all down upon their knees, with their faces towards Mecca, and the village fell asleep in the shadows.

In Palestine one may choose his route but not his resting-place. His conductors have their "stations," where it is the custom to halt for the night, and they do not willingly change. Jenin is not a large town, but it is rather more attractive than the majority of its neighbors, not only on account of the beauty of its natural surroundings, but owing to the abundant water supply, which is brought by a covered aqueduct from the hills back of the town.

One of the first things that impress one, when he rides out from Jenin towards the north and overlooks the vast plain, is the fact that not a single tree appears to break the landscape.

For the ride from Jenin to Nazareth we took the road that led us around the shoulders of Mount Gilboa, and then along the red soil roads through the pleasant fields until we reached Shunem, the proper "station" for the noontide rest and lunch. The town is entered by a long avenue of monstrous prickly-pear plants, the horrid arms of which reach out on all sides, as if to conceal the ugliness of the unsightly town. It is not all ugliness at Shunem, however, for some pretty gardens are there. In one of them I saw a number of lemon trees as high as apple trees, with all stages of fruitage going on, from the fragrant blossoms to the ripe ovals of gold which hung from the sturdy branches in great abundance. Through the huge cacti the Arab women could be seen beating their clothing on stones at the brookside.

A glance to the northwest reveals the gray

outlines of Mount Carmel with the wide plain between; but the best outlook from the Shunem housetops is in the opposite direction, and takes in that peculiar range known as "Little Hermon." Little Hermon is shapeless and barren and holds no historical interest, yet it provides an attractive feature in the landscape. It presents its best side towards Shunem.

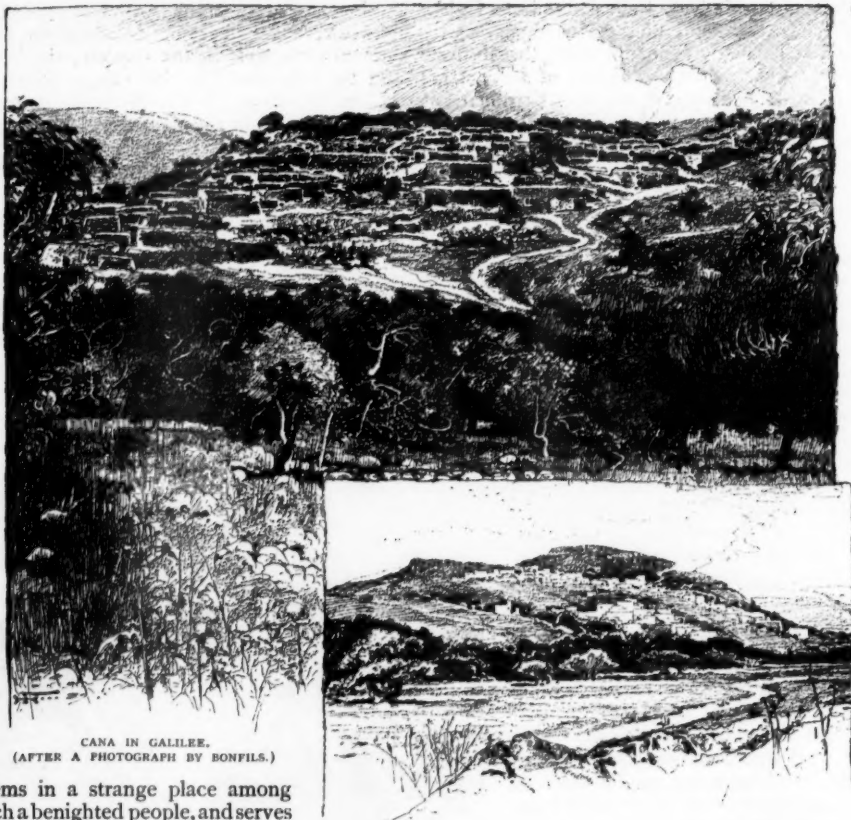
None of the generosity which characterized the "great lady" of Shunem seems to mold the conduct of the modern Shunemite towards the stranger; for when I plucked a single lemon blossom from a tree overhead to send to America in a letter I had just written to a little girl,



THE CASTLE OF JEZREEL.

one of the nabobs of the town, who had stood watching my comrades and me, flew at me in a great rage and demanded bakshish. I had proved myself to be a thief as well as a trespasser, and it turned out to be one of those occasions where I found myself unable to dispense justice. I referred the case to my wise dragoman, who had quite an altercation in my defense.

Jezreel must also have received a Divine visit. Its location is central, and its position as a military stronghold admirable. Its approach is from the east. On the northeast there is a steep cliff, quite a hundred feet in height, from the top of which the view is grand. The Arabs call the town Zerin. Their houses are dreadfully humble and comfortless, and all the wealth of the town seems to have been used for the preservation of the ancient tower which stands among the houses. It



CANA IN GALILEE.  
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BONFILS.)

GENERAL VIEW FROM THE WEST. (DRAWN FROM NATURE.)

seems in a strange place among such a benighted people, and serves to show with what reverent care they preserve what they consider holy. If Ahab and his four hundred priests worshiped Astarte here, and Herod kept up the unholy rites, it is a holy place in the eyes of the present dwellers at Jezreel, but none the more holy because Jesus did missionary work among their predecessors. The same crescent moon that shone as the symbol of Astarte shines for Mohammed their prophet, and for this they honor and preserve Jezreel's tower.

From Jezreel to Nain is a ride of but an hour. The western base of Little Hermon is on one side, and the broad expanse of the valley of Jezreel is on the other. As soon as Little Hermon is passed Mount Tabor is seen, and the prospect widens; then, soon after, the gilt cross on the convent at Nain shines out. Few and poor enough are the houses of Nain. Heaps of rubbish and the rough-quarried debris of better days surround the memorable town. The nearest hillside abounds with rock-tombs, and a number of shrines and holy places are dotted about.

Not more than a dozen miles from Nain

there is a hopelessly desolate little town which can be seen from half a dozen places already mentioned in these journeyings. It is almost north of Nain, and is well worth a visit. If one journey there early in the morning, his horse ought to carry him from Nain in less than three hours. It is the place where Christ met the rejoicing wedding party and performed his first miracle — Cana of Galilee. I do not know of a ride of its length in Palestine which is more lovely, or which presents so many points of interest as this does. Before one gets fairly down into the plain he may see the rosy light coming over the Anti-Lebanon range, tipping the minarets of Jezreel and Shunem. Gilboa and Little Hermon will also have their feathery, pink-hued caps. Before the first hour is gone he comes to the Fountain of Jezreel and begins to meet the modern young Gideons as they come back to the pastures with their flocks after watering them at the fountain. As we too stop to water our horses at the fountain we cast our eyes upward to see if we can

make out the outlines of the ruins on Mount Tabor. The fog is flying around the summit; but there, peering through it, looking five times their real height, their fine details brought out by the morning light and the blue background of the sky, are the gray towers and bastions placed there by the Crusaders. Forging the stream, we now push our horses up towards Tabor, and above the fog line. Nain and Shunem and Jezreel rise up behind in the distance. We soon place Mount Tabor between us, and hurry on.

In half an hour we see on the left a hill topped by a little village. It is Sefurieh, the ancient Sepphoris, and is all that remains of the old-time capital of Galilee. It was an important place until Herod Antipas came into power and made Tiberias the seat of government. The caravan tracks which cut across the country now bewilder us somewhat, for we are in doubt which one to choose. However, they all lead to the Mecca of the present expedition. If the face is kept well towards the northwest one comes out all right. Here and there we meet a group of women with bundles of twigs on their heads. Already they have been up the side of Mount Tabor, among the scrub oaks, where they gather the scraggy merchandise which they are now carrying to the wood market in Nazareth. Now the scene grows still more animated, for men and boys, and women too, are seen driving towards Nazareth long lines of asses laden with newly cut

grass. In the proper season figs and olives take the place of grass, for the trees abound. The narrow plain is beautiful, and provides the space for a last gallop before reaching the almost deserted village of Cana of Galilee, known to the Arabs as Kefr Kenna. The chief entrance to the town resembles that of Shunem, a lane skirted by thickly set prickly-pear plants. The houses remind one of those at Magdala. They are of mud and stone, surrounded by the refuse of the stable, and have miserably constructed arbors of cane on their unsafe roofs. They appear to be in the last state of ruin, yet there are plenty of ruins of an earlier date and of a better grade lying around in every direction. An old sarcophagus serves as the public water-trough, and is kept supplied by a cheery little stream which comes from a neighboring spring. "Dutch" ovens smeared with mud are standing near some of the houses. They might be taken for tombs only they are not whitewashed. Down towards Nazareth and over in the direction of Mount Tabor the views are particularly fine. The hills are not so high, so steep, nor so bare as those in lower Galilee. They are usually wooded to their summits and fall gradually down to the valleys. There is not the appearance of thrift that there is about Nain and Shunem, for the reason, perhaps, that the neighborhood is infested more by wandering marauders, who care nothing for the cultivation of crops so long as they find pasture for their flocks.

*Edward L. Wilson.*

## THE SELF-PROTECTION OF MR. LITTLEBERRY ROACH.



**I**T used to seem curious to me that the poor make earlier marriages than the rich. Not reared to expect luxuries, knowing that two persons in entire accord can live more cheaply together than apart, usually they mate young. Having little besides themselves and their affections to give, they exchange these brief courtships, and go cheerfully to the work and to the enjoyment of their joined lives, in which there is scarcely anything to lose but much to hope for. The rich, contrariwise, often make delays from one and another cause, less seldom follow the promptings of their own hearts, are more concerned about the conveniences of such alliances, and sometimes are solicitous as to whether or not they may be made to give more than they receive.

Such always heretofore had been the matter

with Mr. Littleberry Roach, who, although ever open-mouthed in praise of the other sex, was, at forty-five, still a bachelor. Unfortunately for any conjugal experience to him, he found himself, at twenty-one, the inheritor of six negroes and three hundred acres of well-stocked land—a fortune for those times. In spite of the gauntness of his long figure, the absence of smoothness from his visage and his manners, knowing that many a cap was to be set for the sake of other things that he had, he put himself upon his guard against feminine influences except such as were backed by property qualifications equal to his own. Yet he would admit freely his weakness in the presence of manifest beauty, even when undowered. Often had he been heard to say about thus:

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; when I see a putty girl it always warm me up, no matter what kind o' weather, and I feel like I were a kind o' break-in' out, like people does 'long o' heat, or the

measles. Yes, sir, that 's me, shore, and I can't he'p it. But you know how it is with a man that he have prop'ty; that he got to keep a' eye on hisself, and not liable to fling hisself away a jes accordin' to his time-bein' feelin's, a-givin' everythin' and a-gittin' nothin'. Yes, sir, 't wer' n't for that, they ain't no tellin'

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; I got to positive must; and I wish I 'd 'a' done it long ago; and I would 'a' done it exceptin' I were afeard o' bein' tuck in. For jes lo and behold all this prop'ty round me which have been a-increasin' a constant ev'y sence my parents palmed it off on me; and if anybody in this whole section o' country



"HE LOOKED AT THE LADY AND SMILED."

how many times I might 'a' got married, jes betwix' me and you."

During the years passed since coming to his majority he had intimated to several ladies within, and above, and even somewhat below, his standard, his willingness, as he expressed it, to give and take; but all of these, when such hints became serious, had subdued their coquetries and intimated that they were not in the humor to make the exchange proposed. It never seemed to occur to him that his physical imperfections should be taken in abatement of his claims, and so those several disappointments availed not to hinder his keeping one eye upon himself in the midst of all unequal inveiglements, however tempting.

But now at forty-five he was beginning to ponder if his life, to some degree, had not been a mistake. Quite a number of women, whom he doubted not that he could have gotten, he now saw happy, prosperous mothers of families; while here was himself, grown wrinkled, and more and more gaunt with the drying up that had begun in him even when he was a boy. Conscious of always having wanted a wife, he must—indeed to himself it seemed that he positively must—do something that would clear away some of the gloom that was gathering over the future of his being.

have more kinfolks than me, and them all poor, I should like to know wharbout he live. In course, I know ev'y one o' 'em would be distressed in their mind ef I was to git married and in the courses of times have a lawful ar or ars, male or female, as the case might be, like the legislatur' say, and ev'y dad-fetchit one of 'em ruther see me at the bottom o' my grave than sech as that. Right thar, as the Scriptur' say, the shoe 's a-beginnin' to pinch. And it ain't that, exceptin' for the 'structions o' that Jim Sanky, I 'd be a reason'ble riconciled in my mind. I got to perdeck myself somehow agin Jim Sanky; and, tell the truth, I feel the n'ces'ty o' perdeckin' myself agin my kinfolks, who I wish to gracious some o' 'em had a been borned rich, or married rich, or got rich somehow, so all eyes would n't be on me and my deathbeds and dyin' hours."

The dwelling of Mr. Roach, not at all fine, but far too good for any old bachelor, was near the Ogeechee, four miles north of our village. His nearest neighbors were the Sankys, half a mile to his right as he stood in his front door, and the Harrells, a mile to his left. Mrs. Sanky, a widow, we will say of thirty-nine, tall, religious, somewhat demure during her married experience, but since the demise of her husband, a year or so back, seeming to notice



things theretofore regarded with indifference, had a snug plantation, a small but respectable bunch of negroes, all of whom and of which were encumbered by a twelve-year-old boy named Jim, who in this little story must have more prominence than he deserves.

"The said Jim Sanky," Mr. Roach often said confidentially to a large number of his neighbors, "yes, sir, I has cussed that boy a million o' times, more or less, and it have come to that I got to perreck myself agin him, even ef I have to fetch in the law, the deeficulty bein' that Jim have nobody to give him the hick-ry like Tommy Sanky done a endurin' o' his lifetime, and which, as for his poor widder, she don't seem adequate to the above, even if she were so disposed."

To the left the old man Harrell, survivor of his companion of forty-five years, dwelt with his daughter, Pheriby, of about the age of Mrs. Sanky, but fatter, comelier, and, though not confessedly less religious, much more vivacious. Twenty years ago Mr. Roach had sought her in his own ambiguous way; but she had married her cousin of the same name, and after the spending of all their joint property and the death of her husband she had come back to preside over the household of her father, prosperous, but old, and periodically extremely feeble.

Resolved on turning over a new leaf, Mr. Roach felt that it was fortunate there was an unencumbered widow, remanded, as it were, back to girlhood, and their presumptive to an estate larger than his own, soon to devolve upon her by an aged father, and so he began to pay her the most pointed respects. It seemed to him well to begin with her by eliciting her sympathy for the trouble he endured in the case of Jim Sanky.

"Look like," he said, one early day, "the creetur have a spite agin me, and the good Lord know for what it is, a exceptin' in his lifetime I got his pappy to give him the hick-ry for his oudacious. He a constant a-skearin' o' my mules, a-shootin' his gun at birds along the fence where they plowin' in my field anext to their'n, and it 'pear like, when his hounds jump a rabbit, he natchelly love for him and them to run over inter my cotton-patch. But his mother 's a female and she 's a widder, and it look like a man hate to fuss with them kind o' people, special when Jim got so big, it take more 'n a woman to handle him."

"If such a boy was my child," answered Mrs. Pheriby, "he 'd mighty soon find who was who betwixt me and him."

"Thar, now! I allays said it, that ef it have be'n Missis Pheriby Har'll's lot to have children she 'd of learnt 'em to know how to behave theirselves."

At that very moment crept in Mr. Harrell; so much more feeble than when last seen by Mr. Roach, that, the latter's spirits rising at the sight, he resolved to be as agreeable to the old man as he could.

"How 's your healths, Mr. Har'll? You look ruther feeble this mornin'."

"Yes, ruther feeble, Berry; but to them that has faith and their titles is cle'r death ain't the mollencholy it 's to them that has no God. How you, Berry? Time a-beginnin' to tell on you too. You may n't see it yourself, but you 're gittin' a heap stringier than what you was. You never was what a body might call fat, at no time; but you 're a-gittin' stringier a constant."

Mrs. Pheriby made some excuse and left the room. After some moments of preliminary talk, Mr. Harrell disclosed the occasion of his interruption of a chat that Mr. Roach had intended to make specially interesting.

"Berry, the membership in Jooksborough have got too big for the meetin'-house to hold all covenant, and so us all on this side the creek (in another county, to boot) be'n a-thinkin' o' puttin' up another over here if providin' the money can be raised, which is all put up exceptin' fifty dollars and shingles. I 'm a mighty anxious to have the meetin'-house put up befo' my departure is at hand, as the 'postle Paul say, and I be'n a-waitin' to see you and ask in a 'fectionate way, how much from you, a-'memberin' it 'd be a-lendin' to the Lord which he 's shore to pay back ag'in after many days. What you say?"

Something like a shudder ran all through Mr. Roach, long as he was. He had been persuading himself that, for a worldling, his contribution of two, sometimes three dollars a year, which was fully up to the average, ought to compound for his shortcomings, which mainly had been on the line of profane swearing. Having heard of the scheme, something of neighborhood pride had induced him to resolve to give four dollars, possibly—according to the character of the solicitor—as much as five. Now, looking upon the feeble condition of Mr. Harrell, a feeling of liberality was rising in his breast, and in a moment more he would have announced, in as generous tones as he knew how to employ, ten dollars. But at that moment Mrs. Pheriby returned, and said:

"Now, Pa, I thought / was to have the asking of Mr. Roach about our new church, which I have but very little doubts he 'll make up the balance, a-expecting to git his rewards in various ways."

Mr. Roach, believing that he understood the meaning in her eyes, rapidly going over in his mind the silent clamors of his relatives, feeling that now was the time, and Mrs.

Pheriby the person, drew a long breath and answered:

"I'll do it."

He looked at the lady and smiled. She looked at him and smiled. Her father, too far gone to notice such things, said:

"Now, Berry Roach, I know you feel good, jes as well as if I was inside o' you, and my hopes is it may all be blest to your conviction and your conversion from your many folds o' sin and temptation, and not keep on a constant a-gittin' older and older and stringier and stringier, and not a-layin' holt o' the plan o' salvation, which a man like you that 's got no wife it may be hopin' agin hope, because then *her* pra'ars, if she was a Christian woman, they ain't no tellin' what they might 'a' done in the salvation of your immorchal soul."

It relieved Mr. Roach of some of the embarrassment at these words that in their midst Mrs. Pheriby, with handkerchief to her face, again rose and left the room. Just as he was about to go, she came back and said:

"Good-by, Mr. Roach. I'm ever so much obliged."

Her intelligent smile as she withdrew her hand from his light, affectionate squeeze made him feel that he never would wish to look upon a lovelier female. When he returned home they told him that Jim Sanky and his hounds had been running rabbits up and down all over the cotton-patch, destroying unknown quantities of cotton; and that two of the men even had to leave their work in the field in order to protect the sheep in the pasture into which these marauders had entered, after their previous destruction.

"Consarn the creetur'!" said he; and but for the pleasant memories of his recent visit he would have employed yet stronger words. Mrs. Sanky being a neighbor, and a widow at that, he felt that he ought, in a neighborly way, to ride over, and through her send to Jim a warning more serious than any yet conveyed to him. Although she had the reputation of being a person with a temper of her own, he had never been witness to its exhibitions. Then Mr. Roach was a man as gallant in feeling as he was long and stringy in bodily shape, and he would have borne far greater outrages from Jim rather than inflict any punishment of which his mother might have just cause to complain.

Seeing his approach, Mrs. Sanky had shifted herself into her next best Sunday frock, and in her haste threw over her shoulders a white cape, looking in the contrast more attractive than Mr. Roach remembered to have noticed for quite a time.

"My!" thought he; but he did n't say so in words.

"Why, the good Lord help my soul, Mr. Roach," she said, when informed of the object of the visit, "what is a body to do in such a case? The poor boy have got no fathers, and I'm nobody but a lone widow, which it seem a'most right hard as young a female as I am should be left in them conditions; and not only will not her own and ownlest son let her keep peace and friendship with neighbors that he know, as well as he know his name is Jeems Sanky, his father always set store by as friends and good neighbors, which it could be did 't was n't for that boy; and which if ever a boy did miss a person that were strong enough to manage him, it were Jeems Sanky sence he be'n feelin' like he were his own man."

Then she wept, and she did so with such good taste that Mr. Roach was obliged to say that of course boys would be boys, and he had no doubt that as Jim got older, as he must do in the course of time, more or less, he would be another sort of a boy altogether.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Roach," she answered candidly. "I have talked and pleaded with that boy, and once I took down the hickory, but he looked at me so much like a pitiful orphan, that I had n't the heart. Yit, yit," taking down her handkerchief, and looking at her visitor with moistest, saddest eyes, "I has faith that the promises will not be without effect to the widow, and that the good Lord will provide for her somehow as may seemeth him meet. Have anybody asked you to help us out with our new meetin'-house, Mr. Roach?"

When Mr. Roach, not without some embarrassment, told what he had agreed to do in these premises, she seemed disappointed, and said:

"Pheriby Harrell! I would n't have treated her that way. She know I had you down on my paper as my favorite name whensomever I could catch up with you accidental, and a-living the closetest to you at that. But I s'pose Pheriby know she could git more out o' you than I could, and of course the meetin'-house want all it can git."

"It were her pa that name it first to me, Missis Sanky."

"Ah! then that 's deffer'nt. And as for Brer Harrell, he know he might have put up that buildin' by his lone self, er at leastways give that last fifty dollars which he squeezed out o' you. But Brer Harrell, good man as he is, he were always one to push up t' other people and hold back hisself to make up the last—if they was any last to make up, and which sometimes they ain't. Why, Mr. Roach, don't I remember when it come to movin' poor Patsy Daniel and her orphan children 'way over into Jasper County, whar her old aunt sent words that if the neighbors would make up and send her thar, she 'd settle 'em on a

piece o' her land, and Brer Harrell he tuck it in hand, and he went round in his 'flicted way he have in sech times, a-sayin' to people it were cheaper to palm 'em all off that way on that old 'oman, than have to keep 'em here and support 'em, and he actuil' got ten dollars out o' Mr. Sanky and the lendin' o' our kyart and steers for one blessed, solid week, and me-a-scoldin' about it all the time, and come to find out that Brer Harrell his very self did n't give but three dollars and seyenty-five cent, which it lack jes that much t'd make up; and then he git out by sayin' that Pheriby and her husband have been so much expense to him he can't afford more 'n to go round and raise money from people and charge for his time! People say if Brer Harrell had put up a'cordin' to his prop'ty, the meetin'-house would have been up by now, and the worship in it done begun a'cordin' to the commandment. And nobody know how much he's a-goin' to put up, and they won't know now, special' sence you've put up the last fifty dollars, and they ain't nothin' left but shingles; because why, Brer Harrell have appointed hisself his own committee, and he have got everythin' in his own hands."

"The old man look very feeble, Missis Sanky, and he acknowledge that he ain't much time left to go on."

Mrs. Sanky laughed.

"Ah, Mr. Roach, that ain't no sign, nor it don't mean anythin' here nor there. I used to think it did, when I've heard him acknowledge the same time and time again, special' when he want people to do somethin', and when they done done it, next time you see him, more 'n probable, you'll hear him braggin' about his father a-livin' to ninety, and him only thes seb'nty his last birthday, or sixty-nine, or seb'nty-one, as the case might be. That 's Brer Harrell, a notwithstandin' he 's a righteous good man, and he expect to be deac'n o' our new meetin'-house, which somehow the brothrin and sisters would n't make him deac'n over there in Dukesborough; but which he say his time ain't come yit, but it 's a-comin'. If ever Brer Harrell *do* die, and which poor Mr. Sanky used to laugh and say he doubted it, but Pheriby will change things over there, onlest he tie her up in his will, which he threaten to do sometimes when Pheriby buy things he think is too fine, but which poor Mr. Sanky used to say Brer Harrell ought to be 'shamed of hisself for holdin' back his ownlest child in that unuseless way. But it all go to show that no person can have everythin' to their likes nor dislikes, as I know by my own expence by Jeems Sanky that he, a-havin' of no fathers, will keep on pesterin' the best neighbors any lone and lonesome widow ever did have in a world where it seem to me everybody have

friends exceptin' of widows; but I am thankful to say that I have been able to lay up some money, and I am willin' to pay for all the damage of Jeems Sanky for this one time; but I shall tell Jeems Sanky plain that hereafter the law must take its courses, alsobeit that I can't but be sorry that the poor boy have no fathers."

Mr. Roach, while drawing a long, sympathetic breath preparatory to his reply to these words, was thus intercepted:

"And if you won't let me pay you, Mr. Roach, which there 's the money in sideboard drawer, please you let the cotton that Jeems Sanky and his hounds have knocked out go on my paper for the meetin'-house, so I may n't be disap'nted complete, out and out."

"I never felt like I were so complete overtook, not endurin' o' my whole lifetime," Mr. Roach afterwards used to say. A feeling even rather majestic came over him as he answered:

"Missis Sanky, I shall not take the money you be'n a-layin' up, which I am thankful to hear of it. And, madam, jes to show you what sort a man I am, I will make it my business to have got out the shingles for the aforesaid meetin'-house and no questions asked. That is me, if I understand myself."

"O Mr. Roach! *Mister Roach!*"

But a prudent, bashful widow like Mrs. Sanky would rather have died, she thought, than to go very far beyond the length of these words.

"You say," asked Mr. Roach, with some sternness, "that you think the old man Harrell's healths is better than what he call for?"

For a lady almost entirely in black, with an only son who having no fathers was such a varlet, Mrs. Sanky laughed with surprising heartiness. Then she said:

"Why, laws o' me, Mr. Roach! Mr. Sanky used to say that Brer Harrell got his livin' out o' his complainin's about his healths, and it were to his opinions that he 'd outlive *him* and many another person in the neighborhood; and you see how it all come true in poor Mr. Sanky's case, to go no further, although I has heard him say somethin' about Berry Roach as it 'pear like he ruther name you by name."

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Roach, with confident strength, "I should hopes not, not by a long shot; for a person that has the healths I has and no incumbents o' no sort, sech as that would seem like a pity and entire unexpected."

As he rode along home Mr. Roach pondered much. Here was Mrs. Sanky, during her married life a home-staying and, so far as the outside world knew, a few-worded woman, whom people had been wont to call plain, solemn, penurious, and all such, yet now spruce, chatty, not excusing her own son's pernicious practices, not ashamed of having laid up money for hard times and rainy days, and

showing that if you gave her something to laugh about she could laugh as heartily as the best. All this. Then he asked himself how it was that the old man Harrell, at his time of life, should be fooling people about the pretended near approach of death. As for the tying up his property by will in a way that would hinder any husband whom Mrs. Pheriby might elect from getting lawful control of it, he was loath to believe that a man like Mr. Harrell, always a stickler for masculine rights, would ignore them at the last. Still, there was no telling how long some old people could live, and what notions they might take up when old age had made them childish. Mr. Roach concluded that he would think of all these things.

## II.

WHEN it was noised abroad that the last fifty of the three hundred dollars needed for the new meeting-house had been subscribed by Mr. Roach, and shingles, people were happy. Passages of Scripture were quoted, and hopes were had that Mr. Roach soon might feel it his duty to walk down into the water and come up out of it a new man. The gentleman himself, extravagant neither in hopes nor in wishes, except in so far as deliverance from Jim Sanky was concerned, indulged the kind of consolation that any honorable man must feel when he has been doing more than his duty. As for Jim Sanky, the cotton was about gathered anyhow, the sheep were removed to another pasture, the hogs would make about as good meat as if they never had been dogged, and the pigeons—well, as for pigeons, they in some respects were not unlike Jim Sanky in going to places where they were not wanted; and so, upon the whole, Mr. Roach believed that he was feeling reasonably contented in his mind, barring an incertitude which, owing to its vagueness, was rather unsatisfactory.

It was surprising to the general public, to the members gratifying, that the new meeting-house went up so rapidly. Mr. Harrell, whose juvenility was disgusting to Mr. Roach, had examined every stick of lumber, seen to its kiln-drying, inspected every paper of nails, and, what everybody said he ought not to have done, counted and sighted every shingle. Long before anybody had expected, the building was up, and was named Bethel.

Claiming all the honors of the new Babylon that had been founded, yet Mr. Harrell, in view of the fact that hereafter it might require to be ceiled and painted, saw fit to divide with Mr. Roach the honors of its first opening, which was appointed on a Saturday. The flooring, waiting for shrinkage, had not yet been nailed, and the cracks indulged in unrestricted yawn-

ings. A moderately large congregation assembled, and all occupied the benches except Mr. Swinney, the preacher, Mr. Harrell, and Mr. Roach. The first ascended the pulpit, and the other two were seated in front upon splint-bottom chairs, which Mr. Harrell had provided. Mr. Roach took his seat with becoming solemnity, careful to place the rounds at safe distances between the gapings of the floor beneath. Never having occupied so prominent a place in a house of worship, in spite of some embarrassment he felt a pleasant sense of quietude like what he conceived it might be in heaven, which destination he could not but hope that without much further expense he, in good time, would realize. He had not offered any remonstrance against being put so prominently forth, because he honestly believed himself entitled to the distinction. It was understood that the preacher, during the course of the sermon, would pay his respects to the most liberal and the next most distinguished among the contributors to the pious undertaking; and it was deemed nothing but right that the recipient of such praise should be in position where he could see and be seen by everybody. The hymn was sung, the prayer said, and then the reverend gentleman, taking an apposite text, put forth. Nobody, not even Mr. Harrell, when allusion was made to walls of any kind, whether in the ancient temple of Jerusalem or those around them, could keep his or her eyes off Mr. Roach. The preacher noticed the dissipation, and decided to stop short his hammering upon knotty theological points and rise into the panegyric for which all evidently were impatient. Mr. Roach, aware that this was coming, took out his huge bandana and spread it on his lap in preparation for all embarrassing contingencies.

"Brethren and sisters," said the speaker, "there is a person in this house."

He paused for several moments, looking the while hard at Mr. Roach.

"Yes," he continued, "and I will not name his name, although he is settin' in a cheer alongside o' Brer Harrell, and not a thousand mile from the foot o' this pulpit."

He paused again, and there was almost ferocity in the gaze which he fastened upon Mr. Roach. The latter, for a few moments, steadily returned the speaker's look. Then, as if satisfied that he was the person alluded to, he turned his eyes benignantly upon the congregation, lingering somewhat first upon Mrs. Pheriby, then upon Mrs. Sanky. To make himself entirely comfortable and more presentable to observation, he leaned his chair far back, sat upon its very edge, and extended his legs to their full length, resting his heels firmly in the cracks of the floor. Never before in his life, if his recollection was not at fault, had he felt as sweet.





"A BOY HAVE JOBBED THIS HERE PIN INTO MR. ROACH."

"Yes, brethren and sisters," continued Mr. Swinney; "and the astonishest thing about the whole business is that that same person (and I shall not even name his seck, a-owin' to his presence, which everybody can see for theirself), even ef he ain't a professor o' religion, he have been as lib'l, and he have made hisself a' example to—the good Lord have mercy on us all!"

This ejaculatory finale to the panegyric was not inopportune; for, half a second before its utterance, Mr. Roach, suddenly lifting his right leg, gave a scream, loud, terrific as ever was poured from throat of Indian or of wolf. The women echoed. Mr. Roach rose instantly, clapped a hand beneath his thigh, looked momentarily down through the yawnings of the floor; then, lifting his eyes and surveying the congregation, loudly exclaimed:

"Gentlemen and ladies, I has be'n stobbed; and that d-d-dangnation bad!"

"O my laws!" shouted a hundred female voices. All the men, except the preacher—who, taking a step backward, leaned one eye over the pulpit—and young Mr. Hammick, who had been booked for one of the deacons, crowded around the assailed. The last named rushed out, and peering under the house observed a

pair of legs that just having emerged on the opposite side were making off with all possible speed. Quickly passing around, he saw those legs as they sought a hiding-place behind a huge red oak that stood some fifty yards distant. In his run thither Mr. Hammick picked up a pine stick, to one end of which, with point projecting, had been fastened a stout brass pin. Approaching softly the oak, he reached around to seize the culprit; but the latter, his coat-tails drawn over his head, eluded the grasp and was fleeing amain.

"Nobody but Jim Sanky! Oh, you may hide yourself with them coat-tails, but you can't fool me, you sarpent! Well! if that were n't a skene in the first openin'. Bethel start herself quare, no doubts about that."

Bringing himself back to proper solemnity, he returned to the house, where the scene had continued interesting. Some young women, in expectation of the sight of streams of blood upon the sacred floor, prepared to faint; and when none appeared they decided to faint notwithstanding. Mr. Roach was overwhelmed with sympathetic questions and dolefully comforting assurances.

"Ef," said Mr. Harrell—"ef you feel your time have come, Berry, my advices is to do

your level best at prayin' to be forgive' for your sins. Them 's my advices."

Looking behind as well as he could, feeling for the murderous gash, finding none, and seeing no blood, Mr. Roach looked up and seemed vaguely vibrating between relief and disappointment. At that moment the young man came in, and, holding aloft the weapon, said aloud:

"A boy have jobbed this here pin into Mr. Roach, and then runned away a-kiverin' his head with his coat-tails so a body could n't see how to sw'ar to him."

What else could he say, when there was the mother among the most cordial sympathizers?

"The varmint!" said Mr. Harrell. "'Pears like you got more of a rimnant left than we supposed, Berry; but it's to be hoped you'll take warnin' before it 's everlastin' too late."

In the midst of titterings that vainly strove to be repressed the preacher called all to their knees, and, after jerking out some sort of prayer, dismissed the meeting. When the greater part had dispersed, Mr. Hammick, having awaited the opportunity, gave information to Mrs. Sanky of Jim's misconduct.

"I was afraid it was him, Brer Hammick. Please go and tell Mr. Roach I 'd like to see him for jes one minute."

"Well, now, Sister Sanky, I ain't quite shore; at leastways for a little while, if I was in your place—"

"Please go and send him here, Brer Hammick."

When Mr. Roach approached her, pale, with tremulous tone, she said:

"Mr. Roach, it were Jeems Sanky that run that pin into you, and if I had my ruthers, I don't know but I 'd o' ruther somebody have run a knife into my heart! I see nothin' but for you to pectect yourself and let the law take its course; but I hope you 'll tell the judge, and the jury, and the sheriff, and the man that keep the jail, to try to 'member that the poor boy have no fathers, and that they 'll all be no harder on him than the law 'll allow. If the poor child have got to be hung, the good Lord know I don't want to live to see it."

"I 'm sorry, truly sorry, Missis Sanky," he answered, with unaffected sympathy. "'Pear like I 'm sorry for you as I am for myself. In course, I has to try to pectect myself agin Jim, but I shall make it my business to study and try to be leeniwent along o' Jim as I possible can be."

"Thanky! thanky! Poor Mr. Sanky before he died always said you was a good man down at the bottom of your hearts, and now what he say have come true. I can't but hope you 'll get your rewards. Good-by, Mr. Roach."

As Mr. Roach turned he was met by Mr. Harrell and Mrs. Pheriby. The former laughingly said:

"I were powerful glad you was skeert a heap worse than you was hurted, Berry. My! my! but did n't you jump and tell the news! But even *me*, I even jumped a little bit; for, says I, who know but me next, a-settin' right thar by you? You did n't know I could jump so, did you? Oh, yes, sence the new meetin'-house been put up I feel like a colt just weaned. But," assuming vast threatenings in his looks, "I should spar' no time nor no money to find out who that boy were that he have the imp'dence to interrup' public worship in that kind a style, and ef his parents did n't let me take his hide off'n him, nor they did n't do it theirselves, I should put the law onto him to the extents she mind to take him for his oudaciousness at a solemcholy time that were. I 'm glad it were n't me; but the boy that done that, whomsoever he is, he knowed better than to be a-jobbin' o' pins inter me in that kind o' style. Good-by. Come 'long, Pheriby."

"Mr. Roach," lingering, she said, "I was very much frightened at first, and I am very glad indeed that you was hurt no worse. Good-by. I 'm coming, Pa."

The feelings of Mr. Roach during the remainder of that day and night, and for another day and night, he used afterwards to characterize as "prob'ble the schupendousest egzitement any man in the whole State o' Georgia ever drapped into for the time a bein'." He pondered and pondered till bedtime, and after that could n't sleep for a long, long time; and when he awoke next morning found that he had been dreaming about pondering all night. Several poor relatives came there the next day, full of apprehension, anger, vengeance. All of them he dismissed as soon as decency would allow, some of them perhaps rather sooner, comforting them with the assurance that in his body, and even in both of his legs, he had never felt better; and then he went to pondering again. His purpose on the forenoon of Saturday had been formed to ride home with Mrs. Pheriby after service, and feel, and allow Mrs. Pheriby to feel, their ways among matters that possibly would be interesting to both; but he had been disgusted with her father's behavior, particularly the deception of which he had been guilty regarding the condition of his health and strength of body. Just as soon as the Bethel business had been made secure here was old man Harrell going about kicking up his heels like a young man. From the number of times that man had seemed to be about to drop right into the grave, then suddenly turning his back upon it and gone to prancing, it did appear that he was destined, if not to be restored to his youth, at least, as poor Mr. Sanky had prophesied, to survive many a man, even Littleberry Roach, now in the full

vigor of manhood. No, sir; no, sir; not to-day, at all events. Mr. Harrell may be a professor, and Littleberry Roach a mere worldling; but Littleberry Roach would n't treat people that way, old nor young. No, sir; no, sir.

But of course the subject on which Mr. Roach had been pondering the most during these

other narrow streak of white, and so to dispose her long hair that it might contribute its own portion of help, however inconsiderable, to the suppliant she was about to become. When the visitor entered the house, received the friendly greeting, looked upon the patient face that sorrow, tasteful gear, and a most abun-



THE PROPOSAL.

two days and nights was the pressing need of his being protected against Jim Sanky. That boy had to be dealt with in a summary way that would stop his destructive practices. Still he was the son of a widow, and she had acted so honorably throughout, that he believed that, as a man, a neighbor, and a friend, he should give her notice of his intention, so that her scapegrace, if so minded, might abscond. How best to do this was not perfectly clear to his mind, but it was a thing that could not be delayed, he felt; and so on Monday morning, in a state of some incertitude, he dressed himself uncommonly well for a week-day, and mounted his horse. As he rode along the lane between a fine field of cotton on one side and one of corn as good on the other, in the midst of other thoughts he, in brief parentheses, contemplated how the widow Sanky, who was a better manager than her late husband had been, was making tell the work she was putting on that rather small but excellent plantation.

Mrs. Sanky, made aware of his slow, apparently thoughtful approach, downcast as she was in heart, felt it not entirely amiss to add an-

dant, well-arranged suit of hair made strikingly interesting, after a few moments, turning his eyes, he surveyed some bright, new furniture, which had been received there since his last visit, a month ago.

"Nice," he said; "all very nice."

"I'm glad you think so," answered the lady; then sighed, with great heaviness.

Mr. Roach, startled, said, or tried to say:

"Law bless my—Missis Sanky! I—I can't do anything—in this case a—along o' Jim."

"Oh, can't you, Mr. Roach? Bless your dear—there now! I no business a-usin' that word; but—I forgot myself at the minute." And how she did blush!

"As for puttin' the law onto Jim, like the neighbors advises, I hain't the hearts to do it. And yit, Missis Sanky, a man in my sitooation o' life he owe it to hisself to perpect hisself ef he can."

"Of course he do, Mr. Roach; of course."

"I has took in consideration that, as I've freckwent heered you say with your own mouth, that Jim Sanky have no fathers, at least for the present time a bein'; and I goes on to say

that fathers, or at leastways some of 'em, is what Jim Sanky need, ef any can be found suitable to riggerlate him. Ahem, madam!"

Mrs. Sanky stared up at him, who was now standing, as if he were a ghost; and if not a very awful, at least a very tall one, at that.

"Yes, madam, Missis Sanky, them is who Jim Sanky need, and if it's your consents and your wishes, I 'm willin' to be them very them, and only them tell death shall me and you do part."

He had heard somewhere that when a man was discussing with a woman a subject of importance it assisted much to use words of solemn import.

As it was inconvenient to faint with satisfaction in a sitting position, Mrs. Sanky arose, tottered, looked weakly at Mr. Roach, fell into his arms, and after remaining there a few minutes said beseechingly:

"O Mr. Roach! dear Mr. Roach! do, please, let me loose!"

He did so promptly; and when she resumed her seat she said, "Mr. Roach, *Mister* Roach, I thought all this time—upon my soul, I thought it was Pheriby."

If he was embarrassed by this remark he determined not to seem so. Smiling in a pleasant disdain, he was silent for a few moments, then said:

"Ah, ha! I knewed it! Polly,—as I will call you in a' affectionate way,—does you 'member a-tellin' me what—what cert'n people said in their lifetime about old man Har'll, and him a-outlivin' cert'n various people? Well, I found out that that is a constant a-comin' true; 'people of var'ous age a-dyin' and a-droppin' off on all side, and him a-frol-ickin' around, and a-callin' hisself a colt and that not even broke, but jes weaned! No, madam; old man Har'll may 'pose on t' other people, but not on Berry Roach. I ain't a-de-nyin' that he got out o' me fifty dollars when he make out like he were on his last laigs; but any man is liable to sech as that when he think it's a' old person's dyin' hour. No, Polly," taking her hand, "you hit me a toler'ble sizable lick that day when I come over to see you about Jim, and you had on that same cape you got on now, and I smelt your hankercher, and you talk so fa'r and squar' about Jim, and I has already begun to feel lonesome thar at home by myself, and all that sot me to thinkin'. And but now, last Sadday, after all that rumpus, and you sent for me, and me not a even a-dreamin' who it were jobbed my laig with that pin, and the very boy's very mother told me herself who it were, and I see you was yit fa'rer and squarer, and which I 'll not deny that I have notussed that cape and them white ruffles round your wrists, a-lookin' like they would if they could, modest as they was, and you drawed out your Sunday hankercher

which I could smell it out thar in the very ar, and it make me feel solemn and good all over in great big spots, ontwell as I rid on back home I says to myself, what Jim Sanky need for me to pectect myself agin him is *fathers*; and then, when that have got stuck fa'r and squar' in my mind, I jes had to add on to myself that I 'd be them fathers myself ef so be it's the good Lord's will and the boy's mother's to boot. Now that is every single blessed thing they is in it."

Tears came to Mrs. Sanky's eyes, and nothing could have been sweeter to the nostrils of Mr. Roach than the perfume of the handkerchief with which she dried them so pitifully. A woman of delicate feelings would not be willing for it to be understood that she could be won so suddenly, as it appeared, by even such a man as Mr. Littleberry Roach, and so she said:

"Berry, up to the time when you come over here about Jeems a-knockin' out your cotton with his hounds, and a-skearin' of your sheep in the pastur', and a-doggin' your hogs in the low grounds, my mind have never not even *dwelt* on any man person since the widow I've been. But somehow, on that present occasion, when you have come over here, a actual' *dreaned* o' fifty dollars by Brer Harrell, and Pheriby to boot, and instid of takin' damages for Jeems and his hounds, you put down and added the actual shingles for our meetin'-house, then I says to myself, as a dilicate female is obleeged to say to herself, also she may n't be nothin' but a lone widow, but yit I says to myself, my hopes is, Berry Roach will never ask me to jind him in the banes o' mattermony; cause *if* he do, I shall be obleeged to give my consents. Oh, me! but I hope them words—Berry, I do hope they excuse me on the awful occasion!"

"'Umph, humph! Yes; I 'm glad to hear it. 'Pears like we was rather nunaninous on them p'int. Whar's Jim, Polly?"

"Jeems he got uneasy in his mind, and he have went across the river to Cousin Sookey Brazze's."

"'Umph, humph! Well, Polly, I 'm a-gwine on to town; and by as yearly in the afternoon as I can'tend to the business and git back I shall be here, and I shall fetch the married license, and I shall fetch along also other Squire Buck Peek, or the old man Swinney, whichever you may perfers, ef it ain't too ill-conwenant."

"*Mister* Roach!"

"You heerd me what I said."

"You are so hasty and—and I may say, perfect, actual' vi'lent."

"Mayby so, mayby so; but a man at my time o' life that he have been a-waitin' this long, he don't feel like he ought natchul' to be made wait no longer. Which do you say, Buck Peek, or the old man Swinney?"



"Why, Brer Swinney in course, if—if it ain't too inconvenient. Berry Roach, you actuil' astonish me, and you mighty nigh take away a body's breath with your hurry and—vi'lence, I call it. Go 'long off!"

It was a union happy for all. Mr. Roach used with a thankful heart to refer to these last scenes.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; when my mind were made up, she were made up. Polly she said I were vi'lent, same as a harrikane, and mayby I were. But you see, a-lettin' alone o' that cape, and that smellin' hankercher, and that ha'r, the sleekest and the mostest I ever see hung on top o' a female head, and then thar were Jim, which I have knowed I were jes obleeged to perfect myself somehow agin Jim Sanky, and it come on me all of a sudden that the best

way to do that were to git possessions of his mother. And when Jim come back from his cousin Sookey Brazzle's and found me thar at the head o' things, it cowed him to that, that as everybody know, he whirled in and he made a man o' hisself; nor not even his mother is prouder than what I am o' Jeems Sanky. And it all go to show that not ontwell a man's time come to git married he a-gwine to do it; but when the time do come, he may wring and twist and squirm, but he 's jes as certain as a shot is to roll out a shovel when she 's tilted. And as for me, when I come back thar that evenin' along o' Buck Peek, and Polly were lookin' beautifuller and gorgerouser than I ever see her befo', I felt that good and peaceable in my mind that I were glad I never got married befo'; dad-fetchit, if I did n't."

*Richard Malcolm Johnston.*

## THE SUN-DANCE OF THE SIOUX.



GOING TO THE DANCE.

A FEW years ago it was the good fortune of the writer to witness, at the Spotted Tail Indian Agency, on Beaver Creek, Nebraska, the ceremony of the great sun-dance of the Sioux. Perhaps eight thousand Brulé Sioux were quartered at the agency at that time, and

about forty miles to the west, near the head of the White River, there was another reservation of Sioux, numbering probably a thousand or fifteen hundred less. Ordinarily each tribe or reservation has its own celebration of the sun-dance; but owing to the nearness of these two

agencies it was this year thought best to join forces and celebrate the savage rites with unforgotten splendor and barbarity. Nearly half way between the reservations the two forks of the Chadron (or Shadron) creek form a wide plain, which was chosen as the site of the great sun-dance.

In general it is almost impossible for a white man to gain permission to view this ceremony in all its details; but I had in Spotted Tail, the chief, and in Standing Elk, the head warrior, two very warm friends, and their promise that I should behold the rites in part slowly widened and allowed me to obtain full view of the entire proceedings.

It was in June that the celebration was to be held, and for many days before the first ceremonies took place the children of the prairies began to assemble, not only from the two agencies most interested, but from many distant bands of Sioux to which rumors of the importance of this meeting had gone. Everywhere upon the plains were picturesque little caravans moving towards the level stretch between the branches of the Chadron—ponies dragging the lodge-poles of the tepees, with roughly constructed willow baskets hanging from the poles and filled with a confusion of pots and puppies, babies and drums, scalps and kindling-wood and rolls of jerked buffalo meat, with old hags urging on the ponies, and gay young warriors riding. Fully twenty thousand Sioux were present, the half-breeds and the "squaw-men" of the two agencies said, when the opening day arrived. Probably fifteen thousand would be more correct. It was easier to believe the statement of the Indians that it was the grandest sun-dance within the memory of the oldest warriors; and as I became fully convinced of this assertion, I left no stone unturned that would keep me fast in the good graces of my friends, Spotted Tail and Standing Elk.

When all had assembled and the medicine-men had set the day for the beginning of the great dance dedicated to the sun, the "sun-pole" was selected. A handsome young pine or fir, forty or fifty feet high, with the straightest and most uniformly tapering trunk that could be found within a reasonable distance, was chosen. The selection is always made by some old woman, generally the oldest one in the camp, if there is any way of determining, who leads a number of maidens gaily dressed in the beautiful beaded buckskin gowns they wear on state occasions; the part of the maidens is to strip the tree of its limbs as high as is possible without felling it. Woe to the girl who claims to be a maiden, and joins the procession the old squaw forms, against whose claims any reputable warrior or squaw may publicly pro-

claim. Her punishment is swift and sure, and her degradation more cruel than interesting.

The selection of the tree is the only special feature of the first day's celebration. After it has been stripped of its branches nearly to the top, the brushwood and trees for a considerable distance about it are removed, and it is left standing for the ceremony of the second day.

Long before sunrise the eager participants in the next great step were preparing themselves for the ordeal; and a quarter of an hour before the sun rose above the broken hills of white clay a long line of naked young warriors, in gorgeous war-paint and feathers, with rifles, bows and arrows, and war-lances in hand, faced the east and the sun-pole, which was from five to six hundred yards away. Ordinarily this group of warriors numbers from fifty to possibly two hundred men. An interpreter near me estimated the line I beheld as from a thousand to twelve hundred strong. Not far away, on a high hill overlooking the barbaric scene, was an old warrior, a medicine-man of the tribe, I think, whose solemn duty it was to announce by a shout that could be heard by every one of the expectant throng the exact moment when the tip of the morning sun appeared above the eastern hills. Perfect quiet rested upon the line of young warriors and upon the great throng of savage spectators that blacked the green hills overlooking the arena. Suddenly the old warrior, who had been kneeling on one knee, with his extended palm shading his scraggy eyebrows, arose to his full height, and in a slow, dignified manner waved his blanketed arm above his head. The few warriors who were still unmounted now jumped hurriedly upon their ponies; the broken, wavering line rapidly took on a more regular appearance; and then the old man, who had gathered himself for the great effort, hurled forth a yell that could be heard to the uttermost limits of the great throng. The morning sun had sent its commands to its warriors on earth to charge.

The shout from the hill was reëchoed by the thousand men in the valley; it was caught up by the spectators on the hills as the long line of warriors hurled themselves forward towards the sun-pole, the objective point of every armed and naked savage in the yelling line. As they converged towards it the slower ponies dropped out, and the weaker ones were crushed to the rear. Nearer and nearer they came, the long line becoming massed until it was but a surging crowd of plunging horses and yelling, gesticulating riders. When the leading warriors had reached a point within a hundred yards of the sun-pole, a sharp report of rifles sounded along the line, and a



DRAWN BY FREDERIC REYNOLDS.

THE CHARGE ON THE SUN-POLE.

ENGRAVED BY A. W. EVANS.

moment later the rushing mass was a sheet of flame, and the rattle of rifle-shots was like the rapid beat of a drum resounding among the hills. Every shot, every arrow, and every lance was directed at the pole, and bark and chips were flying from its sides like shavings from the rotary bit of a planer. When every bullet had been discharged, and every arrow and lance had been hurled, the riders crowded around the pole and shouted as only excited savages can shout.

Had it fallen in this onslaught, another pole would have been chosen and another morning devoted to this performance. Though this seldom happens, it was thought that the numerous assailants of this pole might bring it to the ground. They did not, however, although it looked like a ragged scarecrow, with chips and bark hanging from its mutilated sides.

That such a vast, tumultuous throng could escape accident in all that wild charging, firing of shots, hurling of lances and arrows, and great excitement would be bordering on a miracle, and no miracle happened. One of the great warriors was trampled upon in the charge and died late that evening, and another Indian was shot. The bruises, sprains, and cuts that might have been spoken of in lesser affairs were here unnoticed, and nothing was heard of them.

Later in the day the sun-pole was cut down and taken to the center of the great plain between the two forks of the Chadron, about a mile away. Here a slight excavation was made, and into it the butt of the sun-pole was put, and the tree, the bushy top having now disappeared, was held upright by a number of ropes made of buffalo thongs diverging from its top. At their outer ends, probably from seventy to eighty feet away from the sun-pole, they were fastened to the tops of stakes seven or eight feet in length. These, with a large number of stakes of similar size driven in close together, formed a circular cordon around the sun-pole, and over these stakes were stretched elk-skins and buffalo-ropes, canvas and blankets, and a wattling of willows and brush. Sometimes canvas, blankets, and light elk-skins are thrown over the supporting ropes to ward off in a slight way the fierce rays of the noonday sun. To one approaching by the road that led over the winding hills which hem in the broad plain between the two forks of the Chadron the affair looked not unlike a circus tent, the top of which has been ruthlessly torn away by a cyclone.

All day, from the closing of the ceremony of shooting at the sun-pole, the attention of the Indians was occupied in constructing this inclosure, where, within a day or two after its completion, they performed those barbarous

rites and ceremonies of cruelty and self-torture that have placed the sun-dance of the Sioux on a level with the barbarisms of any of the far more famed devotees of Juggernaut.

Early on the morning of the third or fourth day the true worship of the sun, if it can be strictly so called, was begun. So far all that that luminary had done was to signal the charge of the young warriors on the sun-pole. It now entered into the calculation of every minute, almost of every second, of the barbarous proceedings. Those who were to torture themselves, probably forty or fifty in a sun-dance of this size, were, as near as I could judge, young warriors from twenty to twenty-five years of age, all of them the very finest specimens of savage manhood in the great tribe.

I was told that these fine fellows fast for a number of days before they go through the self-torture, one informant saying that before the ordeal takes place it is required of them to abstain from food for seven days and from water for two. While their condition did not indicate such abstemiousness as this, I think it true that some fasting precedes the more barbarous ceremonies.

The third day was mostly consumed in dancing and in exercises that did not vary greatly from the dances and exercises usually seen at any time in large Indian villages. On this day, however, the sun-dance began. Within the arena were from six to twelve young warriors, still in war-costume of paint and feathers, standing in a row, and always facing the sun, however brightly it shone in their eyes; with fists clenched across the breast, like a foot racer in a contest of speed, they jumped up and down in measured leaps to the monotonous beating of the tom-toms and the accompanying yi-yi-yi-yis of the assembled throng. The dancers occasionally vary the proceedings with savage music or with whistles made of bone. Now and then a similar row of young maidens would appear in another part of the arena, and their soprano voices would break in pleasantly on the harsher voices of the men. The dancing continued for intervals of from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour, broken by rests of about equal length, and lasted from sunrise to sunset.

Many trifling ceremonies took place while the important ones were proceeding. Horses and ponies were brought into the arena, and the medicine-men, with incantations, dipped their hands into colored earth and besmeared the sides of the animals with it. As these animals were evidently the best war-ponies, the ceremony was doubtless a blessing or a consecration to war.

On the fourth day of the Chadron sun-dance the self-torture began, and I was told that those who were to submit themselves to the great





MAKING MEDICINE-PONIES.

ordeal were the same young warriors who had been dancing the day before. Those who began the dance on the fourth day took the final ordeal on the fifth, and so for four or five days the dancers of one day became the sufferers of the tortures of the next.

The row of dancers took their places promptly at sunrise, but it was not before nine or ten that the tortures began.

Then each one of the young men presented himself to a medicine-man, who took between his thumb and forefinger a fold of the loose skin of the breast, about half way between the nipple and the collar-bone, lifted it as high as possible, and then ran a very narrow-bladed but sharp knife through the skin underneath the hand. In the aperture thus made, and before the knife was withdrawn, a stronger skewer of bone, about the size of a carpenter's pencil, was inserted. Then the knife-blade was taken out, and over the projections of this skewer, back-

wards and forwards, alternately right and left, was thrown a figure-of-eight noose with a strong thong of dressed skin. This was tied to a long skin rope fastened, at its other extremity, to the top of the sun-pole in the center of the arena. Both breasts are similarly punctured, the thongs from each converging and joining the rope which hangs from the pole. The whole object of the devotee is to break loose from these fetters. To liberate himself he must tear the skewers through the skin, a horrible task that even with the most resolute may require many hours of torture. His first attempts are very easy, and seem intended to get him used to the horrible pain he must yet endure before he breaks loose from the thongs. As he increases his efforts his shouts increase, huge drops of perspiration pour down his greasy, painted skin, and every muscle stands out on his body in tortuous ridges, his swaying frame, as he throws his whole weight wildly against the



FACING THE SETTING SUN.

fearful fetters, being convulsed with shudders. All the while the beating of the tom-toms and the wild, weird chanting of the singers near him continue. The wonderful strength and extensibility of the human skin is most forcibly and fearfully displayed in the strong struggles of the quivering victims. I have seen these bloody pieces of bone stretched to such a length from the devotee that his outstretched arms in front of him would barely allow his fingers to touch them.

I know it is not pleasant to dwell long upon this cruel spectacle. Generally in two or three hours the victim is free, but there are many cases where double and even triple that time is required. Oftentimes there are half a dozen swinging wildly from the pole, running towards it and then moving backwards with the swiftness of a war-horse and the fierceness of a lion in their attempts to tear the accursed skewers from their wounded flesh. Occasion-

ally some over-ambitious youth will erect four stakes within the arena, and fastening skewers to both breasts and to both shoulders will throw himself backwards and forwards against the four ropes that hold the skewers to the stakes.

Faintings are not uncommon even among these sturdy savages; but no forfeit, opprobrium, censure, or loss of respect in any way seems to follow. The victim is cut loose and placed on the floor of some lodge near by and left in charge of his nurses. The only attempt I saw to break loose from double skewers in front and behind terminated in this manner. Whether the men ever afterwards enter the cruel contest after having thus failed I do not know. It may be possible that some exceedingly ambitious warrior may enter the lists year after year to show his prowess, but I understand that it is supposed to be done but once in a lifetime. It is not obligatory, and by far

the greater number grow up sensibly abstaining from such savage luxuries. When the day is almost over, and the solar deity is nearly down in the west, the self-tortured warriors file from the inclosed arena, one by one, and just outside the doors, deeply covered with handsomely painted buffalo-robcs, they kneel, and with arms crossed over their bloody breasts and with bowed heads face the setting sun and rise only when it has disappeared.

Many other horrible variations have been reported to me; such as tying a saddle or a buffalo's skull to the end of the long rope fastened to the skewer and running over the prairie and through the timber, the saddle or skull bounding after the victim until he liberates himself; or, when fainting, to draw the tortured man clear of the ground by the ropes until his weight overcame the strength of the distended skin. My informants told me that no two of the ceremonies were alike, the self-torture in some form being the one common link in all. The consecration of the sun-pole, much of the dancing and singing, the double efforts of ambitious youths, and other ceremonies might be left out entirely or others substituted. I describe it only as I saw it. I will add that this sun-dance was called the greatest the Sioux had ever held; the greatest self-sacrifice of the greatest native nation within our boundaries. Within a year they had checked, at the Rosebud Hills in Montana, the largest army we had ever launched against the American Indians in a single fight; had retired successfully to the Little Big Horn, a few miles away, and there, a week later, had wiped Custer's fine command from the face of the earth; had held Reno for two days upon a hill; had



HERALDING THE SUNRISE.

never lost a battle worthy of the name in the war which led to their subjugation; and had proved the utter worthlessness of victory to a savage race contending against civilization.

*Frederick Schwatka.*

## THE DESERTED CITY.

THERE lies a little city leagues away.  
 Its wharves the green sea washes all day long.  
 Its busy, sun-bright wharves with sailors' song  
 And clamor of trade ring loud the livelong day.  
 Into the happy harbor hastening, gay  
 With press of snowy canvas, tall ships throng.  
 The peopled streets to blithe-eyed Peace belong,  
 Glad housed beneath these crowding roofs of gray.

'T was long ago this city prospered so,—  
 For yesterday a woman died therein;  
 Since when the wharves are idle fallen, I know,  
 And in the streets is hushed the pleasant din;  
 The thronging ships have been, the songs have been;  
 Since yesterday it is so long ago!

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

## THE LAST MARCHBANKS.



“**IF** YOU will just step over there to Miss Addington’s desk she will talk with you, madam,” I heard the managing editor say in tones a little more gentle than were usual to him.

I looked up from my half-finished sentence and saw coming towards me, as if propelled by the wave of the editorial hand, a little, shabby, dainty, delicate old lady. She was dressed in black, and her white withered face was charmingly pretty in those fundamental lines upon which time has least effect.

Resentment swelled within me. The managing editor always put it off on me to deal with the piteous feminine non-competents continually trickling in and out of the office.

“I’m afraid I’m taking up your time, when you are very busy,” said the lady, with a gracious little “society” manner, in which, nevertheless, a tremor of timidity and anxiety was all too evident.

Lo, she was a Southerner; there was no mistaking that gentle drawl on the vowels and suppression of the consonants. I shall not try to reproduce the peculiarity of her speech; the written letters cannot convey what it was, except as you know it already, and they seem to coarsen it.

She had a manuscript with her that she hoped might be adapted to the columns of the “Evening Appeal”; she always enjoyed the “Appeal” so very much.

Her manuscript was devoted to picturing details of life on a Southern plantation in the autumn. She had tried to make it timely; she had heard that that was desirable for daily papers. It was not about the far South, but told of things as they might be in Tennessee or Kentucky, the sorghum pressing, and sweet-potato digging, and hog-killing —

“Oh, I know it all so well,” I broke forth.

“You, do you? Why, my dear child, are you from the South?”

How can I tell you all she put into those words?—the glad recognition of a matter-of-course friend and ally; the faint, half-tender reproach that I was so demoralized that she did not know me at once for a compatriot; and the surprise at finding a Southern girl there in that office, surrounded by men, and working away as one of them.

She who had shown no consciousness of anything anomalous in my position before now glanced about the ugly place, even at the up-turned desk drawer I was using for a footstool, and put out a little, crooked old hand to pat me pityingly and reassuringly.

When she found I was from Tennessee, and that my name was Addington, we were straightway launched on a tide of interchange and reminiscence.

I was not surprised to find we knew all about each other’s families: I had dimly supposed we did when I heard her speak. All Southerners do know, or know of, all the rest, and I had been given of late years rather to escaping than seeking those kindly intimacies they establish as a matter of course when they meet away from home. The exigencies of life had forced me to appreciate them more in the abstract than the concrete.

But only a brute could have withheld a cordial response from this little gentlewoman, and moreover her name stood for a good deal to my imagination. It was, she told me, Fanny Marchbanks Overman.

I suppose she had been Mrs. Overman nearly forty years; but, being a Southerner, she was still to herself and her friends Fanny Marchbanks as well.

The Marchbanks part was what interested me. My grandfather’s most intimate friend, and his partner for many years, had been Judge Marchbanks; and even in my half-foreign bringing up I had learned the traditions of that stout old Whig’s loyalty and shrewdness and eccentricity. I had heard too of his daughter; had heard of her as the brilliant young belle who had been my mother’s childish ideal of beauty; and now, after all these years and generations and upheavals, here were Fanny Marchbanks and I meeting in the office of the New York “Evening Appeal,” and she was a poor old woman wanting to sell an unmarketable manuscript.

That manuscript—the thought of it fell upon me like a pall. The worst was her confidence



in me, in my acceptance of it; I had been stealing glances at it while she told me what a "polished gentleman" my grandfather was, and how smooth my mother wore her hair when she was a little girl.

I saw it would be as much as my position was worth to hand it to the managing editor.

I asked her if she had been doing much writing in New York.

Yes, she had been writing here for a year and a half. She had written some stories for one of the dying, old fashion magazines; she had had a Southern sketch in a good weekly;

Senator Lawton, don't you? Then why can't you take this paper and fix it all up as happening on Senator Lawton's place—you've been there? You can easily make it accurate then. You see that if you can make it fit in with something that is going on, that the papers are full of just now, it will go; it is hardly enough to make it simply about the present season, though that is well; but if you show what the Lawtons' home is like, I am sure you can sell it to 'The Earth,' and they will pay you better than this paper will."

She looked pitifully dubious. "You don't



"SHE WILL TALK WITH YOU, MADAM."

she had sent some letters to her Church paper in the South; she had even had some negro anecdotes published in one of the "comic" journals!

I could guess what that dear, simple, girl-like old thing had gone through; the struggle and the poverty and the heart-straining anxiety it had cost to achieve this much. Now she wanted to do more: she wanted to get into other lines of writing, and she thought there must be a great field in the daily papers; and she looked up at me with the light of hope and the waver of fear in her faded, pretty old eyes.

A bright thought came to save me from despair—if only she could be made to share it. A Tennessee senator had just made some kind of sensation in Congress. I said: "You know

think it would be infringing on the laws of hospitality?" she said.

"You don't need to be personal and Jenkinsy," I hastened to assure her; "and you might write to Colonel Lawton for permission to tell about his sorghum presses."

She smiled in a relieved, reassured way. She listened with deep attention to all I had to say. She had a wonderful adaptability; she caught a new idea as to what was wanted in a way that was highly encouraging.

"I know what you mean," she said, "about the new, curt, quick way of writing. I have noticed it in the papers, only I thought perhaps it was because they could n't write any other way. But I can try to do it too, if that is what they like up here in the North. And I'll tell

anything about the Lawton place that seems unobjectionable. I'm glad you think he won't dislike it. And now, my dear, I'll take myself away. I'm sure you are giving me far too much time; but you can just tell them, my child, that you don't see any one every day up here who knows all about you for three generations. Dear, dear, it does seem too bad to leave you here all by yourself so, and you so young. What would your grandfather th— But then your grandfather would be very proud of your talents, Adelene, and he was a man who knew that we have to adapt ourselves to circumstances; and I'm sure these—gentlemen all seem very—very inoffensive." And she overlooked the hard-working, scribbling crowd bent over their desks.

Softly fluttering over me in this fashion to the very elevator door, she finally took her leave.

I soon learned what seemed all the main facts of her little story; her great, tragic human story, filled, as everybody's story is, with experiences at once terrible and commonplace.

She had been left a widow, with two little children, while still a young woman; the children, boys, had both died only a few years later, and she had spent most of her life as a childless widow in her widowed father's house. She was his only child. He had died near the beginning of the war; most of their property had been lost. Mrs. Overman had since then made what shift she could; and now, in her old age, with a courage that had root in inborn gallantry of soul, and also in ignorance of this rough world, she had come to this strange land "the North" to try to make her living by writing.

How foreign and far away this part of our common country seemed to her probably only a Southerner could realize. Fundamental ideas affect many ramifications of feeling as well as thought, and the weakness of the idea of nationality at the South sharpens many a homesick pang in many a traveler and exile who would not understand the phrase.

That Mrs. Overman succeeded as well as she did was a continual marvel to me. There was a dauntlessness about the frail, delicate, lady-bred old woman that made me proud of the civilization—if you will permit the word—that had produced her.

I sympathize with the point of view that finds Southern aristocratic pretensions humorous; they certainly had far less basis of material splendor than the simple-minded aristocrats themselves imagined: and I doubt not that there is and will be in the future something better in this world than any kind of aristocracy; but for the blessings of a commercial democracy we pay a good deal, and my provincial little old woman exemplified the

high-hearted virtues of the old régime in her union of fine pride, courage, cheerfulness, and gentleness as nobly as if her claims to blue blood were based on something more imposing than an ancestry of two or three generations of backwoods dignitaries; the obligations of an aristocracy were strong upon her.

I a little dreaded visiting her in her boarding-house. I thought I knew what it would be like, and I felt that it would be rather wretched to see her in the midst of its cheap frivolities and poor pretensions; but I found she had discovered for herself a place very different from my imagination—not vulgar, though offering hardships enough to such a one as Miss Fanny, as we must now in common friendliness begin to call her.

"It is a woman's boarding-house, dear; a business woman's house," she explained to me as we sat side by side on an immense hair-cloth sofa in the clean, mournful, self-respecting parlor.

"Miss Mary Barnwell told me about it before I came on here. You never saw Miss Mary, did you? Your mother knew her; she is a lovely woman; she was Timothy Barnwell's daughter, that endowed the college in Wexville, and Miss Mary teaches there; she comes on to New York in the summer sometimes, and she stops here. It made me feel so much more at home to come to a place I'd heard Mary tell about, and I think it is very sheltered and protected to be in a house without gentlemen—when one is quite alone so."

It was a big, old-fashioned house, and the large rooms were divided up into small ones by wooden partitions; these were long and narrow sections of the original apartment, and each contained two little iron bedsteads. The inhabitants of the business woman's boarding-house were united as room-mates without reference to anything but a rigidly inspected respectability all around (surely none but the most respectable of women ever wanted to live there), but each was given a bed to herself.

Miss Fanny found it a little painful to explain these things to me, and a faint red spot came in each withered, delicate old cheek as she said: "It seems a little like what they call an institution up here, does n't it? But it is n't. The landlady is a New England woman; her name is Martin, and you see she has planned to have the cheapest place—that—a nice person can live in; and you see it is n't so bad, for it is clean, and it is quite comfortable, I assure you; and you know you are sure that your room-mate is respectable, and everything is arranged for it, so you have a great deal more privacy than you would think. I must take you to my room," she went

on, "to show you my father's portrait. Oh, yes, I always have that with me; and you must be able to say you know how Judge Marchbanks looked."

"Of course," she said, on the stairs, "these Northerners are very strange. The lady I am with is named Miss Boggs. You'd think she was—well, rather a common sort of person, from very plain people, you know, on first meeting her; but she is very highly educated; she is studying medicine. She has n't the polish one finds in our people, but I am sure she has a very fine character, and she is religious, and—and settled in her views; not in the least like we used to be apt to imagine at the South."

She was interrupted by arriving at her door. Miss Boggs was not in. Looking very large, upon the walls of the cell-like little place, hung the portrait in its dingy gilt frame,—you know the kind,—the clothing like solidified smoke, the linen as if molded out of vapor, and the flesh suggesting painted wood; yet the creature who painted it had not succeeded in evading his subject altogether, ample as were his incapacities, and something of the man, the large-minded, able, romantic man that I had heard of, was in it. I even thought I could see in it qualities I already knew in Miss Fanny, especially the receptivity, the openness to new ideas that made her seem so young, and made it possible for her to wage such battle as she had entered upon.

I could imagine, as I looked at the picture, that the Judge, if put down alive in the queer room, would make some sort of intelligent effort to comprehend the conditions around him.

Miss Fanny flecked at the frame with her pocket-handkerchief, she carried me to one side and the other to see the picture, and she impressively told me the name of the poor soul who painted it. Then she sat herself down in front of it, and told me about the Polk and Clay campaign in which Judge March-



"MISS FANNY FLECKED AT THE FRAME WITH HER HANDKERCHIEF."

banks and my grandfather had "stumped" the State together—trying politely but fruitlessly to remember as many instances of triumph and adulation for my ancestor as for hers. That both gentlemen were on the losing side in that contest had never occurred to her as dimming their honors.

I always remember her as she looked that day, like some quaint little priestess before a shrine. She sat in a chair close against the wall, that in the narrow room she might be able to see the picture opposite; her white hair was crimped a little and drawn softly back in a very good compromise between old styles and new,—Miss Fanny was not the person to cling to the old for its own sake,—and at her wrists and neck were, of all things, bits of "thread" lace. Her figure was girlish

rather than otherwise, and pretty too, with its nice flat back; but the old black gown was skimpy and shabby, and that made me sorry, because I knew the little woman was not and never would be indifferent to her dress. As she talked away so proudly, so feelingly of "my father," I wondered what place in memory had all the rest of her long past; the wifehood and widowhood and motherhood, the common, blessed warm joys, and common, crushing griefs that fate had bestowed upon her, and which, good and ill alike, she—so little and tender still—had survived. All seemed to have sunk out of sight, to be buried, and only the first ties to be still active and operative despite time and death. I reflected that after all she had spent most of her life with her father, that it was as his daughter she had chiefly found her title to existence, but I did not know at that time the thing that really explained her special devotion to him—the fact that she was then spending herself in his service, for his good name. The filial tie was reinforced now by one yet stronger, by perhaps the firmest of human bonds, that which binds the server to the served, and at last something like a mother's love mingled with the daughter's loyal adoration of the long-dead man.

I staid to dinner with her—supper she called it, and in fact the bald little meal might as well be termed the one as the other; but she was unapologetically hospitable and graceful over it.

It was not till I came to go home that Miss Fanny's adaptability failed her. "O my child, I cannot let you go out into the street alone. It is bad enough for me; but you, I can't think of it at all."

"Very well, then, Miss Fanny; I'll ring for a messenger boy."

"What for, dear?"

"To go home with me."

"A messenger boy?"

"Why, yes; that is what we do when we are too proper to go alone."

"Mercy on me! My lamb, it is to save you from messenger boys and their like that I'm going with you myself."

"It is perfectly safe anywhere in this part of the town," volunteered Miss Boggs, a big-boned, dust-colored young woman reading a calf-bound volume at a drop-light.

"Yes, Miss Boggs, I know, I suppose it is, and I think it is lovely to see you Northern girls so strongminded and independent. You could go anywhere; but you see Adelene was not brought up to take care of herself as you were, and I feel a sense of responsibility for her. I ought to be a fairy godmother to her, but I can at least take care of her when she is my guest." And she went on getting out her shawl,

and settling her bonnet, with the cheery decision of a dear, damaged old canary bird.

Miss Boggs looked at me with curiosity; she had not recognized me as a fragile young Southern blossom before.

Let me give myself the pleasure of saying that I sent my protectress home in a cab, a form of luxury which in the course of our acquaintance I found she particularly appreciated. She never became accustomed to the city streets, she went about always in a flutter of fear and nervousness; yet she must have done a deal of "going" to get together her little articles and sell them. I saw her down town sometimes picking her way about among the rushing crowds and cars and trucks; going through the great buildings, with their incoming and outgoing streams of humanity eddying around the rows of elevator doors; and in the grimy newspaper offices, where the air was tense with silent activities; and as I looked at the quaint figure, the gentle, half-frightened, high-bred old face, I wondered why she was there. She must have lived some way since the war; why did she not go on now as she had before, and satisfy her ambitions, if she had them, by such lady-like efforts with genteel journals as she had made in the past, which had brought her much neighborhood consideration and a little money, and which did not tear her away from the dingy, dignified, green old home where she was born, and the simple, fixed, old-time life in which she was surrounded by friendliness, albeit most of the friends were gone?

It was gallant, yes, surely there was something to stir the blood in seeing so frail, so unarmed a creature take up the gage of battle against such odds; but it was painful, too. I all but resented the pangs she gave me. One day I said to myself, "This is worse than living one's own struggle over again," and that was a bitter saying. I was standing in one room of a newspaper office when I saw her enter an adjoining one. She went up to the managing editor's desk with her little soft, unbusiness-like manner, and seemed to be asking something. The man did not look up: if he had he surely would have spoken differently; but he was desperately busy, and he simply put his hand in a pigeon-hole and drew out a package of manuscript, saying irritably, as he gave it a shove along the desk, "Not a thing there that's worth a cent to us."

Oh, just the most ordinary business incident in the world; but poor little Fanny Marchbanks Overman! She took up her papers—I noticed again how old her hands looked—and moved away as if she did not quite see where she was going. I drew back out of sight. There are some pains that sympathy can only double.



I often had Miss Fanny at the little flat I kept with a friend, a girl who painted and taught. She never came to regard our establishment as a normal one, and she always hovered about me with a futile overflow of maternal care that was not in the least checked because it reversed the facts of our relationship.

"My baby child," she exclaimed beneath her breath, as she first sat down in our microscopic reception-room and looked about her, "to think of your trying to live in all these Yankee ways. I hope you take good care of her," she said to Amy, patting me softly. Amy looked blank for an instant.

She had an air of relief as well as pleasure when she found me one night dressing for a reception. All her innate love of the decorative and romantic came bubbling forth. "Ah, how becoming that is to you!" she exclaimed. "My father used to say that it was a test of blood and raising for people to dress up; that if there was anything common in them it would come out when they were in their best clothes. And shall you see any of the gentlemen of your office?" she asked, in an elaborately incidental way; and disappointment was in her face when I said I hardly thought I should.

"And they don't any of them come to see you," she went on. "I suppose you don't let them."

"Dear Miss Fanny, it has never come up. I don't think any of them ever thought of coming to see me."

"Dear me! Well, these Northern men are beyond me. I never knew of any gentlemen before who did not think of paying some attention to a charming girl whom they had the privilege of knowing."

Amy, who was standing behind Miss Fanny's chair, turned her eyes and hands to heaven, and then for one instant placed her palms in an attitude of benediction above Miss Fanny's infantine old head.

"I suppose you have to have your meals according to these New York ways, with your dinner in the evening, on Miss Amy's account," she said.

"Yes," I replied, "Amy prefers it so." It was a safe assertion, though I had never heard her express herself on the subject. Like the true Southerner she was, Miss Fanny never ceased to regard New York as the outside, phenomenal thing, and the standards of Wexville as the normal and accepted ones, although in her writing she flexibly enough assumed the other tone. That was mental; the maintenance of ancient standards personally was inarticulately felt to be a matter of loyalty and character.

Miss Fanny and I each experienced some good luck about the same time.

The "Evening Appeal" found occasion to  
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send me abroad, and Miss Fanny obtained a little regular work—the superintendence of the correspondents' column on a weekly paper. This brought her in only the most trivial sum, four or five dollars a week; but it did not take much time, and I knew from experience how happy was the change from total uncertainty to even this sum assured.

I hoped to see her make herself a little more comfortable and treat herself to a new gown. But when I sailed she came to see me off in the same overbrushed little outfit of rusty black that she had worn the day I first saw her.

A number of people visited me at the dock that day, and it has been a bitterly intruding thought since that I did not give Miss Fanny all the attention that God knows was in my heart for her; and it does not soften that reflection, but brings the keener pang, to remember that she was too much absorbed and delighted by my momentary social importance to have any thought of herself.

She went about giving my acquaintances disjointed bits of my history, personal and ancestral; and telling them with tears in her eyes how brave I was living here in New York, away from everything I'd been used to, and starting off now all alone on this voyage, though I was naturally of the most shrinking and feminine disposition. Dear Miss Fanny!

I did very little letter-writing during the eight months I was gone. I heard from Miss Fanny only once; but she was one of those who had urged that I spend none of my precious time reading or writing letters, so I was not surprised at her silence.

When I came back I went to the "business woman's boarding-house" the day after landing to look her up. Amy had just returned from a four months' absence herself—this was in September—and could give me no news of her.

The square was dusty and deserted; the house as I went in seemed peculiarly desolate in its orderly gloom. The servant was a new one; she had never heard of Mrs. Overman, and an indefinite dread began to gather around me. I sent for Mrs. Martin.

She came in colorless, sad dignity, and stood silently before me.

"Tell me," I said.

"She died in this house three months ago."

She sat down.

"I am sorry you were not here. It was a beautiful, easy death. She was not sick. We just found her lying on her bed one day with a letter in her hand, dead."

In the midst of all the formless thoughts and feelings crowding upon me I was pierced by a foolish grief that my little woman should die

on one of those prison-like cots, so strange and unhomely to her.

"The letter," Mrs. Martin went steadily on, after a moment's silence, "I had buried with her, but I kept a copy of it. This is it."

I half hesitated.

"I don't think you need mind reading it," she said.

It was very brief. In half a dozen lines Anthony Stottman acknowledged the receipt of a final payment of fifty dollars as wiping out the principal and interest of a debt of three thousand dollars left unpaid in the settling up of Judge Marchbanks's estate.

Ah, it was brief, but to what years of pinching and struggle, and high and tender purpose, that awkward paper testified. I saw all those years in a heart-bursting moment's glance. It was love as much as honor that had sustained little Fanny Marchbanks through that long task, so little in itself, so Titanic for her; no stain must rest on the great name her father left behind him. Through more years than I had lived every hour must have been colored to her by this heroic resolution. It had become her reason for living. When she had accomplished this end, the shock of revolution in her outlook, the withdrawal of the great motive, had been too much; the light that had been

sustained so long ceased. Mrs. Martin told me that Mrs. Overman had been restless, had almost ceased to write for two weeks before her death, although she seemed well.

Yes, I knew, I knew how, as with a child, the thought of her great achievement had absorbed her, and how she could not be at ease till the sensible testimony of it was in her hand. That brought her ease indeed. Truly it was a beautiful way to die.

"Where—where did you bury her?" I forced myself to ask.

"I was at my wit's ends, Miss Addington. Those I might have learned something from about her relatives were out of town, and I did n't know which way to turn; but at last I put her in my own plot, where I shall lie some day myself. I thought you would come after a while and tell me what to do. She left nothing but a few dollars, seven or eight, but I had things done decently. I know Mrs. Overman was a lady, and that letter showed she was something more, Miss Addington. I was glad to pay her respect." Mrs. Martin concluded with firm downright reflections, "God bless her!"

Miss Fanny had won for herself, in her last strange need, hospitality instead of charity, and with her letter on her bosom she might well be an honored guest.

*Viola Roseboro'.*

## THE IRRIGABLE LANDS OF THE ARID REGION.

BY MAJOR J. W. POWELL, DIRECTOR OF THE U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

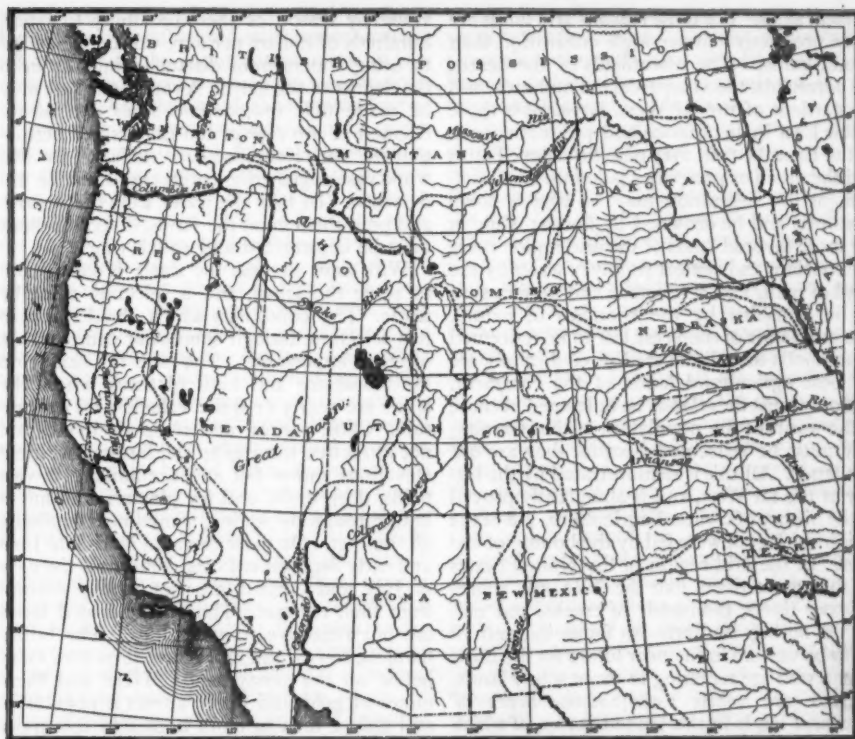


EARLY half of the lands of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, are arid. By this characterization it is meant that the rainfall is insufficient to fertilize crops from year to year. In favorable seasons some of these lands receive sufficient rains during the months of growing vegetation to produce fair crops, but the years are infrequent when such conditions prevail, and the areas thus favored are not of great extent. That arid lands may be available to agriculture it is necessary that they be artificially supplied with water; and this is called irrigation. Every farm, orchard, vineyard, and garden is dependent upon an artificial supply of water. The tree on the lawn, the rose on the parterre, and the violet on the baby's grave must have some loving hand to feed it with the water of heaven or it withers and dies.

When the farmer sows his field and waits for the rains of heaven to fertilize it, if the

clouds are kind and come with gentle showers, he reaps a bountiful harvest; but when the heavens are as brass, famine stalks abroad, and when storms desolate the land, he plants in vain. But in the western half of the United States physical conditions like those of ancient Egypt and Assyria prevail. The clouds no longer fructify the fields with their showers. They rarely hover over the valleys and plains where the fields and gardens lie, but they gather about the mountains and hurl their storms against the rocks and feed the rivers. The dweller in the valley waits not for showers, or waits in vain; for the service of his fields rivers must be controlled.

But will not the hills of New England, the mountains and plains of the sunny South, and the prairies of the middle region be sufficient for the agricultural industries of the United States? The area is vast, the soil is bountiful, and the heavens kindly give their rains; why should the naked plains and the desert val-



PRINCIPAL DRAINAGE DISTRICTS OF THE ARID REGION.

leys of the far West be redeemed? Why should our civilization enter into a contest with nature to subdue the rivers of the West when the clouds of the East are ready servants?

Gold is found in the gravels of the West; silver abounds in the cliffs; copper is found in the mountains; iron, coal, petroleum, and gas are supplied by nature. The mountains and plateaus are covered with stately forests; the climate is salubrious and wonderfully alluring. So the tide of migration rolls westward and the arid region is being carved into States. The people are building cities and towns, erecting factories, and constructing railroads, and great industries of many kinds are already developed. The merchant and his clerk, the banker and his bookkeeper, the superintendent and his operative, the conductor and his brakeman, must be fed; and the men of the West are too enterprising and too industrious to beg bread from the farms of the East. Already they have redeemed more than six million acres of this land; already they are engaged in warfare with the rivers, and have won the first battles. An army of men is en-

listed and trained, and they march on a campaign—not for blood, but for bounty; not for plunder, but for prosperity.

But arid lands are not lands of famine, and the sunny sky is not a firmament of devastation. Conquered rivers are better servants than wild clouds. The valleys and plains of the far West have all the elements of fertility that soil can have. As the blood in the body is the stream which supplies the elements of its growth, so the water in the plant is its source of increase. As the body must have more than blood, so the plant must have more than water for its vigorous growth. These conditions of plant growth are light and heat. While the roots of the plant are properly supplied with water and other elements of plant growth, the leaves must be supplied with air and sunshine. The light of a cloudless sky is more invigorating to plants than the gloom of storm. Abundant water and abundant sunshine are the chief conditions for vigorous plant growth, and that agriculture is the most successful which best secures these twin primal conditions; and they are obtained in the highest degree in lands watered by streams and domed

by clear skies. For these reasons arid lands are more productive under high cultivation than humid lands. The wheatfields of the desert, the cornfields, the vineyards, the orchards, and the gardens of the far West, far surpass those of the East in luxuriance and productiveness. In the East the field may pine for delayed rains and the green of prosperity fade into sickly saffron, or the vegetation may be beaten down by storms and be drowned by floods; while in the more favored lands of the arid region there is a constant and perfect supply of water by the hand of man, and a constant and perfect supply of sunshine by the economy of nature. The arid lands of the West, last to be redeemed by methods first discovered in civilization, are the best agricultural lands of the continent. Not only must these lands be redeemed because of the wants of the population of that country, they must be redeemed because they are our best lands. All this is demonstrated by the history of the far West, and is abundantly proved by the history of civilized agriculture. All of the nations of Egypt were fed by the bounty of one river. In the arid region of the United States are four great rivers like the Nile, and scores of lesser rivers, thousands of creeks, and millions of springs and artesian fountains, and all are to be utilized in the near future for the hosts of men who are repairing to those sunny lands.

There are nearly 1,000,000,000 acres of these arid lands in the United States, of which nearly 120,000,000 acres can be irrigated when all such waters are used. Already more than 6,000,000 acres are cultivated through the agency of canals. Thus the experiment has been tried, and doubt no longer rests upon the practicability of western irrigation. It is fully demonstrated that the redemption of these lands is profitable to capital and labor. An acre of western land, practically worthless without irrigation, when the works are constructed to supply it with water at once acquires a value marvelous to the men of the East. In new California, settled but yesterday, cultivated lands command better prices than in Massachusetts or Maryland, and this is because an acre of land there will produce two or three fold the quantity of food for man or beast that an acre will here, for the average year. We of the East must recognize that while the lands of the West are limited in quantity to comparatively small and level tracts in the valleys and plains which can be served with water by canals, yet the limit in quantity has compensation in quality.

To accomplish the redemption of the arid region capital in large amounts is needed. Some lands can be reclaimed at a cost of two or three dollars an acre; others, ten or twelve; while in some cases, where lands are of great

value by reason of their proximity to cities, hundreds of dollars per acre will be expended to bring waters from distant springs or from the depths of the earth. A rough estimate may be made that 100,000,000 acres can be redeemed at the rate of ten dollars per acre—that is, for 1,000,000,000 dollars. In this work vast engineering enterprises must be undertaken. To take the water from the streams and pour them upon the lands, diverting-dams must be constructed and canals dug.

With most streams the water is insufficient to serve the lands, and a selection must be made. The conditions which should govern this selection, though somewhat complex, are of grave importance. The rains fall chiefly on the mountains and high plateaus, where the lands are nearly or quite valueless for agriculture. Cliffs, gorges, and steep declivities are not attractive features to the farmer. At great elevations snows fall and accumulate in vast fields, deep drifts, and icy glaciers, and linger long through the spring, sometimes remaining all summer. On these elevated lands late June and early September frosts come, and the days of July and August are not wholly exempt from their ravages. Thus the elevated lands are not attractive to agriculture. The farms, hamlets, towns, and cities have their sites away below on the sunny lands. Here and there mines of gold and silver attract a population and induce men to build homes in the upper region of snow. But their supply of food must come mainly from below. The mountain streams while yet small, as brooks and creeks, cannot be used to advantage, and when they leave the mountains they are in most cases already great creeks or rivers. A mountain stream flows in a deep, narrow gorge, down which torrents of water roll in mad energy. Such is the crystal river of the mountains. When it strikes the plain it is suddenly transformed. The steep declivity is changed to one of low degree, and a deep, narrow stream spreads into a broad sheet of water ten, twenty, fifty times as wide as above. When the river is thus transformed it undergoes another change; on the plains below it gathers the sands and dust, and the deep, crystal stream becomes a shallow river of mud. Such are the characteristics of the greater number of streams of all the arid region.

The place of transformation, where the mountain stream of pure water is degraded into a lowland stream of mud, is an important point when the stream is to be used in irrigation. If the waters are turned out in the valleys above, they are used where they will perform the least service, for the climate is unfavorable to agriculture. Such lands are chiefly valuable as pasturage. Grass, potatoes, and rye, and in



general the crops of Norway and southern Alaska, may be cultivated with some success; but, in sight of the sunny plains below, it is a waste of water to use the rivers in these regions of ice. On the other hand, the streams cannot be used with the greatest advantage far down their course and distant from the mountains. The storm-waters and fierce winds of the low plains and valleys, that are arid and dusty for most days of the year, fill the valleys and shallow channels of the mud-bearing rivers with vast accumulations of sand. In these broad stretches the waters spread and are largely lost by evaporation. Very many of the streams of the arid regions, perhaps two out of three, are thus swallowed up by the sands, and are called "lost" rivers or creeks. Others have a sufficient supply from the mountains during seasons of flood to enable them to cross the hungry sands and deliver a part of their volume to lower channels in more humid lands, through which they find their way to the sea. They die in seasons of drought and live in seasons of storm. Still other rivers flow perennially but dwindle on their course over the dry plains. The "lost" streams must be used near to the mountains or not at all. The intermittent streams and the diminishing rivers should be used near to the mountains before a large part of their waters is lost. A stream that will irrigate a million acres of land near the mountains would be sufficient to serve only two or three hundred thousand acres a hundred miles away. There are other reasons why the river should be taken out from its channel where it emerges from the mountains. At that point diverting-dams can be constructed with the least expense and maintained at the least cost, and be made to command lands to the greatest advantage in the construction of minor canals; while the waters below, when charged with great quantities of sand, speedily destroy the works of irrigation, and the sands injure the fields.

Most irrigated lands ultimately require drainage. The bottom lands of the great rivers soon become filled with water, and are transformed into swamps and destroyed for the best agriculture. The low plateaus are ultimately far superior to them for all agricultural purposes. Thus it is that the higher lands away from the rivers and near to the mountains should be first served. Only a part of the water poured upon lands for their irrigation is evaporated to the heavens; another, and perhaps larger, part returns to the river. The irrigation of the upland creates many springs, which unite to form brooks and creeks, and the waters can thus be used again and again, but in diminishing quantities. A proper system of drainage not only improves the land drained, but conserves the water to be used

again. It is thus that with every system of supply-canals a related system of drainage-channels and canals must be planned for the benefit of the fields first irrigated and for the increase of the area of irrigation.

The season of irrigation is short, varying in different latitudes and altitudes from two to five months. In some regions of country the season of flood precedes and extends into the first part of the season of irrigation; in other regions flood-time comes late, when the time for supplying water is nearly past. In a few cases maximum supply and maximum want are coincident in time. In all cases where they are not synchronous the excess runs to waste; the unused waters are lost in the sea. During all the months when irrigation is not in progress the entire volume is unused, if the only structures are diverting-dams and canals. To save this water reservoirs are needed. In their construction and the selection of their sites many interesting problems are involved. Some of the conditions which govern the selection of sites are of great importance. Evaporation from the surface of water varies, under different climatic conditions, from thirty to one hundred inches. A reservoir most favorably located may lose less than three feet of water during the year, while, under most unfavorable conditions, the loss may be more than eight feet annually. Evaporation is greater in the hot, dry lands below and less in the cold, humid lands above. The law of diminution is complex, having many factors, and is not yet very well known, but the general statement made is substantially correct. For this reason storage-reservoirs should be constructed in the mountains. In many of the northern ranges of the West favorable sites are found. Already many mountain lakes exist that can be used for this purpose by deepening their outlets and constructing gateways, so as to permit the lakes to be filled when the waters are not needed and to be tapped when a supply is demanded. There are many mountain valleys that are morainal basins admirably adapted to this purpose, and where reservoirs can be constructed at small cost. The mountain regions of the West have many lakes of cold, emerald waters, and these are to be multiplied by the art of man and made to hold the waters needed to refresh the arid plains below—treasure-houses where the clouds are stored.

The mountain ranges of the western portion of the United States differ very greatly in their topographic characteristics. Sometimes advantageous reservoir sites can be found in the upper regions; sometimes low valleys, or parks, are found nearly inclosed by mountains

and foothills, while there are many ranges which have such steep declivities and terminate so abruptly on the plains that sites are infrequent. For such reasons not all of the mountain waters can be stored in mountain lakes, and it becomes necessary to construct reservoirs on the plains below. Here the streambeds cannot be utilized, because of the difficulty of maintaining works on broad flood-plain lands composed of incoherent sands, and because the muddy waters below discharge their silt and fill the reservoirs with great rapidity, so that the life of such a reservoir is too short to warrant the expense of its building. Under such circumstances a river should be turned from its natural course into a canal near the point of transformation, and be conducted into some lateral valley which has been excavated by storm-waters. In general, favorable sites of this character are frequent. The valley is utilized by selecting some point where the inclosing hills converge, and there constructing a retaining-dam.

When all the perennial waters of springs, brooks, creeks, and rivers are used by canals and reservoirs, the total supply of available water for irrigation is not exhausted. All of the arid lands below have some rainfall, varying from three to twenty inches, from year to year, and from region to region. The rains which fall upon these thirsty lands are in part absorbed and ultimately evaporated, but often the storms come with great violence, and local floods arise therefrom. These storm-waters can be caught and stored in basins among the hills and used for agricultural purposes. The amount of water that can thus be saved is no mean quantity. But it must often be stored in small reservoirs of a few acres each; and this means the construction of ponds on farms, scattered here and there among the hills where sites are favorable; and the waters will thus be used on small tracts of land distributed far and wide over the arid plains and valleys. Ultimately the whole region will be covered with a mosaic of ponds fringed with a rich vegetation; and crystal waters, and green fields, and blooming gardens will be dotted over all the burning, naked lands, and sand dunes, alkali stretches, and naked hills will be decked with beautiful tracts of verdure. Not all the storm-waters will thus be caught; much will still fall into the great sand valleys and flood-plains, and there disappear in the sands; but such valleys have a floor of solid rock; and so the waters are stored in the silt of ancient floods, where they may be brought to the surface again by pumps and other hydraulic devices, and be made to irrigate many a stretch of farm land.

There is one more source of water. In the

flexing of the strata of the earth through geologic agencies subterranean basins are formed, where rocks below, impervious to water, are separated by water-bearing strata from the rocks above through which the water will not pass. Into these water-bearing strata wells may be sunk, and the water will often flow to the surface. Such artesian wells are often used in irrigation, and they will be used to a much larger extent in the future. Artesian waters are not found everywhere in the country, but only in geologic basins, and to select sites for them a knowledge of the geologic structure is necessary.

By the use of all the perennial streams during the season of irrigation, by the storage of the surplus water that runs to waste in seasons when irrigation is not practiced, by the impounding of the storm-waters, by the recovery of the floods accumulated in valley sands, and by the utilization of the artesian fountains, a vast area of the arid lands will ultimately be reclaimed, and millions of men, women, and children will find happy rural homes in the sunny lands.

From the brief account given it will be seen that in order to redeem the arid lands it becomes necessary: first, to select properly the lands to be redeemed; secondly, to select the reservoir sites where the water is to be stored; thirdly, to select canal sites,—and these should be dedicated to public use, so that individuals may not acquire title to the lands for the purpose of selling them to the farmers when the irrigating works are to be constructed, and thus entailing upon agriculture an unnecessary expense; fourthly, the extent and method of utilizing the flood-waters stored in the sands must be determined; fifthly, the artesian basins must be discovered and their extent and value revealed.

For this purpose there are necessary:

(a) A topographic survey, that the mountains, hills, and valleys may be outlined and their relative levels determined, and the whole represented on appropriate maps.

(b) A hydrographic survey. The waters of the streams must be gauged, in order to determine the volume which they carry through the different seasons of the year. Then the rainfall must be determined, for the amount of water to be supplied by canals is supplementary to this. Where the rainfall is twenty inches a small artificial supply serves the land; if it be but five inches a large supply is necessary. Then the amount of precipitation for various sites of reservoirs must be determined, to discover the amount which can be saved. And finally, it becomes necessary to determine the amount of water which is needed to serve an acre of land. This is called the "duty" of

water, and in the United States it varies widely. In some regions of country, where the rainfall is great and the soil favorable, the duty of water is large: a given amount of water will irrigate a broad tract of land. But where aridity is excessive and the soils are unfavorable, such given amount of water will irrigate but a small tract. For the purpose of measuring stored water many engineers have come to use an "acre foot" as a unit, which means an acre of water one foot in depth. In some portions of the United States an acre foot of water will irrigate two or three acres of land for one season; in other regions two acre feet are necessary to the acre; but these are extreme conditions. The general average, which largely prevails, may be stated as an acre foot of water to an acre of land; and a lake which contains 100,000 acre feet of water will serve 100,000 acres of land for one year. In the practice of irrigation it is found that it takes two or more years properly to fill the ground with water, and for these first years a much larger supply than has been indicated is necessary. Where a supply has been secured for 100,000 acres by reservoir or canal, the lands which it will ultimately serve can be redeemed only through a course of years. Perhaps a third or a half of the land can be supplied for the first year, and to this new areas can be added, from season to season, until at last the whole duty of water is secured.

(c) An engineering survey. The reservoirs, canals, and ancillary appliances must be planned and their cost estimated.

(d) Finally, a geologic survey, to utilize the waters of the sand reservoirs and artesian wells.

Such are the scientific problems involved in the redemption of the arid lands.

A brief survey of some of the more important irrigable districts of the West will serve to set forth other interesting facts relating to this subject. In central Colorado the "Continental Divide" is a wilderness of desolate peaks that rise far above the timber line into regions of rime and naked rock. Here, with other rivers, springs the Arkansas, in deep cañons and narrow rocky valleys. Many silver creeks, with water flashing in cascades, unite to form a river which plunges down a steep mountain valley until it passes the foothills and spreads in a broad, turbid stream at the head of the great valley of the Arkansas. Then it creeps over the sands in tawny ripples, down the incline of the plains, becoming less in volume by evaporation and the absorption of the waters in the sands, but growing in size from the accession of smaller tributaries that come from distant mountains on either hand. After crossing the Colorado line it grows perceptibly smaller until a more humid region is reached, where other tributaries join it, and it soon be-

comes a great river. In the stretch that begins just above the State line and extends across Kansas its channel often becomes dry, and the sands drift in the winds from bank to bank. But in seasons of flood a broad, shallow torrent rolls across Kansas into the State of Arkansas and bears along to the lower region vast loads of mud, choking the navigable stretch below with "sand-bars," that act as dams, by which the floods are turned over the valley, and the fields are oftentimes destroyed. Already the farmers of Colorado have taken the water on their lands, and the river is made to do duty to its utmost capacity in seasons of drought. But the surplus waters yet run to the sea. Some of them can be stored on the plains; but the land available for irrigation is far in excess of the amount which the river can serve. Where shall this water be used? If in the mountain valleys, it will largely be wasted; if in the great valley below, how shall it be divided between Colorado and Kansas? It is worth millions of dollars annually. To whom shall it be granted? If the larger part is to be used in Colorado, how shall it be divided between the several districts through which it passes? The law is practically silent on the subject. Heretofore every man might help himself; but at last the question has arisen, controversies have sprung up, and the States are almost at war.

The Rio Grande flows through San Luis Park, where there is a great body of comparatively level land. Here the waters have been taken out and many hundred thousand acres irrigated. Neglecting the tributaries, let us follow the river across the line into New Mexico. Again the water is taken out to irrigate valley stretches until the White Cañon in the Tewan Mountains is reached and the river rolls through a deep, rocky gorge for more than forty miles. Emerging, its waters are again taken out upon the land from point to point until the entire territory is traversed, and the river passes out of New Mexico and becomes the boundary line between Texas and Mexico. From its source to the mouth of the Chama above the White Cañon it is a clear, deep river; below, it is a shallow river of mud. In this valley irrigation was practiced by the aboriginal village Indians centuries before the discovery of America. Prior to 1600 it was populated by Spanish peoples coming up from Mexico. So the gardens and fields of the territory and the region along the river from El Paso to the Gulf are old. Since the acquisition of the territory by the Government of the United States irrigation has greatly developed in Colorado and New Mexico, along the river itself in part, but mainly on the tributaries. No waters have yet been stored in

reservoirs, but the seasonal flow in dry years is now wholly utilized; and more: the river for hundreds of miles along its lower course is entirely cut off from a supply, and the gardens and farms are now lying desolate and the winds are drifting the sands over vineyard and field. During the past year more new works have been projected than now exist in the valley. How are they to be supplied in scant years? Who owns the water? Shall the men of Colorado take all that falls in their State? and if so, shall the settlements in the valley of the Rio Grande be destroyed by the new settlements on the tributaries? Just across the line of New Mexico the town of El Paso, in Texas, is found; and the town of Juarez lies on the opposite side of the river, in Mexico. Here large areas have been irrigated and many thousand people are engaged in agriculture; but they had little water last year, and the next dry season they will have none. Shall the people who have cultivated the land for more than a century be driven away?

The Green River heads in the Wind River Mountains, and, rolling over elevated cold plains, it at last reaches the Unita Mountains, and plunges through cañons to the mouth of the Grand. At its source the Grand insculcates with the Arkansas and the Rio Grande del Norte and rolls through a succession of cañons to the Green. Then the two rivers, joining in wedlock, become one indeed, and assume a new name, the Colorado of the West, which rolls into the Gulf of California. Its way for nearly 500 miles is through a succession of deep cañons, where it flows from 100 to 6000 feet below the general surface of the land. At last it emerges from the gloom of the Grand Cañon and runs in a valley through the lower portion of its course, now and then interrupted by a low range of volcanic mountains, through which it cuts its way in deep, black gorges. The region drained by the cañon portion of the Colorado and its tributaries and the region drained by the Grand and Green and their affluents are in the main inhospitable. All the streams flow through deep cañons between great blocks of naked rock, which are plateaus with cliff escarpments. Sometimes cañons widen into narrow valleys, and others are found at the foot of the mountains on the east and west, while far to the north are broad valleys inclosed by mountains; but these are cold and desolate. Some agriculture can be practiced by means of irrigation in the broad cold valleys above and the narrow warm valleys below, but a very small portion of the water of the Colorado will thus be used. A mighty river will ever flow from the mouth of the Grand Cañon. The region below the cañon on each side

of the Colorado is one of great aridity, with an annual rainfall of not more than three or four inches. It is also a region of high temperature in summer, and it has almost a frostless winter. Here date palms flourish with a luxuriance never known in Egypt. Oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and figs grow and bear in abundance, and the lands are well adapted to sugar and cotton. On the west lie Nevada and California. On the east Arizona stretches away to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The lands to which the waters can be taken greatly exceed the area that can be served. How shall they be divided? The low flood-plain along the river is narrow, and only small tracts within it can be redeemed. If the waters are to be used, great works must be constructed costing millions of dollars, and then ultimately a region of country can be irrigated larger than was ever cultivated along the Nile, and all the products of Egypt will flourish therein.

The northern third of Arizona is a lofty table-land; the southern part is a stretch of desert valley over which desert mountains rise. The descent from the table-lands to the lowlands is marvelously abrupt, for it is marked by a line of cliffs, the escarpment of a geologic fault. Along this fault there is a fracture in the rocks below, and the table-land side has been uplifted several thousand feet. Through the fissure of the fracture lavas have poured in some places, so that here and there the escarpment is masked by volcanic rocks. All of the perennial streams of the territory, that run to join the sea, head on the table-land or in the Rocky Mountains of New Mexico. The rainfall of the lowlands is insufficient to create ever-living waters. The land has never a carpet of verdure, but a few scattered desert plants are found, many of which belong to the cactus family. Everywhere the landscape is weird and strange. Most of the mountains are naked of vegetation or bear dwarfed gnarled trees of pine and cedar, with aloe and cactus. The flood-waters that pour down these mountains sweep the disintegrated rocks into the valley below, and much of the region is filled to a considerable depth with sand and gravel. The storm-waters that come from the mountains sink into these valley sands and disappear; and the problem of this country is to gather the mountain waters into reservoirs at the foothills, and to recover them from the sands by artesian wells and pumps.

In southern California there is another drop of the land from San Bernardino Mountains to the coast, but its line is not so clearly marked as that of Arizona. From this southward to San Diego and from the coast eastward but a few score miles there is a land



of beauty. It is forever fanned with mild breezes from the Pacific, and thus cooled in summer and warmed in winter. When the rainy season comes its billowing hills are covered with green, and when the dry season comes the hills are covered with gold. The rainfall is almost sufficient for agricultural purposes; springs burst from the hills, and creeks meander to the sea. The little valleys open into broader marshes near the shore that are hardly above the tide, but they are often leveed by the waves of the sea, and wave-formed embankments beat back the high tides and protect the meadows that are inclosed by hills. Among the hills natural basins abound, into which the clouds may be enticed as they fall upon the ground, and into which the fountains may pour their waters. It is a region of country singularly well adapted to lakelet-reservoirs, where every man may construct one or more on his own farm. Little artificial supply is needed, and this can be easily secured; and a region of country about the size of Italy, with the climate of Italy, is rapidly becoming covered with the gardens of Italy.

The Sierra Nevada culminates in altitude near its eastern margin. It is a great plateau declining westward, and carved into transverse ridges and valleys, that extend from the high eastern summit of the system to the low warm valley of California. Between the valley and the sea the Coast Range rises. The San Joaquin River heads in the heights of the south, and runs northward. The Sacramento heads far to the northward, where volcanic mountains stand. The rains and snows that fall on these peaks sink away into the scoria and sands of volcanic cones, and the mountains where the clouds gather and the storms rage are yet streamless; but away from the mountains, where volcanic sands disappear, the mountain waters burst out in mammoth springs, and creeks and rivers are born full grown. The Sacramento and the San Joaquin unite to flow through the Golden Gate. In the southern or San Joaquin valley irrigation is already practiced, and the streams are partly or wholly used during the season of growing crops. The chief development of the area of agricultural lands in this region is to come from the construction of reservoirs for river and storm waters, and through the development of drainage systems, so that the water may be compelled to do double or treble duty. In the Sacramento valley irrigation has been practiced to a very limited extent, for the rainfall is considerable, and the people until the last year or two have been proud to affirm that their climate was humid; but they are now beginning to learn that even with them irrigation is highly advan-

tageous, and that the product of the field may be multiplied more than threefold through the agency of rivers.

It is in the valley of the Sacramento and its tributaries that the great deposits of gold gravels are chiefly found, and that extensive hydraulic mining has been carried on. The rivers of the Sierras were turned into reservoirs, and their waters, under high pressure, through the agency of monitors, were set to tearing down the hills of gravel and washing them away into the Sacramento. But these operations soon choked the stream and caused it to overflow the adjacent lands, and the sands and gravel brought down were deposited over the lands, and thus fields and towns were buried and populous regions were temporarily destroyed. Then the farmers of the valleys, through the legislature and the courts, stopped the mining operations; but strife still rages. The greed for gold and the hunger for fruit and wheat still spur the miners and farmers, and the conflict is irrepressible. Some day or other, when the madness has subsided, they will quietly discover that both parties are equally interested in the control of the rivers; that all of the waters of these regions can be stored in reservoirs and used at will, and that the valley of the Sacramento can be irrigated to multiply its agricultural products and its gold mines worked by the same agency, and that the miners and the farmers have common and harmonious interests in the hydraulic problems of the fairest land under the sun.

In geologic times, not long ago as speaks the scientific man, but very long ago indeed as speaks the chronicler of human follies, there was a deep valley on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada at the headwaters of the Truckee River. About this valley towered granite mountains. But earthquakes came, and rents were formed in the rocks, and out of the fissures poured monstrous streams of lava. One of these fissures crossed the lower end of our mountain valley, and through it poured floods of molten rock. Stream after stream issued, to cool in solid sheets and blocks, until a wall was built across the valley two or three thousand feet in height, and above it was a deep basin five or six hundred square miles in area. The storms that fell on the granite and volcanic mountains rolled in rivers to fill the basin, and Lake Tahoe was created. When filled, at last, its waters overflowed the rim of lava, and the Truckee River now springs from the Tahoe fountain. Its deep waters are dark with profundity, like the clouds of a stormy sky, but about its shores a few shallow bays are found, and emerald waters, like festoons of beauty, encircle the deeper and more somber lake. Back from the waters forest-clad slopes rise

towards the heavens, and above are seen naked crags and domes of granite. Farther to the north, Donner, Independence, and other mountain lakes discharge their waters into creeks that join the Truckee. It is thus that a large hydrographic basin is formed in the mountains where torrential rains fall and deep snows accumulate in winter months, and in which the waters are collected to form the Truckee, which leaves the mountains in a dance of delight and with a never-ending song of laughing waters. Sweet valleys are found below, for the people have in many places reclaimed the desert and encircled their homes with verdant fields. But the waters are all caught in California, while the irrigated lands are in Nevada; so the farmers of the Silver State must go to the lands of the Golden State to construct their reservoirs. The water of the lake can be partly discharged each year by deepening its outlet and the water used for irrigation in Nevada, and after the irrigating season is over the gates may be closed and the lake permitted to refill; but this perhaps will mar a pleasure resort. Who shall judge between the States? A very large part of all perennial waters to be used in Nevada have their sources in California. Who shall judge between the States?

In southern Utah a bold escarpment or cliff of rocks two thousand feet in height is presented towards Arizona. This is the edge of a plateau which extends far northward into central Utah. It is cut in two by a river which heads a little back from the brink of the cliffs and runs to the north; and so, except at the very southern extremity, two plateaus are found, which unite between the head of the river and the verge of the cliffs. This one-two plateau lies high and is covered with great forests, where rains and snows fall in abundance, and the waters gather to form the Sevier River. Along its upper course and beside some of its tributaries there are small valleys that are high and cold; yet grass, rye, oats, and potatoes can be raised in the short summer. Forty miles from its source the river enters a deep cañon, and when it emerges a broad and beautiful valley is found. Down this the stream meanders, and then turns westward and vanishes in the sand. It is a lost river. Just above the sink and along the valley through which the river meanders there is good and abundant land—much more than the river will serve; and here the Mormon people, who have institutions and customs like nations of the Oriental world in more than one respect, cultivate the soil by irrigation in the same manner. There are lands above the central cañon and lands below; but the river cannot serve them all. The earliest settlements were below. Later settlements have been

planted above, in the sub-arctic lands, and they are taking the waters away from the older towns and farms. And how is justice to be rendered between these conflicting interests?

North of Mt. Nebo lies Utah Lake, which is fed by the Provo River and a number of beautiful creeks. About the lake and along the streams the people are cultivating the land by irrigation. But the surplus water is still discharged into the lake, which constitutes a great reservoir. From the lower end of the lake the river Jordan flows on to the Dead Sea of Utah, the Great Salt Lake, on whose shore the Mormon Temple stands. Large areas in the valley are watered from the river. The Utah Lake divides a hydrographic basin. On the Provo and streams above there are favorable sites for reservoirs, and there are areas of land that can yet be irrigated; but if the waters are used in the upper valley they cannot be used along the banks of the Jordan. All increase of the irrigated area above will decrease the irrigated area below. Who shall divide the waters and relegate them to the best lands in the interest of the greatest number of people?

✓ Bear River has its sources partly in Idaho and partly in Wyoming. Where its upper affluent creeks are assembled it runs northward across the Utah-Idaho line. At this point it expands into a broad sheet of water known as Bear Lake, which is divided into two nearly equal parts by the territorial line. The surface of the lake is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The river, after leaving the lake below, runs northward for a long course into Idaho, and then turns upon itself and recrosses the territorial line into Utah. The course of this great curve is through cañons and cañon valleys, but at two or three points the valleys expand so as to present small areas of irrigable land. In general, above the Utah line, the region drained is mountainous. From this point the river flows through a steadily expanding valley until it empties into Great Salt Lake. Now it is possible to use much of the water of this stream in the upper region on mountain valley lands, where hay can be cultivated and some other of the crops of cold climates. Another portion can be used in Idaho, while the great valley along the whole stretch of the river is admirably adapted to irrigation. Bear Lake itself, which lies in two Territories, is ultimately to become the chief reservoir, but others can be constructed above, and still others below. Thus the reservoir system must be distributed between the two political divisions, while the great body of the lands to be redeemed are in Utah. How these lands are to be selected, and water-rights relegated to such lands, is a serious problem which demands immediate solution, for the people are already

in conflict. Angry passions have been kindled, and war would ensue were it an international instead of an interstate problem.

The Snake or Shoshone River heads in the great forest-clad mountains of Wyoming and runs across the line into Idaho, then passes quite across the Territory until it becomes the boundary line between Idaho and Oregon. Passing the northeastern corner of the last mentioned State, it enters the State of Washington, and runs westward for a long reach until it debouches into the Columbia. The Shoshone River is one of great volume, second only to the Colorado. Reservoir sites along its course in Wyoming and Idaho have already been revealed by the surveys, and it is shown that in the upper region water can be stored to an amount of more than 2,000,000 acre feet. This will irrigate at the first usage at least 2,000,000 acres of land; and if they be properly selected, so that the waters can be collected again and again after serving the land, the area redeemed will be more than 4,000,000 acres. There are many other tributaries below that have not yet been examined, and it is safe to say that the waters of the Shoshone with its tributaries may ultimately serve from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres. In its utilization three classes of problems are involved. If the waters are taken out in small canals near to the river and the lowlands served first, and prior rights and interests established on such lands, then but a small part of the stream can be used, and the greater part will run away to the Pacific Ocean; and subsequently the region of irrigation can be enlarged only by buying out vested water-rights scattered along the course of the river. But if at the very beginning the water can be taken out high up the river and carried in great canals to either side and there distributed to the higher lands, and used over and over again on its return, a complete utilization can be secured, and the cost of the construction of the system of irrigation by reservoirs and canals will be greatly reduced per acre. To irrigate 2,000,000 acres of land near to the river by short canals taken out along its course here and there will cost more than half as much as the construction of hydraulic works that will serve from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000; while the scattered minor works will be forever subject to destruction by the floods, and the agriculture secured will be of less value per acre, because the best lands will not be served, and only imperfect drainage will be secured.

The valley of the Shoshone has an interesting structure. In late geologic times it has been the site of great volcanic activity. The eruptions have not produced cones and mountains, but fissures have been opened and broad sheets of lava have been poured out over the

region. It is a valley of volcanic mesas or low table-lands. On the basaltic rocks thus poured out a peculiar surface is developed. The floods of cooling lava roll down in waves and bubble up in domes, which often crumble and fall in, leaving many pits, and the general surface is thus exceedingly irregular; but the irregularities are not on a great scale so as to produce high hills and mountains. The process of degradation by frost and heat, by wind and rain, smooth out these irregularities; the higher points are degraded and the lower places are filled. Many of the eruptions in this valley are of such age that their surface has been smoothed out in this manner; but there are many others so irregular that the mesas are covered with pits and naked rocks, and are thus wholly worthless for agricultural purposes. The second great problem is properly to select the mesa lands to which the waters shall be distributed. A part of the storage of the water must be in Wyoming, while the lands to be served must be in Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. These are interests over which nations would speedily be at war; in this country they involve interstate questions, and must be settled by the General Government.

Space fails me to describe the beautiful lands of the Columbia and its tributaries, but interstate and international problems are involved. The Columbia comes from British territory. One of its affluents, the Kootenay, heads in British territory, passes into Montana, and returns to British territory. Passing over to the Missouri, some of its waters head in foreign lands, and Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Nebraska are interested.

Along the hundredth meridian from Manitoba to Mexico there is a zone of semi-arid land. Years ago, when the writer first began investigations into the agricultural prospects of the far West, he abandoned the designation "desert" and adopted the term "arid," as more properly characteristic of the country. For the one hundredth meridian zone he at first adopted the term "sub-arid," but it gave great offense, and the suggestion that irrigation was necessary to its successful cultivation was received with denial and denunciation, for at that time the advantage of artificially supplying water to cultivated lands was generally unknown. Seeing that the term "sub-arid" was a red flag to kindle anger, it was dropped, and the term "sub-humid" was adopted; and now the hundredth meridian zone is generally known as the "sub-humid" region. The average rainfall, which varies much from year to year, is about eighteen inches on its western margin, and increases to about twenty-four on its eastern edge. Passing from east to west across this belt a wonderful transformation is ob-

served. On the east a luxuriant growth of grass is seen, and the gaudy flowers of the order *Compositæ* make the prairie landscape beautiful. Passing westward, species after species of luxuriant grass and brilliant flowering plants disappear; the ground gradually becomes naked, with "bunch" grasses here and there; now and then a thorny cactus is seen, and the yucca thrusts out its sharp bayonets. At the western margin of the zone the arid lands proper are reached. The winds, in their grand system of circulation from west to east, climb the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, and as they rise they are relieved of pressure and lose their specific heat, and at the same time discharge their moisture, and so the mountains are covered with snow. The winds thus dried roll down the eastern slope into lower altitudes, when the pressure increases and they are heated again. But now they are dry. Thus it is that hot, dry winds come, now and then, and here and there, to devastate the sub-humid lands, searing the vegetation and parching the soil. From causes not well understood the rainfall often descends in fierce torrents. So storms and siroccos alternately play over the land. Here critical climatic conditions prevail. In seasons of plentiful rain rich crops can be raised without irrigation. In seasons of drought the fields are desert. It is thus that irrigation, not always a necessity, is still an absolute condition of continued prosperity. The rainfall is almost sufficient, and the artificial supply needed is small — perhaps the crop will rarely need more than one irrigation. A small supply for this can be obtained from the sands of the river valleys that cross the belt. In some regions artesian waters are abundant; but the great supply must come from the storage of storm-waters. The hills and mesas of the region are well adapted to this end. Under such conditions

farming cannot be carried on in large continuous tracts.

Small areas, dependent on wells, sand-fountains, and ponds, must be cultivated. It is a region of country adapted to gardens, vineyards, and orchards. The hardier fruits can be cultivated at the north, and sub-tropical fruits at the south. From this region the towns and cities of the great valley and the capitals of trade in the East will be supplied with fruit and vegetables. It is the region of irrigation nearest to them, where gardens and fields produce richer, sweeter products than those of humid lands. Already the people are coming to a knowledge of this fact and are turning their industries in the right direction. The earliest settlements have been planted in seasons of maximum of rain, and the people who came had dreams of wealth to be gathered from vast wheatfields. Now wholesale farming is almost wholly abandoned. In the last twenty years, during which the writer has been familiar with the sub-humid zone, having crossed it many times and traversed it in many ways, he has seen in different portions two or three tides of emigration, each ultimately disastrous, wholly or in part, and settled regions have become unsettled by migration to other districts. But from each inflow a few wiser men have remained and conquered prosperity; and now that the conditions of success are known, he is willing to prophesy — not from occult wisdom, but from a basis of fact — that the sub-humid region will soon become prosperous and wealthy.

The Arid Land is a vast region. Its mountains gleam in crystal rime, its forests are stately, and its valleys are beautiful; its cañons are made glad with the music of falling waters, its skies are clear, its air is salubrious, and it is already the home of millions of the most energetic men the world has ever known.

J. W. Powell.

## MEMORY.



SOME years since, Francis Galton, in a most worthy-to-be-read essay upon twins, showed how the original fiber of the human individual asserts itself against training and environment. Nevertheless training and habit are potent factors in determining not only the action, but also the characters of individuals. This is so chiefly because the nervous system has been endowed with a faculty or attribute commonly spoken of as memory. To the consideration of this faculty the present article is devoted.

IN entering upon the discussion of any subject it is essential first clearly to define the terms which are to be used. The big-headed, shaggy-locked founder of the English dictionary, Dr. Johnson, defines memory as the power of retaining and recollecting things past, and consciousness as the power of knowing one's own thoughts and actions. Probably he was in accord with the majority of mankind in associating consciousness and memory as two functions of the brain which are so inseparable that without consciousness there is no memory, and without memory there is no consciousness. This is, however, a mistaken idea.



Memory is really a function entirely apart from consciousness, and consciousness is distinct from memory; the two faculties dwell over against each other, but have no necessary connection.

If the spinal cord of a frog has been cut in the neck and its brain destroyed, its hind legs are of course separated from the brain in which consciousness exists. If one of the feet now be dipped into a dilute acid, the legs are immediately drawn up. This so-called reflex action is produced by the traveling of the irritation from the leg up the nerve to the spinal cord and the consequent excitement of the ganglionic or nerve cells in the spinal cord, which give rise to an outgoing impulse that travels back along the nerve and causes the muscles to contract. If now a little acid be dropped upon the end of the back, the frog will try to brush it off with the foot handiest to the position. If this foot be cut off, the animal will endeavor to brush off the irritating acid with the stump, and failing to reach the part will remove the irritant with the other foot. There is no consciousness in the frog. If it be put in a vessel of water, the liquid may be gradually brought to the boiling point without any sign of life or feeling being manifested. The brainless frog moves its foot because in successive generations whenever consciousness has recognized the existence of some irritant upon the back frogs have taken the leg and brushed off the irritant; in this way a habit of action has been formed, and in the fullness of time it has happened that whenever there is a point of irritation upon the back of the frog the leg responds to the irritation in a reflex manner through the spinal cord without the brain of necessity consciously recognizing the irritation. In other words, successive actions have registered themselves in the lower nerve centers, so that a peculiar irritation converts itself into apparently purposive muscular movement without the intervention of consciousness. The little spinal cell, whose power is manifested only in motion, has unconsciously remembered that in times past whenever a certain impulse has reached it from the surface of the body and passed upwards to be felt in the brain, it has in obedience to consciousness directly sent out certain nervous forces which have produced motion; and as the result of such unconscious recollection on the part of the spinal cell, motion is produced whenever the originating impulse is received by the cell, although consciousness has been abolished.

If the section of the nerve centers of the frog be made at such a position that it cuts off only the higher portions of the brain, in which consciousness resides, the frog is converted into an extraordinary automaton. If the foot of the frog be irritated, it moves it out

of the way; if the frog be thrown into water, it rushes in blind haste to and fro; if the water be heated, the frog crawls out up the side of the vessel in order to escape. There is every appearance of purposive action. If the frog be placed on the table and its back be gently stroked, there seems to come to it memories of happy courtship hours spent in swamp or bog, and it breaks forth into the love song so admirably paraphrased by Aristophanes as *βραχύνει καὶ καὶ καὶ καὶ*. Yet the frog has not real consciousness. If food be placed before it, it pays no heed; though starving, it eats not, but dies of hunger in the midst of plenty. Unlike Tantalus, it is not tormented by ungratified desires, but perishes because it has no desires to gratify. If the food be put far back into its mouth so as to reach the gullet, the muscle contracts upon it and the morsel is swallowed, because the gullet has the unconscious memory of having swallowed when in the past food has been put into it. Once swallowed the food is digested, and the animal lives on. Put in the air and let alone, the frog is as a clod, until the sun withers it, and the wind blows it away. Without power to recall the past or to recognize the present, it sits motionless and mysterious as the Sphinx, buried not in the profundity of its thoughts, but in the abyss of its thoughtlessness. The movements of such a frog, whether those of swimming, climbing, or swallowing, are parallel with the simpler movements which occur in the frog whose cord has been cut lower down. The love song which it sings when stroked is the mechanical repetition of the expressions of its feelings through generations when replying to the caresses of its mate. The only difference between the two frogs is that in the second frog, in which the upper brain alone has been destroyed, the impulse traveling from the surface is able to pass a little higher up and reach not only the lower centers, but also those higher nerve centers which preside over more complicated movements.

In a similar way men and animals may walk on during sleep. A cavalry officer, speaking of one of the raids around Richmond during the Rebellion, said to me: "Successive days and nights we had been in the saddle, until from sheer exhaustion the whole regiment was asleep. The horses slept as they staggered on, the men slept in their saddles; but with the rebels behind and hope in front the whole command steadily marched onward." At every turn in the road it was necessary to station sentinels to waken horses and riders, who otherwise would have gone straight onward into fences, ditches, or mayhap over a precipice. "Indeed," said the officer, "I had a friend whose horse did walk with him into an abrupt abyss."

There was no upper brain memory of the past, no consciousness of the present, in that automatic mass of man and horse, which, though sleeping, walked forward by virtue of the recollection which lay in the lower nerve centers.

Memory is, then, entirely apart from consciousness. It is a function of nervous matter to be impressed with its own actions. If a nerve cell has once acted, it has a tendency to act again in a similar manner. If this action has been sufficiently repeated, the memory of it becomes stamped upon the little cell, and that stamp remains and dominates that cell. As a result of the influence exerted upon the cell, there has been formed, so to speak, a mold of that influence, by virtue of which, when the stimulation again comes, the cell reacts as it formerly had done. It is this fact which makes the training of children possible, and it is this that makes the responsibility of training children so terrible. Fixed habits are but the expression of organic form in nerve cells. We see this in disease as well as in health. A child receives a blow upon the head, and notwithstanding the healing of the cut there is still irritation of a peripheral nerve by a piece of stone or other foreign body left in the wound. Epileptiform convulsions result. The surgeon fails to recognize the cause of the trouble, and the convulsions are frequently repeated, until perhaps a wiser doctor sees and removes the irritating matter. Yet the convulsions go on. If the operation had been done early the child would have been saved, but it is too late. The nerve cells have had the convulsive stamp impressed upon them, and there is no power given to man to fill up the deep places or plane down the projecting corners of the mold.

If the sciatic or big leg-nerve of a guinea-pig be cut, the skin of a certain region of the face sensibly alters in structure, and epileptiform convulsions occur whenever any of this altered skin is irritated. If the affected skin be now cut out, the convulsions cease; but if the convulsions be allowed to continue, the habit is stamped not only on the mother guinea-pig on whom the original operation was performed, but on generation after generation of guinea-pigs. The memory of the nervous tissue for disease has been so terribly true that it has transmitted itself through successive generations.

A case which occurred some years ago in Philadelphia further illustrates the separateness of the higher intellectual memory from consciousness. A very old woman was dying; as the shadows of death gathered about her, she sat propped up in bed, holding her hands extended in front of her as though reading from a book, and speaking a jargon of words which no one could understand. At last one

well versed in languages came and said, "She is repeating the Portuguese Bible." When her history was inquired into it was learned that until the age of five or six years she had lived in Rio Janeiro, and no doubt had frequently heard the Portuguese Bible read; but during the many decades which she had resided in Philadelphia she had neither spoken nor read Portuguese. Yet when the veil was being torn off, when consciousness had already gone, and the lower nerve cells had power to assert themselves, there came forth, clear and sharp, the words that had been read in her presence when, a little toddling girl, she had haunted the streets and houses of Rio Janeiro. The sound had left its impress on the nerve cells as the type does upon the paper. Thus it is that in the presence of death a panorama of the past flashes with the velocity of thought before the consciousness. All persons are consciously and unconsciously molding in their brain cells records innumerable. Things that we reckon not of leave their impress there; stamp comes upon stamp like the various writings in an old palimpsest, in which the lower writings seem entirely obliterated until they are revealed by the processes of the antiquarian. So when the vision of the higher centers is sharpest it can see through the maze, and it may be in a moment decipher the records of a lifetime; or, when the restraining influence of the higher centers has been removed during delirious unconsciousness, muttered words, broken sentences, or clearly spoken periods, and mayhap even acts, give to bystanders glimpses of the passing visions.

Recently there has come to my notice the case of a man who under the influence of disease has recurrent visions of various character. Among these is a crescent of burnished silver from which dangle faces in great number; some unknown, some recognized by consciousness as those of acquaintances who had long passed out of recollection. As some of the faces were recognized only with difficulty, it is more than probable that the strange countenances were those of persons who had been previously seen, but the connection of whose impression upon the lower centers with consciousness was originally so faint or had been so long neglected that the thread could not be reunited. This case surely shows that physical shapes stamp their finest impression upon nerve centers, and that such stamp may be widely separated from conscious recollection and yet be firmly held through the years.

A little while ago I met a Quaker gentleman whom I had known in youth and I said to him, "Good morning." He gave me no answer. I said again, "Good morning, Mr. Jones!" He then said, "Horatio, excuse me,

I did not hear thee the first time." I asked him, "If you did not hear me the first time, how did you know that I had spoken?" What had happened was exactly this: there had been an impress made on the lower centers of that man's brain by my first salutation, but the impress had not been sufficiently strong to attract his attention. When his consciousness was awakened by my second salutation it looked down and saw the faint impression made upon the lower centers a moment before. That impress had been left permanently, although unnoted.

When we are trying to recollect a thing, we are simply searching here and there among the records in the brain to see if by chance we can find the leaf that we want to read.

What an index catalogue is to the searchers in a library, that to the searcher of brain records are the laws of association; and precisely as a purely alphabetical or arbitrary catalogue may assist the student, so may an artificial system of mnemonics assist the brain-delver.

The separateness of memory and consciousness is also illustrated by some of the extraordinary phenomena which are connected with the so-called local memories. Among the local or isolated memories the most distinct and sharply cut is the memory for words. It is entirely separate from the memory for things. As an instance showing this, I may cite the case of my own daughter, who when learning to read would recollect words as things, but not as words. She would say "b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l—handsome, pretty, good-looking." The meaning of this congregation of letters she could remember, but not the name of it. It is curious to note that this failure to remember names is in this case a clearly inherited mental defect.

When disease affects the brain these alterations of word-memory are something very strange. In the most complete form of this so-called aphasia the person cannot understand words, he cannot think in words, and cannot talk words. Usually, however, words are remembered sufficiently to be recognized when heard or seen, but although the idea is there, the person cannot speak in words. I recall the case of an old German woman who had aphasia. When asked how old she was, she would indicate sixty with her fingers. If asked how many children she had had, she would indicate seven. If two of the fingers were turned

down she would get angry and insist on the seven. She was able to understand questions. She knew what the figure "7" meant, but had not the power to say the word "seven." It is a very curious fact that in these forms of aphasia the language of the emotions may be preserved while the language of the intellect is destroyed. Very often a profane man, when he has aphasia, is able to swear. This German woman, when excited, could say "Gott in himmél!" Besides this there was left to her but one little fragment of each of the two languages which she had known. She could not say the English "no," but could say the German "nein"; she could not say the German "yah," but could splutter out the English "yes."

The forms of aphasia known as word-blindness and word-deafness are very strange. The sufferer from word-blindness can write and will understand what is said to him; he will talk to you and perhaps talk you to death; but hand him a book, a newspaper, or even the letter he himself has written, and he cannot read a word. Thus an active man of business having written a letter, giving directions for an important matter, attempted to read it, in order to see if it was correct, but was astounded to find that he could not make out a single word; he had been suddenly stricken with word-blindness. The sounds of the words and the words themselves had remained to him, but the recollection of the written forms of the words was gone.

In a case of word-deafness the person can talk and can write, but although his hearing is perfect he cannot recognize the spoken words. The sound of the voice is plain to his sense, but conveys no thought to him.

The records of the past—the unconscious memory, so to speak—exist in the brain; but for conscious recognition these must be dragged out before the consciousness. It is doubtful whether there is such a thing as a bad memory, *i. e.*, as a badly kept brain record. The difference in individuals as to the power of recollecting probably consists in the relation between consciousness and memory. One man has the power of going into the library in his brain and picking up at once the leaf he wants, and glories in his good memory. Another cannot in a moment find what he desires, but when the floods of disease come, then spontaneously float up those things which he had thought were gone forever.

H. C. Wood.



## THE NATURE AND METHOD OF REVELATION.

### IV.—REVELATION AND FAITH.



THE term "revelation" is commonly used to denote religious truth, supernaturally communicated, as distinguished from the knowledge of God obtained by natural means. In this use of terms, revealed religion stands in contrast with natural religion. But all our knowledge of God, through whatever medium derived, is from one ultimate source. That source is a revelation, or disclosure, which God makes of himself. And all truth respecting things divine and supernatural is apprehended by faith. Faith is the word descriptive of the mind's reception of it. Hence, in speaking of faith, and illustrating its nature, we may fitly take into view the fundamental truths of natural theology as well as Christianity.

It is often said, and the same thing is more often insinuated, that faith is something independent of evidence. It is looked upon as belief for which no reasons—that is to say, no valid reasons—are to be assigned. The individual himself, such is the implication, may perhaps be fully persuaded, but nothing that he can say constitutes an adequate ground of conviction for other minds than his own.

One occasion of this impression is the failure to distinguish between the sources and the proofs of religion. The genesis of religion as a fact of experience is one thing; the proofs of its reasonableness and the vindication of faith against skepticism are another. The genesis of religion is primarily from within, and not from without. As Aristotle styled man a political animal, it may be affirmed with even more emphasis that man is a religious being. Religion is not something foreign to his nature, imported into it from the external world, inculcated as a piece of information by his elders; nor is it, in its origin, an inference from the marks of design stamped upon things about him. The roots of religion are not in any process of the understanding. The idea that religious faith is a delusion of the imagination, a superstition engendered by dreams or by the fancied sight of ghosts of the dead, is disproved by history and philosophy. Religion is too deeply embedded in human nature, it is too powerful a factor in the history of mankind, to be accounted for by any of these superficial conjectures. Faith in the Being above us, the Author of our being, springs out of the sense of dependence

and the feeling of obligation and of law,—law felt as the manifested will of another, even the Infinite Spirit in whom we live,—and it is born of that yearning for a higher fellowship with him which alone can fill the soul with peace and joy. This primal revelation of God in the soul is the fountain-head of religion. However vague this impression may be in the beginning, however obscure the perception, and however dim it is rendered by the absorbing quest for earthly pleasure, it is the light of all our seeing. There is a *nisus* in the souls of men—a tendency to "seek God, if haply they might feel after him, and find him." This implied recognition of the existence of God is that from which—as John Calvin, in unison with the most profound philosophers of all ages, expresses it—"the propensity to religion proceeds." Here is the germ of our distinct and defined religious convictions. The latent anticipations of our nature are met and matched by the manifestation of God in the material world, in history, or the providential succession of events, and in Christ. These manifestations constitute the objective proofs of religion. They are real proofs. Drawn out into explicit statements, they constitute the arguments for Christian theism. It is true that no constraining efficacy belongs to them. But the same is to be said of all reasoning that is not strictly demonstrative. No other interpretation of the phenomena is so satisfactory to the unbiased reason of thoughtful inquirers. At the same time, another interpretation of the phenomena is always possible. Here it is that the primal disclosure of God in consciousness, the native "propensity to religion," when it is not dulled or stifled, avails to banish doubt. Let it be noticed, also, that this very religious constitution, by which we are inwardly drawn to God, correlated as it is to objective manifestations, constitutes an argument for the verity to which it points.

The great church historian Neander, whose living experience of religion opened to his mind its true philosophy, has these noble words respecting Socrates: "Socrates stands at the head of those men of supreme distinction in the world's history who, in the times when faith in anything divine and in objective truth has been shaken and shattered by the sophistry of an understanding that disintegrates all things and the power of an all-embracing spirit of denial, have led men back into the depths of



their soul which is akin to God, and have caused them to find in the immediate consciousness of the true and the divine an assurance lifted above all doubts. From the speculative questions, in answering which the spirit ever anew tires itself out, he turned their glance within upon their own moral nature. From the external world he called the spirit back to its own inner being, that it might there find its whereabouts and learn to be at home. It is the weighty 'know thyself' which the oracle at Delphi praised as the characteristic merit of Socrates. The great impulse that went forth from him worked on for centuries, and in later times was continually renewed by the agency of men who carried down his spirit to after ages; and this influence it was which directed attention to that in man which is immediately related to God and to the moral element in the human soul, as well as from this, as the starting-point, to the religious." What skeptical minds need in this age, as in every other, is to remember that man has a soul as well as an understanding. Conscience, sensibility, affection, aspiration are a deep and indestructible part of human nature. As there is a soul, there is a life of the soul. There are presages and inchoate beliefs native to human beings, existing by their own right, entitled to respect, needing, it may be, light and direction, but too sacred to be ignored. To surrender them is to fling away that which is most precious in man. In the depths of the spirit religion has its birth. It is a flame kindled in the soul by its divine Author.

Keeping in mind that the grounds of faith are in the connection of the subjective and objective manifestations of God, each throwing light upon the other and each serving to corroborate the other, we may glance at certain leading proofs of theism which thus address us from without.

Nature is pervaded by an intellectual element. That nature is intelligible is the prime assumption in all study of natural phenomena. As Professor Huxley remarks, in substance, at the beginning of a recent essay on the progress of science in the last half-century, to discern the rationality of nature is the comprehensive aim of science. This affinity of nature with our own minds, this mind in nature, implies an intelligent author of nature. It is *possible* to conclude otherwise, but not reasonable or natural.

Materialistic atheism must begin with the impossible task of resolving the human mind into a machine, and identifying consciousness and thought with the molecular movements of the brain. It must build a bridge which can never be built. The doctrine of the conservation of energy affords no help in this direction. Clerk Maxwell, one of its most authoritative ex-

pounders, says: "There is action and reaction between body and soul, but it is not of a kind in which energy passes from one to the other—as, when a man pulls a trigger, it is the gunpowder that projects the bullet, or when a pointsman shunts a train, it is the rails that bear the thrust." "The conservation of energy, when applied to living beings, leads to the conclusion that the soul of an animal is not, like the mainspring of a watch, the motive power of the body, but that its function is rather that of a steersman of a vessel—not to produce, but to regulate and direct the animal powers."

No modern discoveries have weakened the force of the argument from design, which in all ages has impressed alike the philosopher and the peasant. Evolution is a method, not a cause. It does nothing to account for the origin of things or the energy exerted in all progressive development. "It is plain," says Mr. Sully, "that every doctrine of evolution must assume some definite initial arrangement, which is supposed to contain the possibilities of the order which we find to be evolved, and no other possibility." Until that initial arrangement, involving all that issues out of it, is accounted for, not a step is taken towards explaining the world. The outcome of all the past history of nature is undeniably an orderly system—a cosmos. To introduce an element of "chance" in the succession of steps leading to it is a philosophical absurdity. Such a meaningless notion might seem to be countenanced in the terms used to describe the promiscuous variation which was a part of Mr. Darwin's theory. But even Mr. Darwin had no thought of denying that there are *laws* of variability. "Our ignorance," he says, "of the laws of variation is profound." This, of course, implies that there are such laws. The constitution of the being that varies is an essential factor, and, with Mr. Darwin, the prime factor in producing the variations which constitute the materials on which the so-called selective agency of nature acts. But according to many evolutionists, like Asa Gray, variation moves along definite lines and its range is limited. If this were not the fact, as the physiologist Dr. W. B. Carpenter cogently argues, the chances to be overcome in building up an organized species are infinite. "On the hypothesis of 'natural selection' among aimless variations," says Dr. Carpenter, "I think that it could be shown that the probability is infinitely small that the progressive modifications required in the structure of each individual organ to convert a reptile into a bird could have taken place without disturbing the required harmony in their combined action; nothing but intentional variations being competent to bring such a result." The proof of this pre-arrangement is furnished

"by the orderly sequence of variations following definite lines of advance. The evidence of final causes is not impaired. 'We simply,' to use the language of Whewell, 'transfer the notion of design and end from the region of facts to that of laws'; that is, from the particular cases to the general plan. In this general plan the production of man is comprehended. In him, the final product, the meaning and aim of the entire scheme of creation are fully discovered."

There are naturalists, among them Mr. Wallace, who are in more full accord with Darwin's particular view, and ascribe more to "natural selection." Generally speaking, even these are not so rash as to undertake to rule out teleology, and to explain the phenomena of vegetable and animal life on a mechanical theory which excludes design. How inadequate the mechanical view is, regarded as an explanation of nature, has been demonstrated by Lotze and other philosophers, who are not in the least averse to the doctrine of a genetic relation of animal species to one another, or even to a wider extension of evolutionary theory. It is easy for naturalists to become absorbed in the search after the links of causal connection which bind together the phenomena of nature. There is an exposure, the antipode of that false use of the idea of final causes which stifled inductive investigation, and against which Bacon protested. But even to naturalists of the present day, who are chargeable with this error, the teleological aspect of nature, the design that runs through all, will at times come home with an irresistible force of impression. Darwin is himself an example. The Duke of Argyll, speaking of the phenomena of nature, which "our mind recognizes as mental," writes as follows: "I have the best reason to know that Darwin himself was very far from being insensible to the evidence of this truth. In the year preceding his death he did me the honor to call upon me in London; and in the course of our conversation, I said to him that to me it seemed wholly impossible to separate many of the adjustments which he had so laboriously traced and described to any other agency than that of mind. His reply was one which has left an ineffaceable impression upon me; not from its words only, but from the tone and manner in which it was given. 'Well,' he said, 'that impression has often come upon me with overpowering force. But then, at other times, it all seems —'; and then he passed his hands across his eyes, as if to indicate the passing of a vision out of sight."

The admission of a first cause — that is, of a cause which is not itself an effect — is unavoidable unless the principle of causation is to be utterly discredited. The agnostic theory of an

"Unknowable" is self-destructive. To ascribe to the infinite being *power* is open to whatever objection is imagined to lie against the ascription to that being of intelligence. It is assumed that there is a revelation of *power*: because of this revelation the existence of that being is assumed. But the revelation of *intelligence* is every whit as clear.

How shall we be assured of the moral attributes of God, of his holiness and love? We are in a world that abounds in suffering. How shall this be reconciled with benevolence in the Creator? Much weight is to be given to the consideration of the effects flowing of necessity from a system of general laws, notwithstanding the advantages of such a system. The suggestions relative to the occasions and beneficent offices of pain and death, which are presented by such writers as James Martineau, in his recent work, "A Study of Religion," are helpful. Especially is the fact of moral evil to be taken into the account when a solution is sought for the problem of physical evil, its concomitant and so often its consequence. Let it be freely granted, however, that no explanations that man can devise avail to clear up altogether the mystery of evil. It is only a small part of the system of things that falls under our observation in the present stage of our being. It is not by an inductive argument, by showing a preponderance of good over evil in the arrangements of nature, that the mind is set at rest. There is no need of an argument of this kind. There is need of faith, but that faith is rational. We find in our own moral constitution a direct and full attestation of the goodness of God. Our moral constitution is affirmed, by a class of evolutionists, to be a gradual growth from a foundation of animal instincts. Let this speculation go for what it may be worth. The same theory is advanced respecting the human intellect. Yet the intellect is assumed to be an organ of knowledge. There is no avoiding this conclusion; else all science, evolutionary science included, is a castle in the air. If the intellect is entitled to trust, so equally is the moral nature. Are the righteousness and goodness of God called in question on the ground of perplexing facts observed in the structure and course of the world? Where do we get the qualifications for raising such inquiries or rendering an answer to them? It must be from ideals of character which we find within ourselves, and from the supreme place accorded to the moral law which is written on the heart. But whence come these moral ideals? Who enthroned the law of righteousness in the heart? Who inscribed on the tablets of the soul the assertion of the inviolable authority of right and the absolute worth of love as a motive of action? In a

word, our moral constitution is itself given us of God, and if it be not the reflection of his character, it is, for aught we can say, a false light; in which case all the verdicts resting upon it, with all the queries of skepticism as to the goodness of God, may be illusive. The arraignment of the character of God on the ground of alleged imperfections in nature, or of seemingly harsh and unjust occurrences in the course of events, is therefore suicidal. The revelation of God's character is in our moral constitution. The voice within us, which is uttered in the sacred impulse of duty and in the law of love, is his voice. There we learn what he approves, what he requires, what he rewards. When this proposition is denied, we lose our footing. We cut away the ground for trust in our own capacity for moral criticism.

Man has not one originating cause and the world another. The existence and supreme authority of conscience imply that in the ongoing of the world righteousness holds sway. If there is a moral purpose underlying the course of things, then a righteous being is at the helm. What confusion, worse than chaos, in the idea that while man himself is bound to be actuated by a moral purpose, the universe in which he is to act his part exists for no moral end, and that through the course of things no moral purpose runs!

It is not my object in these remarks to draw out in full the proofs of the existence and the moral attributes of God. It is rather to illustrate the relation in which these proofs stand to those perceptions, inchoate and spontaneous in the experiences of the soul, which are the ultimate subjective source of religion, and on which the living appreciation of the revelation of God in external nature is contingent. Let it be observed, moreover, that these native spiritual experiences of dependence, of obligation, and accountableness, of hunger for fellowship with the Infinite One, wherein religion takes its rise and has its root, are themselves to be counted as proofs of the reality of the object implied in them. They are significant of the end for which man was made. They presuppose God.

It is true that all our knowledge rests ultimately on an act of faith which finds no warrant in any process of reasoning. We cannot climb to this trust on the steps of a syllogism. We are obliged to start with a confidence in the veracity of our intellectual faculties; and this we have to assume persistently in the whole work of acquiring knowledge. Without this assumption we can no more infer anything or know anything than a bird can fly in a vacuum. All science reposes on this faith in our own minds, which implies and includes faith in the Author of the mind. This primitive faith in our-

selves is moral in its nature. So of all that truth which is justly called self-evident. No arguments are to be adduced for it. In every process of reasoning it is presupposed. We can prove nothing except on the basis of propositions that admit of no proof. But if we leave out of account the domain of self-evident truth, which is ground common to both religion and science, religious beliefs, as far as they are sound, are based on adequate evidence. It may be well, however, to explain somewhat more definitely what is denoted by faith; to say enough, at least, to guard against certain misconceptions. At the opening of one of the noblest passages in the New Testament, faith is defined as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." A more correct rendering of the verse would be, "The firm assurance of things hoped for, the being convinced of things not seen"—that is, of their reality. Faith makes real to the mind objects of hope; things in the future; it makes real, also, things not cognizable by the senses. It takes these things out of a kind of dream-land; and, further, it gives to them a substantial being, so that they exercise a due control in the shaping of conduct.

It is superfluous to remark that faith creates nothing; makes nothing different from what it is already. This is evident of that sort of faith which is exercised in relation to mundane affairs. I believe in the virtue of a medicine; but, if my faith is well founded, the virtue is in the medicine quite independently of any idea or feeling of mine in regard to it. I believe in a physician; but my belief does not give him the knowledge and the tact in which I confide. He is just the same—just as competent, or incompetent, as the case may be—whether I trust in him or not. Or, take for an illustration the faith of a discoverer. Columbus believed that he could reach a continent by sailing westward on a path which Europeans had never taken. His faith urged him onward, week after week, and month after month, never turning his prow, regardless of the discontent of his men, until faith was rewarded by sight. He descried at last the green shores and heard the singing of the birds. The poet Schiller, indeed, referring to the ardor of his faith, says that had Columbus not found a continent he would have created one. In truth, if he had not found the land, had there been no real object answering to his belief, his faith would have been merely a fancy.

It is equally obvious that nothing is added to the sum of religious truth by believing in it; nothing is subtracted by indifference or disbelief. As well might one think of creating or destroying the visible universe by opening or shutting the organ of vision. When a per-

son comes to believe in God, he adds not a single quality to the nature of that being with whom "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." He simply discerns that which he had failed to see before: he finds God. No one imagines that the Prodigal Son created his father by returning to him. The forsaken father was always there, waiting for him. Faith in the gospel is simply the practical acknowledgment of a fact. The Apostle Paul reminds his readers that they have not to climb into heaven and bring Christ down, or to descend into the grave and bring him up. He has already lived among men, and he has risen. The victory of Jesus Christ over sin and over death is a finished achievement. Faith is that recognition of the fact which carries in it appropriate fruits in feeling and conduct. No one has understood better what faith is than Martin Luther, himself a great believer. "By faith," says Luther, "man sees into the heart of God." "God," says Luther, "is the God of the humble, the miserable, the afflicted, the oppressed, and the desperate, and of those that are brought even to nothing; and his nature is to exalt the humble, to feed the hungry, to give sight to the blind, to comfort the miserable, the afflicted, the bruised, the broken-hearted, to justify sinners, to quicken the dead, and to save the very desperate and damned. For he is an almighty Creator, and maketh all things of nothing."

Luther was not wrong in considering that the one essential thing in religion is faith. For without faith there is no real approach to God; and what is religion but converse or communion with God? Religion is a relation of person to person. The reveries of Pantheism are not religion in the proper sense of the word. He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of those who seek after him. To speak to a being in whose existence one has no belief is little short of lunacy. To pour out gratitude, or to address a petition, to something held to be void of consciousness, incapable of hearing, is to bid farewell to common sense. So of the character of God; it has no practical influence on a man's thoughts or conduct except as he believes in it. Luther, moreover, was right, and only followed the Scriptures when he insisted that the source of all wrong-doing as well as of irreligion is the lack of faith. If men believed in God and in a hereafter as truly and as vividly as they believe in the reality of material things around them, temptations would be stripped of their power, sinful pleasure would have no chance as a rival of the higher good. Men sin because they mistake shadow for substance, and substance for shadow. They deify creatures of God, believing in them with an

idolatrous faith. Not seeing them in contrast with an equally clear view of things of imperishable value, they magnify their worth. They are drawn to them by an irresistible attraction, because they are cut off from the influence of the counter-force. They seek to slake the thirst of the spirit for the moment, striving to forget that "whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again."

We started with the thesis that the truths of religion rest upon good and sufficient evidence. Comparing these truths with well-grounded beliefs of a different species, where the things believed are within the circle of every-day life, we shall find that the first difference is in the *kind* of proofs presented, not in the comparative degree of weight that belongs to them in the two cases. As regards religious truth the proofs are not experimental. We cannot apply to them the tests of the measuring-rod and the crucible, and other criteria, of a tangible kind, which appeal to the senses. The evidence is, to say the least, equally weighty, but is not of the same sort. Among recent theological writers no one has set forth this not unfamiliar distinction with more force and originality than Mozley. Even in astronomy, not only is the reasoning in great part of a demonstrative kind, being mathematical in its nature, but it has the advantage of being verified by the observed fulfillment of prediction. The eclipse draws a curtain over the disk of the sun at the very moment set down in the almanac. The comet makes its appearance, fulfilling with absolute punctuality a prophecy recorded centuries before. It may be doubted whether astronomical truth—truth so amazing and almost bewildering in its nature—would gain the assent of the common mind were it not verified to everybody in this visible and astonishing way. Now the only thing in religion analogous to these external tests is the miracle, including prophecy, which is one form of miracle. The miracle is a sign, a kind of experimental proof, an appeal to the senses as an aid to faith. Jesus wrought miracles only where there was already a germinant faith. He said to Thomas, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Jesus manifested himself to the senses of the doubting disciple and that disciple believed. It is a higher thing to believe when there is nothing but testimony, and when the internal probability of the fact is thrown into the scale and avails to carry the mind's assent.

It is therefore an error, either undesigned or intentional, of skeptical writers to describe faith as an arbitrary, groundless acceptance of doctrines in behalf of which no proof is possible. This is to confound faith and credulity. It makes religion the equivalent of superstition. Mon-



taigne, in his "Essays," in his genial way of avoiding whatever might give offense or raise a dispute, affords an example of this practice of relegating faith to a province quite apart from reason. The open rejection of religious truth is avoided by this urbane method of remanding the creed to a department where it is presumptuous for plain mortals to intrude. Hume, in his "Essays," Gibbon, in his history, following a common practice of freethinkers in the last century, in an ironical or sarcastic vein, not unfrequently refer to faith as something too sacred to rest on proof. Thus religious beliefs are made to appear to hang in mid-air, without any support. But the foundation of these beliefs is no less solid for the reason that empirical tests are not applicable to them. The data on which they rest are real, and the inferences from the data are fairly drawn.

The first peculiarity of the truth accepted by faith is, then, the absence of the external or experimental sort of proof in confirmation of it. In addition to this peculiarity, the truths of religion, while they are of the character just described, summon the mind to a forth-putting of energy in an extraordinary degree. An exertion of will is requisite. Take the fundamental truth of religion, the existence of a personal God. The proofs of the being of God are so strong that they would suffice to produce conviction in every reasonable mind if the proposition were not one so amazing in its nature. To accept it and rest in it requires a certain energy of trust. "This principle of trust," says Mozley, "is faith — the same principle by which we repose in a witness of good character who informs us of a marvelous occurrence — so marvelous that the trust in his testimony has to be sustained by a certain effort of the reasonable will." The timidity of reason has to be overcome by a courageous exercise of will. In appropriating, or making our own, the things of faith, there is a venture to be made on the ground of the evidence, without the stimulus and support of an appeal to the senses. In matters of the highest moment, which affect our destiny, we have to go upon trust; a reasonable trust, to be sure, yet requiring to be maintained even in the face of impressions, seemingly adverse to it, which come in through the senses. Now, unless the phenomena which are the reasonable ground of faith, and which pertain on the one side to our moral and spiritual experience, are vividly apprehended, the soul will be too timid to make the venture. The stake is too great, the issue too momentous. We are called upon to take a leap in the dark, without seeing what our feet are to touch. There is proof enough, but there is a seeming conflict with the senses. The elements of uncertainty are at once exaggerated. Courage

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gives way. Many people are afraid in the dark, out of doors and in their own homes, even when they know that there is no rational ground for apprehension. Infidelity is a species of cowardice.

In a charming passage of the *Phædo*, Socrates, after much wise talk about the future life, says: "To affirm positively that all is exactly as I have described would not befit a man of sense. But, since the soul is evidently immortal, that this or something like it is true of our souls and their future habitations — this I think it does befit him to believe, and it is worth risking his faith upon, for the risk is a glorious one indeed." And then, later, when Crito inquires, "How do you wish us to bury you?" "Just as you please," he answered, "if you only get hold of me and do not let me escape you." And quietly laughing and glancing at us, he said: "I cannot persuade Crito, my friends, that this Socrates who is now talking with you and laying down each one of these propositions is my very self; for his mind is full of the thought that I am he whom he is to see in a little while as a corpse; and so he asks how he shall bury me."

The eleventh chapter of Hebrews enumerates a list of heroes of faith — Abraham, Moses, and the others. Their faith nerved them to risk everything without fear as to the result. It was not an irrational confidence. Had it been a groundless trust, their bravery would have been mere foolhardiness. Their distinction was that they had the energy to act upon an expectation which, though reasonable in its character, ran counter to all the appearances. Not without truth has it been said of heroism in general, that it partakes of a supernatural quality.

A number of years ago I read an account of a visit made by the Prince of Wales, in company with an eminent man of science, to a great iron foundry. They stood together by a stream of red-hot iron, flowing slowly out of the smelting furnace. "Do you believe in science?" said his companion to the Prince. "I do," was the reply. "Then thrust your moistened finger into that stream." The Prince at once divided the stream with his finger, and the finger was not harmed. Whether this particular incident occurred or not, the same thing is not unfrequently done by workmen in foundries. On the instant of the contact of the hand with the fiery liquid there ensues what the scientific men call the "spheroidal state." The sudden evaporation is somehow attended by a repellency that perfectly shields the flesh, for the moment, from contact with the burning substance through which it passes. A learned professor has related to me that having had occasion to refer, in a popular lecture, to the principle of the spheroidal state, and to ex-

plain how a stream of molten iron could be thus parted by the naked hand with impunity, a lad among his hearers informed him that his father, a workman in a foundry near by, had often done it. The lecturer repaired to the place, and the workman repeated the experiment in his presence, but, in reply to an inquiry, informed him that the other workmen were afraid to do it. The professor to whom I refer has more than once cut with his finger the glowing stream as it flowed out in a slow current from the heated furnace.

We may suppose a person to understand the principle of the spheroidal state, and how it is that the hand, with only the ordinary amount of natural moisture upon it, can be safely passed through such a current. Nevertheless, he might shrink from making the experiment. The sight of the red-hot liquid might induce a recoil which his faith in the principle would not suffice to overcome. Even in the case to which I have referred, the workmen who saw one of their companions try the experiment again and again were kept back by a certain timidity from following his example. An unwonted energy, an unwonted boldness, are requisite to neutralize the impression made on the mind through the senses, let reason say what it will.

It follows that there are grades of faith. We read in the Gospel of Mark that a father who had brought his poor diseased child to Christ "said with tears, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'" The Evangelist Luke records the fact that the disciples of Jesus came to him with the prayer, "Increase our faith." The petition implies that there is a difficulty in believing. Many Christian disciples of later times have found it to be so, both in respect to that general faith in God's presence, power, and love which the Apostles then had specially in mind, and in respect to trust in the revelation of his mercy through Christ. Where there is intellectual assent, another element must be mixed with it to constitute faith. Why do we not *feel* that God is near us and with us; that not a sparrow falls to the ground without him; that he really pities and cares for us; that he will provide for us; that he loves us even when he makes us suffer; that he can make all things which occur to work together for our good; that nations, like individuals, are in his hand? Why do we not feel that if we are stripped of all earthly good, he can more than make up the loss to us; that in his favor there is life in the highest sense—true joy? In a word—why is not God more real to us? How near is the power on which we depend for life and breath and all things! How narrow, after all, is the space that is open to the action of our wills! Its boundaries are close upon us, and

on every side is God! The place and time of our birth, our personal characteristics, the outward circumstances of our life, the results of our plans and endeavors, the length of our days, all—save the limited effects left contingent upon our choice—are determined by God. Man proposes, but God disposes. He is without us, ordering the course of events. He is within, speaking through conscience. He hems us in on every side, and confronts us at every turn. Why should he be to us as if he were not?

No doubt the considerations already brought forward may suggest a partial answer to the question. We live in a world of sense and the world of sense abides with us, early and late. We live in the midst of things seen and temporal. The material aspect of human existence is constantly before us. On every hand is the appalling spectacle of human decay and death. The generations come and go—carried away "as by a flood." After all, however, this explanation of the dullness of faith appears inadequate. It does not go to the root. We believe in a thousand things that we do not see. The past history of the world I did not myself witness. I believe in the existence of a million stars which I have never beheld. But these, it may be said, are in their own nature visible. But heat is invisible; the force of gravity is invisible. Yet we believe in these. We believe that the men and women about us have souls, although we have never seen them, nor are they capable of being seen; for

We are spirits clad in veils,  
Man by man was never seen;  
All our deep communing fails  
To remove the shadowy screen.

Why should the visible scene around us intercept the view of God instead of manifesting him? When we look within, when in a truthful spirit we inquire before the bar of our own judgment in what spirit we have lived, and when we contemplate mankind earnestly, in their present condition and their past history, we have to confess that human nature is afflicted with a malady; which yet is not properly called a malady, since men accuse themselves and blame themselves on account of it and on account of the multiform types of wrong-doing that spring out of it, as fruits from a tree. We may leave it, if we choose, to philosophers and to theologians to discuss the origin of sin, how it spread, and the grounds of personal responsibility for it. Of the fact of sin there can be no question. In one of Professor Huxley's recent excursions into the field of theology he drops for a moment from his usually confident and almost hilarious mood into a more pensive strain. I quote the para-

graph, printing, however, two or three words in a type that will call to them special attention:

I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute only more intelligent than the other brutes; a blind prey to impulses, which as often as not lead him to destruction; a victim to endless illusions, which make his mental existence a terror and a burden and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He retains a degree of physical comfort, and develops a more or less workable theory of life, in such favorable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia and of Egypt, and then, for thousands and thousands of years, struggles with varying fortunes, attended by INFINITE WICKEDNESS, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and the ambition of his fellow-men. He makes a point of killing and otherwise persecuting all those who first try to get him to move on; and when he has moved on a step, foolishly confers post-mortem deification on his victims. He exactly repeats the process with all who want to step yet farther. And the best men of the best epochs are simply those who make the fewest blunders and commit the fewest sins.

How much truth there is in this vivid picture of the past of mankind is plain to all thoughtful persons. What is worthy of note is that along with what is said of the "evolution of humanity," and notwithstanding the apparent sanction given to that unproved type of evolutionary theory which makes man at the start nothing but an intelligent brute, there is still a perception that his career is something more than a chapter in natural history. That is, moral history is not completely metamorphosed into natural history. There has been "INFINITE WICKEDNESS." Nay, more; the most that can be claimed for the "best" of men is that they "commit the fewest sins." Has the brilliant naturalist ever pondered what is involved in these unquestioned facts? Has he ever grasped them in their full purport, and sought to understand what they presuppose respecting the race of mankind? Is he wise enough to be sure that the solution of them in the Scriptures, and the Christian explanation of the radical source of the "bloodshed and misery," the "greed and the ambition," the "endless illusions" on which he dwells so pathetically, is not, after all, the most philosophical and satisfactory of all solutions? Grant that sin, in its origin and diffusion, and the union of individual responsibility and guilt with a common moral depravity coextensive with the race, involves mystery. May it not be, as Coleridge has said, the one mystery that makes all things else clear? Grant that even when sin is perceived to be the root of misery, it is hard fully to explain the slowness of the divine

process of recovery and redemption, yet the gravest difficulty is taken out of the way. A dark shadow is removed from the character of God and his administration.

The paragraph which I have quoted from Professor Huxley recalls a striking passage from the pen of a most gifted man, but a man quite different in the cast of his thoughts from the distinguished naturalist. The passage which follows is extracted from the "Apologia" of John Henry Newman. After speaking of the certainty which he has of the being of God, on the ground of the inward testimonies of heart and conscience, he adds:

Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only; and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God drawn from the general facts of human society; but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations and mourning and woe."

To consider the world in its length and breadth, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienations, their conflicts; . . . the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity; the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, moral anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries; the dreary, hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so perfectly yet exactly described in the Apostle's words (having no hope and without God in the world)—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? . . . Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birthplace, his family connections, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history, and that he was one of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed. . . . And so I argue about the world; if there be a God, since there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact; a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.

I have not quoted the whole of these impressive paragraphs of Newman, but I have quoted enough to show the points of strong resemblance between this description of the feelings excited by a calm survey of men and their history, and that given in the citation

from Professor Huxley. If Newman inserts in the dark catalogue "the prevalence and intensity of sin," the phrase is equivalent to the "infinite wickedness," the contemplation of which saddens the mind of Huxley. But the difference is that the theologian does not suffer that most terrible fact of evil involving guilt, which exhibits itself everywhere in human history—a fact in its very nature abnormal; the abnormal character of which cannot be denied without a denial of the fact itself—to be lightly passed by. He sees in it, in the universality of transgression, proof that in some inscrutable way the race has made shipwreck of itself. There is a source—however incapable it may be of full explication—of this corruption, which, be it never forgotten, is not physical, but is moral and culpable. There must be a *fons et origo malorum*. Writers of the class of Professor Huxley can see and acknowledge the "infinite wickedness" of the world, and designate it by its right name. They can see that the only merit of "the best men of the best epochs" is that they "commit the fewest sins." They call them "SINS" and distinguish them from "blunders." They confess with pain that immoralities and crimes make up a great part of the annals of mankind. Theorizing about "the evolution of humanity" has to reconcile itself, somehow or other, with human responsibility and with the appalling moral depravity which has spread over the race. It is seen clearly enough that to seek to turn, by any hocus-pocus of speculation, whether physical or metaphysical, evil into good, to transmute sin into something not base or blameworthy, is to undertake to paralyze conscience and to undermine the moral basis of society. So here remains the awful fact of sin, and of a common sin, or of sin that is common. Here is the fact which Professor Huxley terms the "*infinite wickedness*" that is and has been in the world since men began to exist in it. Here is the reason why Professor Huxley, and every other man who honestly goes through an act of self-judgment, is obliged to bow his head like the publican in the parable.

Sin being an undeniable fact, and being in its nature an element of disorder, that our perception of God and of things spiritual should be to a certain degree darkened by the perversion of the will in its inmost inclination, by the "infinite wickedness" which Professor Huxley deplores, and of which he truly says that the "best men of the best epochs" partake, is what might naturally be expected.

Light is thus thrown on the psychology of doubt and disbelief. We have to take account of the fact that we have fallen into a habit of mind discordant with our nature,—that better nature which is affiliated to God,—and one

effect of this perversion is to obscure the discernment of things supernatural. The life of self which we lead, and which Christ undertook to destroy,—the habit of living to the world and of placing our chief good, and seeking the satisfaction of the spirit, within the bounds of created nature,—is the radical source of unbelief. We have not liked to retain God in our knowledge. Herschel remarks of the cosmic system as revealed by astronomy, that it is directly opposed to the ordinary conception of men. To them the earth is the center; the sun moves in a circle around it; the starry heavens are a canopy stretched over it. Science contradicts and upsets this natural view of things. But not more than the truth of religion subverts that habit of thought in which the soul is self-centered and the world is looked upon as tributary to its gratification. It is a dictum of common sense, as well as a word of the Lord, that the heart will be where its treasure is. Can it be considered strange that the course of our mental life—the currents of thought and feeling—should be adjusted to the natural order within which, exclusively, our affections find their chosen objects, and above which our desires and aspirations do not rise? The laws of association by which the process of our thoughts is determined keep the attention upon the object of the heart's love. As to all that lies beyond, the vividness of our ideas, and, eventually, even our beliefs, are subject to the same influence. The perceptions that engender faith are wanting. The sense of dependence, humility in the room of self-assertion, the craving for something higher than earthly good, the sharp rebukes of conscience, are absent. Faith is a plant that cannot spring up in so barren a soil. One might as well hope to impart science to one void of curiosity and without any true sense of the value of knowledge. Receptivity of one kind or another is the door of access for all higher good.

If there be such a hindrance to the exercise of faith in general, a peculiar obstacle interferes with trust in the revelation of the love of God in the religion of the gospel. In this branch of the discussion it is pertinent to refer to the well-known phenomena of Christian experience. There is an abundance of testimony, in the history of the Church and in Christian biography, to sustain the remarks which are to follow. To facts of this nature the class whom Newman somewhere denominates "mere men of letters" may think it beneath them to attend. Not so will judge wise and candid students of human nature, be their creed what it may.

It often happens that when the habit of worldliness is partly broken up, and self-reproach is awakened, the feeling of unworthiness makes it hard to look upon God in any



other light than that of a judge. Like Luther, in his earlier days, we are inclined to think of Christ as having come into the world to condemn rather than to save. He seems to be a second Moses; only tenfold more rigid and austere than the first. We read the Sermon on the Mount, and find no difficulty in believing what he says of the rigor of the law, the ideal of obligation—penetrating to the inmost thought of the heart—finding in unrighteous anger the seed-principle of murder. We believe all this; but we do not so easily believe in the assurance that he is meek and lowly in heart; that “the bruised reed he will not break.” The invitation to come unto him and find rest is heard with a kind of distrust. There is a common saying that it is hard to forgive those whom we have injured. Certainly we are apt to imagine them to feel unkindly towards us. A sense of ill-desert banishes men from God the more effectually because they know it to be a true and right feeling, and know that if they condemn their sin God condemns it even more. Such is the effect of the moral ideal, brought within the pale of consciousness. But the law reveals man to himself; it does not reveal God to man save partially and in one relation. He is more than law and justice and holiness. There is a mercifulness deeper than all. He loves his enemies; and we are exhorted in the Sermon on the Mount to copy his example by doing good to those who treat us ill. “God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” Yet, notwithstanding this manifestation of the love of God, and of his willingness to forgive the ill-deserving, the sense of guilt and of shame at the lives we have led may hinder us from believing in him. The Prodigal Son, when he resolved to go back to his father, only thought to apply for the place of a servant. “Make me as one of thy hired servants,” that should be his prayer. That was the extent of his hope. But when, weary, footsore, and famished, he caught sight of his father, hastening to meet him, and saw that his heart was full of love and pity, he forgot this part of his intended petition. He did not beg to be made a servant. All his dread was dispelled.

Now that we have glanced at the principal hindrances in the way of believing, it will not be wandering from our subject to inquire by what means faith may be increased.

Not by the mere exercise of the understanding—the inquisitive and reasoning faculty. The understanding, it has been all along implied, has its rights in matters of religion. We cannot be required to believe anything in conflict with the dictates of sound reason. But when men talk of reason and of a supposed conflict between Christianity and reason, it is impor-

tant to inquire what precisely is signified by the term. Whose reason is meant? Is it the reason of an immature mind? Is it reason warped by prejudice, heated by passion, or blinded by conceit and self-admiration? A conflict between reason as thus described and the Christian system is of no significance in opposition to the latter. When we speak of the accordance of Christianity with reason, we mean the reason of a right-minded man whose intellectual vision is purified. We mean reason regenerated. The Christian cause need not shrink from answering to a tribunal thus qualified for passing judgment. In the case of an historical religion like Christianity we have a right to examine the testimony to the facts offered to our credence. To attribute all sorts of doubt and questioning to an evil heart is quite unwarrantable. To condemn dissent from the tenets or interpretations of a particular sect or school, as if it were infallible, is arrogant. At the same time our convictions of religious truth do not take their rise in the understanding. Define it as you will, there is such a thing as spiritual discernment. A quickened receptivity develops an insight analogous to higher perceptions in the domain of poetry and art. There are truths which shine in their own light. They impress the soul directly with the evidence of their reality. They will sometimes flash on the mind after long waiting and fruitless groping in the dark. Christ did not say: Blessed are men of talents; blessed are those who have the ability and leisure for investigation; blessed are the keen logicians. But he said: “Blessed are the poor in spirit”; “Blessed are the pure in heart”; “Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness.” He took a little child, and placed him in the midst of his Disciples, as an example of the humility required for admission into his kingdom. His first followers were not distinguished for their intellectual powers. They were unlearned men. It is found in these days, not unfrequently, that men eminent for their intellectual powers and acquirements are unbelievers. Numerous examples, to be sure, of faith on the part of men equally eminent, men like Kepler, Leibnitz, Newton, Faraday, are not wanting. But apart from numerous examples of the power of Christianity to convince the most powerful minds, no Christian believer has any occasion to be disquieted for the reason that men excelling in science or scholarship stand aloof from the gospel, or even if they profess atheism. If the secret of unbelief, or its inmost source, be the alienation of the heart from God, what is there in mere intellectual culture to furnish a remedy? A man may not be cured of a moral distemper by getting knowledge, any more than by getting fame, or getting money.

Two things are to be borne in mind. In the first place, there is abundant evidence that an awakening of conscience, or a quickening of moral sensibility in any form, will often dissipate doubt, and create an inward assurance in another way than by the solving of intellectual problems. It is frequently seen, also, that the understanding, even when its path is made smooth, its difficulties cleared up, its hard questions answered, does not engender faith. A negative work is accomplished, but perhaps nothing more. The bark is all ready to move on the waters, the sails are spread, but there is no breeze to fill them. To break through the bonds of nature, and lay hold of the supernatural—that all our reasonings do not lend us the power to do. Fetters have been shaken off which held us to the earth, but no wings have been given on which to soar aloft. Light has come, but not life.

Logic alone cannot develop faith. But more is to be hoped from that kind of thoughtfulness which tends to detach the heart from earthly good. He who learns how insufficient the world is for the soul will be prepared to turn to something higher. For this reason, in a multitude of instances, trouble has proved to be a school of faith. One who has trusted in riches, but who is despoiled of them and reduced to poverty, looks about for something more substantial to rest upon. One who has made a god of reputation, but becomes, either with or without his fault, unpopular and odious, or obscure and forgotten, is naturally prompted to seek for a good more satisfying and more lasting than the breath of human praise. How many have learned more of God in one hour of bitter sorrow, when bereaved of those who made a part of their life, than they had learned in years of study! They open the Bible, and hear there messages from the Unseen which before had fallen on listless ears. Bowed down with grief, they hear the sweet and majestic words, "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." When the light goes out on the hearthstone, when nothing meets the eye but tokens left behind by those gone from us, no more to return, then, perchance, we lift our eyes from the darkened earth, and lo! like the patriarch of old, we see the heavens radiant with stars not seen in the glare of day. Out of anguish that seemed unbearable, out of paroxysms of grief, out of the long hours of dull pain, are plucked fruits precious enough to outweigh the suffering which they cost. The soul is brought a little nearer to God. Saints there have been who have welcomed pain. Pascal prayed: "If the world filled up the affections of my heart while I was in bodily vigor, let that vigor be laid low if my spiritual good require it!" "Dispose of me altogether as thou

shalt see best! Replenish or impoverish me as thou wilt! But conform my will to thine; and enable me, in an humble and entire submission, and a holy confidence, to wait thy providential guidance, and to acquiesce in thy gracious disposal!"

It is sometimes made a reproach to religion that it is the refuge of the weak, the disappointed, the desponding. But the question is whether the realities of existence are not more truly discerned from the point of view gained by such—whether the mental vision is not clearer.

Not long after the death of his wife, Thomas Carlyle wrote to his friend Erskine of Linlathen as follows: "'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done'—what else can we say? The other night, in my sleepless tossings about, which were growing more and more miserable, these words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind, with an altogether new emphasis, as if written and shining for me in mild pure splendor on the black bosom of the night there; when I, as it were, read them, word by word, with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure that was most unexpected. Not perhaps for thirty or forty years had I ever formally repeated that prayer; nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature; right worthy to be recommended with an 'After this manner pray ye.'" How did Carlyle come to see what he had never seen before, and to feel what he had never before felt? Have the teachers of the Church in all ages been so far astray, when, following Christ and the Apostles, they have talked of a blindness of mind and of spiritual light?

Another effective mode of promoting faith is obedience, even if, owing to the dullness of the organ of hearing, one hears but faintly the voice of him who commands. With obedience there begins a rectification of the will, and a quickening of the power of discernment will follow. We are then steering by the right star, albeit we dimly perceive it. No man has any assurance that he will discover religious truth unless he has first made up his mind to live by it. It is ordained that we shall feel our way in religion. The truth of religion is bread for the hungry; we must "taste and see" that the Lord is good. Even more important is it to bear in mind that the gates of light are shut to him who is not bent upon walking in the light. "If any man will [or rather, willet] to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

Here not thinking, but doing, is made the road to knowledge.

Another means of increasing faith is the contemplation of Christ. Wherever men are to be lifted above the ordinary plane of character and achievement there is need of the inspiration of personal leadership. The history of every nation's deliverance from peril or from degradation illustrates this truth. The highest of all illustrations is afforded in Christianity. Christ came to draw men out of the life of unbelief into a fellowship with himself; a fellowship in his own spiritual life of communion with the Father. Here on earth he himself lived by faith. We are invited to look to him as the Author and Finisher of our faith. The word here rendered "Author" is the same as that which stands for "Captain" where he is called "the Captain of their salvation," and means both example and forerunner. He is the "Author" or forerunner in faith, since, by looking forward to the joy set before him, he endured the cross, despising the shame. His victory on the cross was by faith; a faith which he would fain impart to us. He replied to the Tempter that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word of God. He thanked the Father for choosing humble men to be his disciples, because it seemed good in the Father's sight. Faith upheld him in the garden when he said, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt"; and on the cross when he said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." He is the vine, we are the branches. By looking to him we become partakers of his inward life; the life of faith as well as of holiness and peace. If his communion with God was a real thing and not a mockery and a delusion, then all that is presupposed in that communion is also real. He inspires with faith by his own example.

The last and principal means of deepening faith to be adverted to is prayer. The Disciples came to Jesus with the supplication, "Increase our faith." Mere thinking and striving will not avail. Christ thanked the Father for the faith of the Disciples, because it was the Father who had hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes. Of Peter's fervent avowal of faith in him as the Son of God he said, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." Whoever seeks to enliven his own faith, or the faith of others in whom he is interested, finds out by experiment that thought and argument and entreaty do not suffice. Light must come from the source of light. Nothing is left but to resort directly to God.

No help but prayer,  
A breath that fleets beyond this iron world  
And touches him that made it.

And here there is a well-founded assurance that none apply to God in vain. There is one prayer that may be offered with an absolute certainty that the very thing sought for will be granted. With respect to everything else, in our limited knowledge of what is best for us, we have to connect with each petition an acknowledgment of submission to the divine will and wisdom. We implore God to give—but to withhold, should it seem to him best. But to the prayer for the enlightening Spirit of God no proviso need be appended. The doctrine of a divine influence even the most enlightened heathen have found no difficulty in accepting. It is declared without qualification in the Scriptures that God is willing to give his Spirit to them who ask. We can apply to him, if there be in us faith enough to go to him at all, confident that we shall receive the very thing that we desire for ourselves. He can open the eyes of the blind. He can touch the soul with his own mysterious, life-giving Spirit, and quicken it to a perception of realities now dim and shadowy. He is willing to do that: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Whoever is baffled by mysteries that he cannot unravel, and confused by problems that he cannot solve, can approach God as a child, and ask the Father to teach him.

Poor Hartley Coleridge wrote these lines, out of a heart surcharged with suffering:

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.  
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,  
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;  
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.

Pray to be perfect, though material leaven  
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;  
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,  
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

The truly great poets are the profoundest preachers. These are words of Tennyson:

More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy  
voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them  
friend?

George P. Fisher.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### An Object Lesson in Municipal Government.

THERE is much to interest thoughtful Americans in the article upon the city of Glasgow and its government which we publish in this number of *THE CENTURY*. A graphic picture is given therein of a model municipality, ruled and guided by its highest intelligence and morality for the health and benefit of all its members. It is scarcely necessary to say that this method of government is diametrically opposite to that which prevails in the large cities of America. Municipal misrule in the United States is a byword the world over, chiefly because intelligence and morality as guiding forces give place to political chicanery, cupidity, and ignorance. Our cities are not ruled wisely and economically for the benefit of all their inhabitants, but unwisely and extravagantly for the benefit of the politicians and political organizations. We can hope for no municipal reform which shall be radical and lasting till we change our leadership to the European models.

Mr. Shaw gives the explanation of all the benefits which Glasgow has reaped from her many years of Town Council rule when he says early in his paper that the "councilors come chiefly from the ranks of men of business, and are upright, respected, and successful citizens"; that "party lines are seldom very sharply drawn in municipal elections"; and that "an efficient councilor may, in general, expect reelection for several terms if he is willing to serve." What American city would fail to prosper under the rule of a body of fifty of its citizens of like character? The Glasgow council of fifty have absolute control of all branches of the city government, the streets, water-supply, sanitary arrangements, police, fire department, markets, gas-supply, street railways—everything. They manage all upon strict business principles, with precisely the same results which competent business men everywhere secure in the management of their private concerns. The streets are cleaned every night, and the private courts of the thickly settled quarters are cleaned once and sometimes three times a day. The care and paving of the streets, the construction and regulation of sewers, and public construction of all kinds have been for forty years in charge of one of the most distinguished of British architects and civil engineers. The health department has for nearly or quite as long a period been in charge of an equally distinguished member of the medical profession. The clerk of the town, who occupies much the same position as city attorney or corporation counsel in an American city, has held the office for many years, and is a high authority upon all questions of municipal history and law. So it runs all through the municipal organization. From top to bottom there is intelligence and character in every party. The result is the model city which Mr. Shaw describes.

The primary results set forth by him are similar to those attained in other British cities, like Manchester and Birmingham, in which rule by Town Council has

proved so beneficial, and in Berlin, whose affairs are managed by a municipal assembly of 126 of its most eminent statesmen, scholars, and merchants. In each case the rights and welfare of the citizen are protected and advanced in every possible way. He has clean and well-paved streets, cheap gas, excellent public schools for his children, every precaution taken to preserve his health and that of his family, public libraries and picture galleries for his education and delight, perfect police protection at all hours of the day and night—all secured for him at the lowest possible cost. In fact, the poorest citizen of Glasgow, or Birmingham, or Manchester, or Berlin is as well guarded and his interests are as well protected as if the city were his club whose officers and servants had no other duty than to minister to his best welfare and comfort. His expenses are reduced in every direction; his burdens from taxation are put at the minimum point; his house-rent is not only thus reduced, but the character of his dwelling is improved at the public expense; and the streets are straightened and widened, also at the public expense, to give him better air and light.

The contrast is striking between this situation and that of the average inhabitant of an American city. The latter, instead of having all his rights protected, comes in most cases very near to being in the position of having no rights which the municipal authorities are willing to respect. He is ruled by ignorance and cupidity, and he pays heavily for this rule. There can be no relief till the character of the rulers can be changed, and how to secure that change has been a problem for discussion for many years and will continue to be for many more. Our greatest obstacle is the enormous influx of European immigration, which puts our proportion of ignorant voters immeasurably beyond that of any of the European cities whose model governments we have been considering. Next to it is the pernicious habit of intermingling State and national politics with municipal affairs, thus dividing the intelligent portion of the voters into two nearly equal parts and giving the balance of power to the ignorant elements. There is no city in the United States in which the intelligent and upright voters do not outnumber the others, and in which they could not by uniting secure and maintain complete control of the municipal government. Sooner or later such union will be effected, for the instinct of self-preservation, aroused finally by constantly increasing public scandals, by insufficiently punished crime, and by the accumulation of municipal indebtedness, will compel it.

### Our Sins against France.

AT the breakfast given in New York by American authors, artists, and publishers to the Count de Kératry, as a representative of the sentiment of French literary and artistic societies in favor of international copyright, and at which Bishop Potter presided, Dr. Edward Eggleston, after some preliminary remarks, spoke as follows, referring to the address of the Count:



"A more admirable and dignified presentment of the right of the author to the product of his own labor is hardly to be imagined. A nation engaged in wholesale highway robbery was never before rebuked for its sins with so much politeness. The address of our guest was couched in terms so courteous as almost to reconcile one to the fate of being an American; for an American may well blush to confess his nationality when he considers that ours is the only nation of the civilized world that permits the foreign man of letters to be plundered with the sanction of its laws.

"We are here presented with a novel phase of the copyright question. We have been so intent heretofore on the evils of our copyright legislation with reference to English literature that it is with a shock of surprise that we hear ourselves charged with robbing our ancient ally, France. The Count de Kératry has reminded us of the fact that the French language resounded on the battlefields of our Revolution. But our debt to France goes back of that. The very seeds of our democratic institutions were sown by French thinkers in the eighteenth century. If our first great group of statesmen had not been readers of French literature our institutions would not have been what they are. And now comes French literature to remind us that we have repaid all our obligations by a legalized pillage of French authors. The French nation, to whom we owe so much,—the nation which in civilization, refinement, and artistic power leads the world,—reproaches us for our long-continued injustice. We have praised France without stint. But I am reminded of a scene in a comedy of Racine. It is more than thirty years since I read it, but if I misquote it, I shall hope that you, gentlemen, do not remember your Racine any better than I do. In this comedy there is a little lad employed to carry the document-bag of a great advocate. As he enters the courtroom at the heels of the lawyer, he laments the fact that his wages are not paid. 'Nevertheless,' he reflects, 'I have the honor of carrying papers for a famous advocate.' But he quickly adds, 'Mais, l'honneur sans argent, c'est une bagatelle.' I ought to translate that, not for the benefit of the Americans present, who all know French, doubtless, but I fear that some natives of France who are here may not understand French as spoken in America. I will render it not into English, but into American. For I fancy that what France says to us to-day is what the lawyer's errand-boy says in 'Les Plaideurs,' which, in modern American, is about as follows: 'A little less taffy and a little more honest pay, if you please!'"

Beneath the pleasantry of the speaker in these words there resounds a profound sense of national shame and degradation in the wretched state of the copyright laws which has permitted the appropriation, without compensation, of the results of the labors of foreign men of letters. And though Dr. Eggleston proceeded to show why we had lagged behind other nations, and to break the force of our national reproach, as far as possible, the United States stands to-day the last of all civilized nations to refuse justice to brain-workers.

It is all very well for American authors to spend their days in trying to remove this reproach. But it is really the affair of the whole people. Every man and woman interested in literature to any degree ought to write a letter to his or her congressman, beg-

ging him to exert himself to correct this great wrong by the passage of a law in keeping with the intelligence and honesty of our people. For Americans, as a mass, are not in love with dishonesty, and are not insensible to national dishonor. We protest against the leaving of this whole movement to the people interested in book-making. Every American shares in this disgrace, and we are glad that the movement for its abolition has come more and more to be a movement of the intelligent people of the whole country.

#### University Extension.

"A REPUBLIC has no need of *savants*," said the French terrorist Fouquier-Tinville; and agreeably to this theory the revolutionary government abolished the Sorbonne, and degraded the Collège de France into a mere high school—and a poor high school at that. Much as this declaration has been decried, it was dictated by a sound instinct. The ancient universities were hostile to the spirit of democracy. In Germany, as in England and France, the predilection for feudal institutions and the half-sentimental bias in favor of the medieval spirit of caste have always found their ablest spokesmen at the universities. The great institutions of learning, glorying in their scholarly seclusion, have been wont to gather up their garments carefully, for fear of being contaminated by contact with the unlearned herd—the *ignobile vulgus*.

No one who is familiar with the history of such institutions as Oxford and Cambridge will deny that this has until recently been the dominant spirit. But the leaven of democracy, which is causing a mighty ferment in all strata of English society, has now actually reached these venerable seats of learning. About five years ago a movement was started, known by the name of University Extension, the object of which was to extend the usefulness of the universities—to utilize for the benefit of the people at large the vast intellectual capital which was then lying idle. The fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge, or at least the great majority of them, had until then been virtual sinecures. The fellows drew a certain sum of money annually, with the understanding that they were to devote themselves to scholarly pursuits and keep the lamp of learning brightly burning. But most of them rendered no actual service in return for their stipends. When the idea had once found lodgment that it was a desirable thing to "make learning common"—to arouse the interest of the public at large in the work of the faculties—the great body of fellows was at once found to be available for this mission of the democratization of the higher knowledge. The governing bodies of the various colleges put themselves in communication with committees of responsible citizens in the different cities who were willing to guarantee the expenses of the lecturer and a modest compensation for his labors. A representative of the college, usually a fellow of distinguished ability, was then sent to Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, or Liverpool, or wherever his services were demanded; and in almost every instance the interest aroused and the financial success of the lectures exceeded the expectations of the committee. University Extension is now fairly well established in England, and the results of the work so far are conceded to have been beneficial.

This ought not to surprise any one. In the first

place it is a wholesome thing for a young scholar—who is prone to ossify in his learning, and to lose touch with humanity and all practical concerns—to come in contact with people whose sphere of thought and action is widely different from his own; and to be compelled to put himself *en rapport* with them and communicate with them, not in the learned jargon of the specialist, but in common human language, intelligible to all. Secondly, whatever may be said to the contrary, a smattering of knowledge (to adopt an odious phrase) is not such a bad thing after all. To the vast majority of the human race, to whom the mere rudiments of knowledge are accessible, it is not a question between superficiality and thoroughness, but between superficial learning or no learning at all. In spite of all that has been said and written against the popularization of science, science is still being popularized; and it would be a hazardous thing to dispute the great benefits which have resulted from this admirable tendency. The improved sanitation of our cities, the more intelligent regard for health in diet and clothing, the increased comfort, and the diminished waste of human life and energy, are largely due to this general diffusion of scientific knowledge.

An intellectual interest of any kind dignifies life—makes it better worth living. And to the vast multitude, scattered in hamlets and crowded in city tenements, absorbed in soul-crushing drudgery, the mere lifting out of the ordinary rut of toil for bread is a wholesome and beneficial experience. The extraordinary success of the Chautauqua movement in this country amply demonstrates this. Those of us who have had exceptional advantages of education are apt to underestimate the intelligence of those whose circum-

stances in early life have debarred them from the blessings which we have enjoyed. A summer's experience at Chautauqua would be apt to convince any skeptic on this point that average Americans—the great American people—are possessed of an intellectual alertness which enables them to profit by any kind of vital and intelligible discourse. They have little patience with learned conceit and assumption; but they have an admirable appreciation of manly worth coupled with sound scholarly acquirements.

It was a natural thing that the University Extension idea should strike root and find enthusiastic advocates at Chautauqua; and, as a matter of fact, the movement took definite shape there last summer, and is making rapid headway. But previous to this a number of gentlemen, mostly teachers in the public schools of New York, Brooklyn, and the cities of New Jersey, had undertaken a similar movement in this State, and have now begun active operations. Prominent professors and tutors of Columbia and other colleges have been invited to deliver lectures on literary and scientific subjects, and their experience so far has been most gratifying. The attendance is large and increasing, and a most intelligent interest is manifested by their audiences. The credit for what has so far been accomplished in New York and vicinity is largely due to Mr. Seth Stewart, the energetic secretary of the University and School Extension, and the prime mover in the enterprise. At a recent dinner, attended by two hundred and fifty gentlemen vitally interested in this work, speeches were made by President Eliot of Harvard and President Seth Low of Columbia, expressing their approval of the idea of University Extension and promising their valuable coöperation.

## OPEN LETTERS.

Henrik Ibsen.

THE Norwegian dramatist's fame has, at last, reached England and crossed the Atlantic. A society has even been formed in London for the purpose of furthering the study of his works and their representation upon the stage. "A Doll's House," apart from its merits as a play, has produced a profound impression, and occasioned spirited polemics between the admirers of the author and his detractors, in the press. Mr. William Archer on one side and Mr. Andrew Lang on the other have sustained the solo parts, and more or less the discordant choruses have amplified their theme and given a multitudinous resonance to their voices. It is not necessary to take sides in that controversy. Liking or disliking Ibsen is largely a matter of temperament. The optimist, who takes life as he finds it and satisfies himself with the reflection that everything has been wisely ordained, will have no patience with the corrosive criticism to which Ibsen subjects the fundamental institutions of civilized society. A certain philosophic discontent is a prerequisite for understanding him. He persists in seeing problems of universal application where most of us see only annoyances, or, perhaps, misfortunes affecting our indi-

vidual lot. To judge him as a mere playwright is absurd. Though by no means contemptible as to technique, each of his plays—with the exception of the early historical ones—is a dramatized piece of philosophy. Each preaches more or less incisively a moral lesson, lays bare a social canker, diagnoses a social disease. But what distinguishes Ibsen above all others who have hitherto dealt in this species of morbid anatomy is the fine surgical precision with which he handles the scalpel and the cool audacity with which he cuts.

It is not the obvious vices he attacks; it is the hidden subtle defects. As Dr. Brandes has said in his masterly essay, "It became a passion with him to tap with his finger whatever looked like genuine metal, and to detect with a kind of painful satisfaction the ring of hollowness which grated on his ear and at the same time confirmed his expectation." He admits nothing to be sound until he has tested it, and so keen and searching is his test that no hidden flaw escapes his scrutiny. It is as often in the virtues of society, its vaunted perfections, as in its foibles that he finds the evidences of its unsoundness. Society enters at his door as a man, imagining himself in vigorous health, enters the office of the physician who is to examine him for life insurance. But it comes out crestfallen,

with tottering step. An unsuspected disease is lurking in its vitals. Something is wrong with the heart, or the brain, or the circulation of the blood.

Naturally, the man who has the penetration to make and the courage to trumpet abroad these unpleasant discoveries can never be popular. Though he is widely read both in Germany and in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and his plays are frequently produced, it has always been a limited minority of the public to whom he has appealed. But this minority makes reputations; and its influence is all out of proportion to its numbers. And Ibsen cherishes so profound a distrust of the popular verdict, whether it be in art, literature, or politics, that I verily believe he would begin to doubt the soundness of his own convictions, provided they received anything like a popular indorsement. In his opinion, the many are sure to be wrong; and a democracy, governed by the many, is therefore, in the present state of humanity, the absurdest form of government conceivable. The foolish are in every community in an overwhelming majority; the wise, the truly cultivated and intellectual, capable of exact thought, are a vanishing minority. Democracy means, therefore, the government of the wise by the foolish.

In his very first play, "*Catiline*," written before he was twenty-two years old, this view of life is fully matured. *Catiline's* plot against Rome is the corrupt individual's legitimate vengeance upon the society responsible for its corruption. *Catiline's* greatness is his curse. He cannot stoop, as Cicero does, to flatter the multitudes whom he despises, and by utilizing their folly rise upon their shoulders to civic eminence. He is compelled by his noble scorn of political trickery and petty arts to fling down his gauntlet to Rome; to wage war single handed against the world-empire. That Rome in the end proved too strong, in Ibsen's opinion detracts nothing from the sublimity of the challenge.

The same sympathy with extreme types, who loom in dusky grandeur above the heads of the throng, is manifest in the four historical dramas, "*The Wassail at Solhaug*," "*Mistress Inger of Oestraat*," "*The Warriors of Helgoland*," and "*The Pretenders*," which for fineness and force of characterization and dramatic intensity and power are unsurpassed in Scandinavian literature. In 1862, Ibsen, without entirely abandoning the field of historical drama, made his first essay as a satirist of contemporaneous manners. "*The Comedy of Love*" ridicules the tuning down of the poetry of love into the prose of an engagement. The man of high beliefs, capable of heroism, is, by regard for his *fiancée* and family relations, transformed into a timid Philistine. Society holds it to be legitimate for a married or an engaged man to be unfaithful to the ideals of his youth, to apologize for that which was noblest and best in him as youthful folly. Nay, it nurses the lurking cowardice in his nature and praises his surrender to Mammon as practical, and justified by family considerations. Ibsen is brimming over with scorn for this kind of marriage, which means a pusillanimous compromise with a sordid reality, the harnessing of the winged Pegasus to the plow of necessity (where he soon degenerates into a sorry family nag); the sobering of the high dithyrambics of untrammelled youth, by conjugal affection, into the spiritless jog-trot of matrimony.

Ibsen's next work, "*Brand*," a dramatic poem, deals

with a kindred theme, though one of much larger dimension. It is the most original work which ever has been produced in the Scandinavian countries, and the most profoundly philosophical. Brand is a clergyman who is resolved to live in absolute conformity with Christ's command, without compromises or concessions. He interprets, literally, the injunction "thou shalt," and the prohibition "thou shalt not." The ideal demand is the absolute demand, which admits of no adaptation to circumstance, no bargaining or half-way fulfillments or splitting of the difference. "If any man come to me," says Christ, "and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Brand, in his effort to embody in his every action this heroic gospel, wrecks his own life and that of every one who is dear to him. When the physician declares that his only child must die unless he moves away from the fierce, sunless mountain region in which he is pastor, he refuses, though it wrings his heart, and lets the child die. Heartrending in its tragic force is the scene where he compels Agnes, his wife, to give the dead boy's clothes—which she worships with a bereaved mother's idolatry—to a wandering gipsy woman; as also the scene where he closes the shutters on Christmas Eve, and forbids her to stare out into the graveyard and shudder at the thought of her child lying under the snow. This kind of Christianity in a society built upon half-way measures and compromises leads necessarily to destruction.

Merely as the expression of a vigorous soul who fashions his God in his own heroic image, and scorns all weak popularizing of the sublime, this is full of interest. Christianity has, in his opinion, been vulgarized by its adaptation to average, commonplace men, and its demand of absolute purity, uprightness, and saintliness has been compromised at thirty or fifty per cent., according to the ability of imperfect human nature. The idea pervades all his writings that civilization has dwarfed the human race. Paganism, with its enormous social inequalities, and the untrammelled liberty granted to him who was strong enough to conquer it, created heroes and pygmies, while Christianity in its practical effects has raised the small at the expense of the great, or reduced the great for the benefit of the small. There are few now who will sympathize with this complaint, and even in Norway Ibsen's is a solitary voice crying in the wilderness. In English literature Thomas Carlyle represented a kindred tendency and intoned a similar lament. But he was far less consistent than Ibsen, and with all his scorn of the Philistine was less audacious in his arraignment of the paltriness and pusillanimity of the modern democratic state.

Of Ibsen's later works, which are all in dramatic form, I will now refer only to the most conspicuous. In "*Peer Gynt*" he lashes the boastful Norwegian patriotism, which finds consolation in a heroic past for the impotence of the present. *Peer Gynt*, who is intended as the type of the race,—if the expression be permissible,—"lies himself great." His grand intentions reconcile him to his paltry performance. He lives a heroic dream-life, and deludes himself with visions of glory which are far removed from the realm of fact. His mendacity acts as a safety valve for his pent-up spirit. The unheroic present affords him no field of action for the greatness that is in him, and his restless

energy finds a refuge in a realm of fancy, where he performs all the fabulous deeds for which reality denies him the opportunity. He is psychologically comprehensible even when he cuts the sorriest figure; for it is a fact, and by no means an uncommon one, that the paltriest lives may be irradiated with the fantastic light of wonderland, without being at all, as far as the world is concerned, redeemed from their paltriness.

It is not a grateful task to tell people unpleasant truths, and Ibsen had to pay the penalty of his sincerity. Though it is an exaggeration to say that he was forced to leave his country, it is true that he lives in voluntary exile. He is of a solitary nature, reserved, almost shy, though not from lack of self-confidence. He always reminds me of a great solitary creature of prey, prowling, with a suspicious feline watchfulness, upon the outskirts of society. Having selected and silently spotted his prey, he makes his spring, pouncing now upon this foible, or vice, or imagined virtue, now upon that. First it was love he assailed, striking a set of pitiless claws into its delicate body; then it was patriotism, matrimony, hypocrisy, etc. In "The Pillars of Society" the theme is the inner rottenness which an outward respectability may cover. Every one bows to the standard of virtue which society has set up for its own protection and imposes upon its members. When a character in which the barbaric strain of passion is too strong for control breaks through its barriers, it has to do so secretly and still continue to pay homage to virtue and wear its mask. If we are to believe Ibsen, this imposition of the virtuous mask is an odious tyranny which entails a worse degradation than an open avowal of vice. Society needs an airing out now and then, a grand *exposé* of its hidden crimes and wrongs, as a preliminary to a healthier condition.

"A Doll's House"—or literally "A Doll-Home"—deals with matrimony; but it may as well be admitted that, as a social satire, it has less application on this side of the ocean than in Europe. Wives are not here, as a rule, the playthings of their husbands. Nor are they usually lacking in individuality. Girls are, to be sure, brought up with far less reference to their individual character and proclivities than are boys; and as long as the chief object of the great majority is to become wives and mothers, they have to be trained with a view, not primarily to their own development, but to make them pleasing to men. As long as this is the case, the situation in "A Doll's House" may well find its counterpart anywhere. *Nora* has been petted and spoiled, first by her father, and then by her husband, and no one has taken pains to make her acquainted with the machinery of the society in which she lives. She has been shielded from contact with the rough realities of life. She has so little idea of business relations and the ethics which govern them, that she forges her father's name for the purpose of saving her husband's life, and has not the remotest idea of the enormity of the act she has committed. She cannot comprehend it; her feelings tell her that she has acted from the noblest motives, and she declares that the laws are unjust if they forbid a wife to save her husband's life.

This reasoning is essentially womanly, and is not confined to one side of the Atlantic. Her glib mendacity, too, which is almost purposeless, is not a sign of depravity, but of lack of development. It is the mendacity of a child. It is a kind of mendacity which is

far more common among women than among men; because, though women are not ignorant of the wrong of lying, they are not, from their very nature and education, so strongly convinced of the binding character of social ethics, when they conflict with individual feeling. When *Nora* expects "the wondrous thing" to happen, namely, that *Helmer* shall shield her by declaring himself guilty of the forgery, she has really no conception of what such a sacrifice would involve. She only sees what effect it would have upon her; how it would forever unite her to her husband with a deep and abiding love. But she reasons again like a child, even when she finds her real self, and is resolved to go forth alone, abandoning her children, and not return to them until she has developed, by the experience of the world, into a definite and individual being. A marriage cannot exist except between two human beings, two coördinate persons, each contributing a definite character and developed personality to the union. But *Nora* is little more than a personification of her sex, and she feels how much more she might have been if opportunities for development had been afforded her. Her dormant human soul awakes and demands its rights. It will no longer consent to effacement. She declares that her first duties are not to husband and child, but to herself. And this declaration is profoundly characteristic of Ibsen. He utterly repudiates social obligations if they involve detriment to the individual character. He would, no doubt, agree with Herbert Spencer, who states in substance that the most perfect marriage is that which provides the highest development for the offspring compatible with the individual well-being and development of the parents.

It is contrary to the tendency of modern thought to emphasize individual rights *versus* social obligation. But Ibsen represents wholly this contrary tendency. Others have pointed out our gain by the social compact, he never loses an opportunity to emphasize the loss; and he says, in "An Enemy of the People," "The strongest man is he who stands alone."

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

#### Bloodhounds and Slaves.

AN interesting article on the English bloodhound, by Mr. Edwin Brough, in the June, 1889, number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, reminded me of the long-standing slander that the Southern master formerly used the bloodhound to run down his runaway slaves. Mr. Brough says that the English bloodhound "is quite different . . . from the Cuban bloodhound of slave-hunting notoriety." We look at the article "Bloodhound," in "Chambers's Encyclopædia" (J. B. Lippincott & Co., editions of 1884 and 1887). I find the following statements: "The Cuban bloodhound, which is much employed in the pursuit of felons and fugitive slaves in Cuba, differs considerably from the true bloodhound of Britain and continent of Europe, being more fierce and having more resemblance to the bull-dog. . . . It is this kind of bloodhound which was formerly employed in the United States for the recapture of fugitive slaves." It is not surprising that Englishmen should believe all this, as it is what we told them of ourselves. Laying aside the brutality, one would hardly think that an ordinarily sensible man would



purposely select so ferocious a brute as the Cuban bloodhound is reputed to be to tear to pieces or maim a valuable chattel worth \$1000 or \$1200, especially as this animal, "resembling the bull-dog," is very deficient in nose. This simple statement ought to show the absurdity of the slander. As to this Cuban bloodhound—so terrible to the morbid imagination—and its use in the Southern States, I have lived for many years in Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama, and I can count on the fingers of one hand every one I ever saw. They were said to be fierce, and were used as guard dogs when used at all.

The dog used in the Southern States for tracking criminals and fugitives was the ordinary little foxhound of the country, familiar to everybody. His nose is all but infallible, but he is very timid about attacking man. Consequently, while it was next to impossible to escape him, the master of the colored fugitive knew that his property was in no sort of danger.

To illustrate this: when I was a boy living in Georgia I was fond of talking with an intelligent colored man who belonged to a neighbor. On one occasion he "took to the woods." Trained foxhounds were put on his trail with the usual result. I asked him after he was brought home if he had not been frightened when the dogs came up with him. He laughed at the question and said: "I knew when they found me there was no use running, as they would follow; but they won't trouble anybody. I just took up a little stick, and they stood off twenty or thirty yards barking." The first time I ever knew of dogs being used to track any one illustrates their disregard for color or condition. A wealthy and respected man who lived near a Southern city took a fancy to increase his wealth by setting fire to his barn, which was insured. About daybreak the hounds were produced to find the criminal. To the surprise of everybody, the trail was carried to his front door by the dogs. No one prosecuted him for burning his own barn, but the canine evidence destroyed his standing in the community and prevented his getting the coveted security.

I suppose it will hardly be believed, but, as a fact, dogs were rarely used in the South for tracking human beings. I never knew of a case where they were used in Virginia, and I lived several years in the black belt of that State. I saw but one pack in Georgia, where I lived many years, and I never heard of a pack in Alabama, where I spent a good deal of my youth in a planting community where the colored people predominated largely in numbers.

*William N. Nelson.*

#### The Evolution of the Educator.

A LETTER lately printed in *THE CENTURY* reveals a grievance that is truly refreshing. The best teachers, it seems, are taken out of the school-rooms and put into offices, there to be "educators," but no longer teachers.

You may be sure that those teachers, thus placed, perforce, in office, do not stay there long at a time; they get, by an irresistible attraction, back into the school-rooms, and they scatter through a hundred schools the bright ideas and the cheerful magnetism that made their own work so successful. Of course there must be leaders in any well-conducted business; no one could desire that the great educational army

of this country should degenerate into a mere headless mob. Now, in most places it is considered wise to pick out those who show the greatest ability in a given work and place them at the head of that work; the best spinner in a room is placed in charge of all the others, and he spins no more; the best player in the band becomes the leader, and plays but little thereafter; the best lawyers are chosen judges—it is hoped. In all these cases it is believed that the work as a whole distinctly gains by taking out the very best worker and placing him in authority over the rest, his brethren. Why does not the same rule hold good in teaching?

And finally, look, for instance, at the city of Boston: there are nearly fifteen hundred teachers, and there are six supervisors; the number of officers seems hardly to indicate a complete rendering of the "army idea." The supervisors hold office until they die, being likewise mightily encouraged unto long life; and it can hardly occur oftener than once in half a dozen years that the school committee can choose a successful teacher from the school-room to make into that suspicious creature, an "educator." Are the ranks in immediate danger of being depleted?

HINGHAM, MASS.

*L. P. Nash.*

#### The Pardoning Power.

THE Cronin verdict in Chicago will be of great value to the world if it shall awaken the consciousness of the people to the evils resulting from vesting the power of pardon in the executive.

While life imprisonment in theory is more to be dreaded than capital punishment, it is in reality less dreaded, for the simple reason that a prisoner under life sentence always hopes for pardon, and the history of the use, or abuse, of the pardoning power in this country justifies the hope.

Why not abolish the pardoning power? Experience has shown that certainty of punishment, even if the punishment be moderate, is a greater check upon crime than the mere possibility of the severest punishment. Criminals are notorious gamblers in risks.

If we violate the laws of nature there is no escape; the very day we eat the forbidden fruit, we shall surely die.

What more effectual deterrent from crime can we present to weak or wicked humanity than a knowledge of the fact that no guilty man once convicted of a violation of the law can escape the full penalty for his crime? Let us have a court of revision to whom applicants for release on the ground of wrongful conviction may come. And if a convicted man shall be able to produce new evidence tending to show that he was wrongfully convicted, let this court give a rehearing of the cause, and if his innocence be established let the court vindicate, not pardon, him.

The innocent man wrongfully convicted wants justice, not mercy or pardon. Why compel him longer to be classed with those who have escaped the punishment of their crimes through political or social influence?

MOLINE, ILL.

*Eugene Lewis.*

SURGEON C. S. TAFT and Alex. Williamson (tutor at the White House) write to say that their names were omitted from the list, in the January *CENTURY*, of persons present at the deathbed of President Lincoln.

## MEMORANDUM ON THE CIVIL WAR.

### The Builders of the First Monitor.

THE story of the creation of the first *Monitor* has not as yet been fully told. The papers on the subject in *THE CENTURY* and in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," filled as they are with facts of interest and importance, are marked by a serious omission of other facts essential to a just award of credit among the builders of the *Monitor*.

Colonel Church, in his paper on John Ericsson, in this magazine for April, 1879, mentions the fact that "there were associated with him [Captain Ericsson] three men of practical experience, great energy, and wealth." Colonel Church names but one of the three, Mr. C. S. Bushnell, though the other two had much the larger share of the practical experience and wealth, and constituted in fact the financial backbone of the enterprise.

Mr. Bushnell, in his letter printed in "Battles and Leaders" (Vol. I., p. 748), names his "two wise and able associates," but omits to mention the facts that his mission at Washington in behalf of Ericsson's battery had failed, and that only after these associates of his brought their experience, energy, and wealth to its aid did that invention stand any chance for adoption by the Government.

Captain Ericsson, in his paper on "The Building of the *Monitor*," discloses his theory that it was his personal argument and explanations before the Naval Board that secured the assent of the Board to a trial of his battery. But it is a demonstrable fact that the assent of the Board had been gained, and a memorandum or preliminary contract for the construction of a floating battery on his plan had been secured by his associates, before Captain Ericsson appeared on the scene at Washington, and before his two leading associates in the construction of the *Monitor* had ever met him.

The salient facts of this transaction, set in the proper order of time, are as follows: Roused by the national emergency, Ericsson had devised his impregnable "cheese-box on a raft." But he was crippled as to means, and out of favor with the Navy Department, and he had felt so outraged by the refusal of the department to pay him for his services in the construction of the United States frigate *Princeton*, that he would not approach the department, nor so much as visit Washington. So his design for a floating battery lay unknown in his office till his friend C. S. Bushnell saw it, approved it, and took it to Washington. Mr. Bushnell secured the attention of Secretary Welles, with whom he was on terms of personal acquaintance, but found a tremendous obstacle in the Naval Board, charged by Congress with the decision of all matters relating to ironclads.

Days lengthened into weeks while Bushnell labored ineffectually to remove the prejudices and obtain the approval of the Board, till he at last desisted under distinct notice from one of the Board that it was per-

fectly useless for him to haunt the department further on any such errand. His own efforts having proved thus unavailing, Bushnell applied to John F. Winslow of the Albany Iron Works of Troy, N. Y., who, with John A. Griswold of the Rensselaer Iron Works of the same city, was in Washington on business connected with the iron plating of the United States ship-of-war *Galena*. Mr. Winslow was struck by the ingenuity and merits of Ericsson's design. He took it to Mr. Griswold and secured his cooperation in an effort to have it adopted by the Government.

These new factors simplified the problem. Winslow and Griswold were leading ironmasters. They had capital, of which Ericsson had none and Bushnell little. They had political as well as personal standing and influence. Backed by such men, the project took on the character of a responsible undertaking, and men who had hitherto turned a deaf ear began to listen.

For obvious reasons, Winslow and Griswold decided to take the scheme past the Naval Board, directly to the head of the nation. Bearing a letter of introduction from their friend Secretary Seward, they secured an interview with President Lincoln, laid the drawings before him, and explained the strong points of the plan. When they ceased speaking Mr. Lincoln asked, "Why do you not take this to the Board which has charge of these matters?"

"Because it has been there to no purpose," was the reply. "Nevertheless, we believe it solves a problem of vast importance to the national cause; and not as ship-builders, for we are not such, but as loyal citizens, we appeal to you to give it a trial."

Impressed by the earnestness of the men, Mr. Lincoln meditated, and then said: "Well, gentlemen, I don't know much about ships, though I once contrived a canal-boat, the model of which is over there in the Patent Office, the merit of which was that it could run where there was no water. But this plan of Ericsson's seems to me to have something in it. Meet me to-morrow morning at Commodore Smith's office in the Navy Department."

That meeting at the Navy Department has been heretofore described. Commodores Smith, Paulding, and Davis, of the Naval Board, Captain Fox, and other officers of the navy were present. Mr. Winslow was the spokesman, and laying out the drawings, he explained the plan of the battery, and urged its adoption with powerful earnestness. The meeting ended with Mr. Lincoln's blunt expression of opinion that there was "something in the thing," emphasized by his quaint remark about the girl's stocking, which has become historical.

Mr. Lincoln's obvious approval had its effect, and next morning Commodore Smith expressed to Mr. Winslow a willingness to authorize him and his associates to construct a floating battery on Ericsson's plan, provided they would assume all the risks of the experiment.

This condition, which the Board possibly supposed would end the whole matter, was accepted, and a memorandum covering the main points of the proposed contract was drawn up and agreed upon. The Naval Board having some doubts, however, in regard to the sufficiency of the strange craft as a sea-going vessel, Captain Ericsson was next called to Washington. He found no difficulty in demonstrating the stability of the proposed vessel, and the contract was perfected without delay.

The contractors of the first part were four in number, named in the instrument in the following order: John Ericsson, John F. Winslow, John A. Griswold, and C. S. Bushnell. In addition to other rigid conditions, the contract contained a provision that in case the said vessel should fail in performance of speed for sea service, or in the successful working of the turret and guns, with safety to the men in the turret, or in her buoyancy to float and carry her battery, the party of the first part should refund to the United States the amount of money advanced to them on said vessel, within thirty days after such failure should have been declared by the party of the second part, and that the vessel should be held by the United States as collateral security until the money so advanced should be refunded.

Only men of strong patriotism and strong faith would have assumed obligations involving so large an outlay, to be expended upon a novel device distrusted by experienced naval officers, and upon terms which threw upon them all the risks, even though failure might be due to insufficient skill on the part of a commander and crew in the selection of whom they had no voice.

Mr. Bushnell says that this condition was never an embarrassment to Captain Ericsson and himself. If so, may it not have been because their pecuniary risk was so much less than that of their associates? If the *Monitor* had failed in performance, Winslow and Griswold would have lost three-fourths of all the money expended in her construction, Bushnell, or his financial backer, would have lost one-fourth, and Captain Ericsson would have lost his time and labor. But Colonel Church intimates, in a way which amounts to a statement of a fact, that after his experience with the *Princeton*, Captain Ericsson would not have accepted this condition had he known it in advance. However this may be, Winslow and Griswold accepted this hard condition and signed the contract before it was taken to Captain Ericsson for his signature.

My space in these pages does not permit me to cite documents; but I have made no statement above that cannot be sustained by documentary proof or by the evidence of an unimpeachable living witness in the person of John F. Winslow. I submit that these facts show that two names which have had but the barest mention in *THE CENTURY* articles on the *Monitor* should be brought to the front. For the men who bear them were

both at the front and the back of the enterprise. They took the lead when others had failed. They secured President Lincoln's approval. They argued the question before the Naval Board. They brought to the project the personal and financial responsibility indispensable to its acceptance by the Navy Department. They advanced all the money expended on the *Monitor* up to a comparatively late stage in her construction, and they furnished large quantities of iron and materials. Without their resources the contract could not have been executed by their associates. They made no money and cared to make none on the first *Monitor*; but without their capital the first *Monitor* probably never would have been built; and without their earnest and powerful efforts in forwarding the work of construction the *Monitor* certainly would not have been ready in time to meet the emergency in Hampton Roads, and thus save the credit of the United States as a naval power, prevent the dissolution of the blockade, and defeat the recognition of the Confederacy by England and France. These men were John F. Winslow, still living in honored retirement in his home on the Hudson, and the late Hon. John A. Griswold of Troy.

Other names also deserve mention. That of Thomas F. Rowland of Greenpoint, L. I., who as a sub-contractor built the hull of the *Monitor*, has been printed in *THE CENTURY*. Other sub-contractors were 'the Delamater Iron Works of New York, who made the engine, machinery, and propeller, and Abbott of Baltimore, who supplied the turret plates.

One fact more. The man who is popularly credited with the invention of the revolving turret was not the original inventor of that distinguishing feature of the *Monitor*. Of this he was well aware. In Captain Ericsson's paper on "The Building of the *Monitor*" he refers to a revolving tower invented by Theodore R. Timby, describing it as a device for warfare on land. This is an insufficient description. The records of the United States Patent Office show that Timby's device was a revolving tower or turret, for use on land or water. It was protected by a caveat, issued in 1843, eleven years before Captain Ericsson submitted to Napoleon III. his plan for a floating battery with a revolving dome. A patent for it was issued to Mr. Timby in September, 1862, and Captain Ericsson and his associates in the building of the *Monitor* paid Mr. Timby, for the use of his patent, a royalty of \$5,000 on each of the monitors constructed by them subsequent to the first. Is not this circumstance of interest enough to be comprised in the history of the *Monitor* as related in this magazine? John Ericsson was a great inventor. His fame is secure. Certainly I would not lessen by a jot the credit which is his due. Let others also have the credit which is theirs.

G. G. Benedict.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT.



## BRIC-A-BRAC.

Dorothy.

THEY tell me 't is foolish to prate of love  
 In the sweet and olden way;  
 They say I should sing of loftier things,  
 For Love has had his day.  
 But when Dorothy comes  
 I cannot choose,  
 I must follow her  
 Though the world I lose;  
 My very soul  
 Pours forth in song  
 When dainty Dorothy  
 Trips along.

It is all very well to say to me  
 That Browning's noble strain  
 Rises and swells with the tide of thought  
 Or throbs with the pulse of pain;  
 But if Dorothy once  
 Had crossed his path,  
 Her radiance such  
 A witchery hath  
 That across the world  
 Would not seem long  
 To follow Dorothy  
 With his song.

*Charles Henry Phelps.*

When a Smokin'-car is 'Tached.

SOMETIMES when I 'm on the way  
 Into town on market-day,  
 'T hurts like sixty fer to see  
 Folks 'at 's better dressed than me  
 Scrouge up tighter when I sit  
 Down beside 'em — 's if I bit.  
 But my heart don't git so scratched  
 When a smokin'-car is 'tached.

When a smokin'-car is 'tached  
 Then 's the time yer comfort 's catched,  
 When you give yer pipe a poke  
 And lay back and watch the smoke  
 Till it makes yer old eyes itch,  
 While you 're dreamin' you was rich.  
 Folks don't see yer coat is patched  
 When a smokin'-car is 'tached.

When a smokin'-car is 'tached  
 Then 's the time yer dreams are snatched,  
 Then you 're rid of Jen's old marm,  
 Then the mortgage 's off the farm,  
 Then the old peach-orchard pays—  
 I vum I could spend whole days  
 Countin' chickens 'fore they 're hatched  
 When the smokin'-car is 'tached.

*S. Walter Norris.*

## At the Concert.

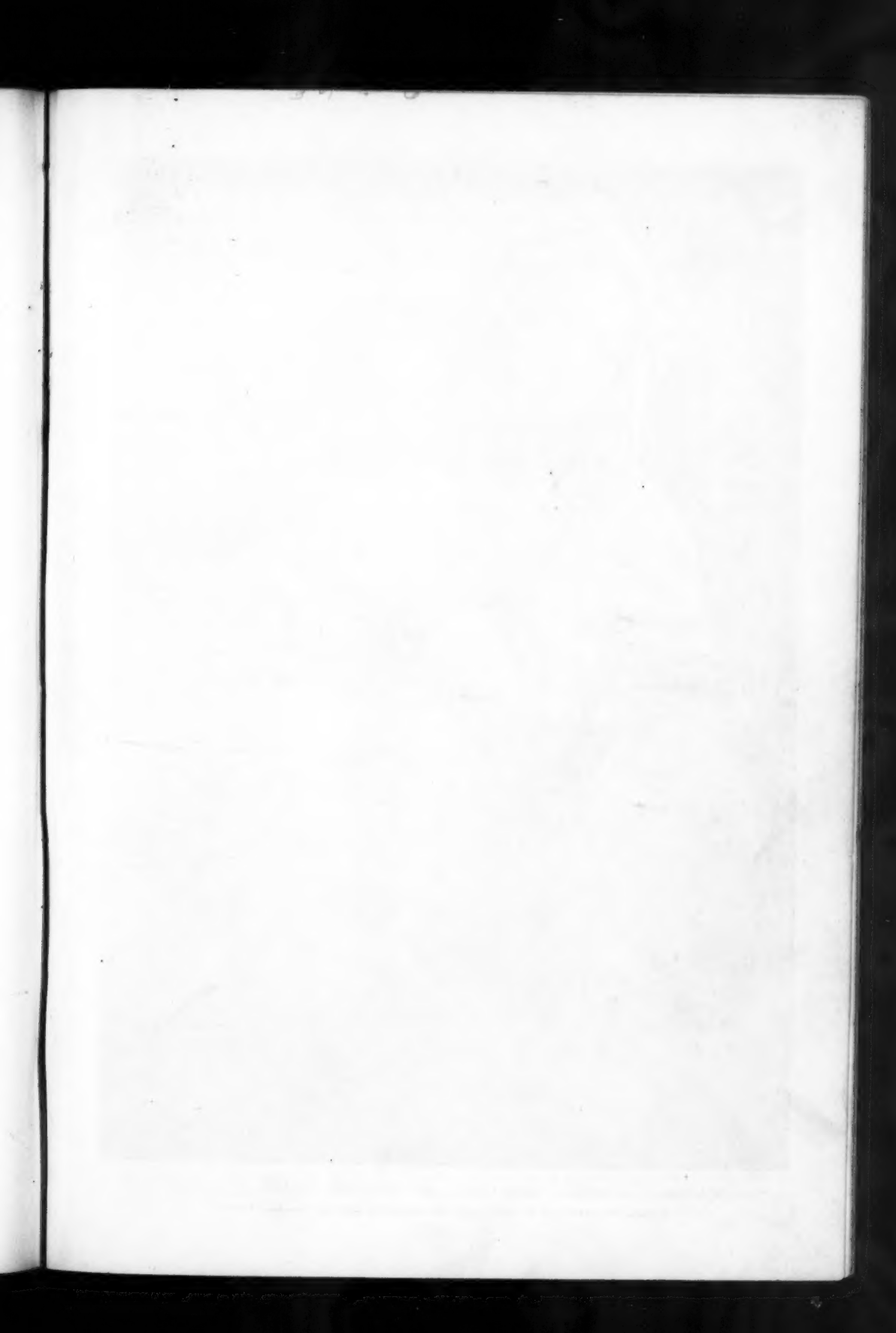
YES, I s'pose it 's real music — it 's a mighty heap o' sound,  
 With the treble way up yonder an' the bass down underground,  
 With the demi-semiquavers an' the tinklin' o' the keys,  
 An' a fuss like wind a-roarin' through the branches o' the trees.  
 An' ye say that Wagner wrote it, an' ter hear it is a boon?  
 But, somehow, the feller never seems ter overtake the chune,  
 Though his fingers run like lightnin' an' he twists upon his stool,  
 An' ruffles up his ha'r untel he looks a orful fool:  
 An' somehow I miss the feelin' that I allers uster feel,  
 That was sweet untel it hurt me 'fom mer head down ter mer heel,—  
 That 'ud make mer eyes git misty an' mer mouth ter twitch an' smile,—  
 When I listened ter Mirandy playin' "Mary uv Argyle."

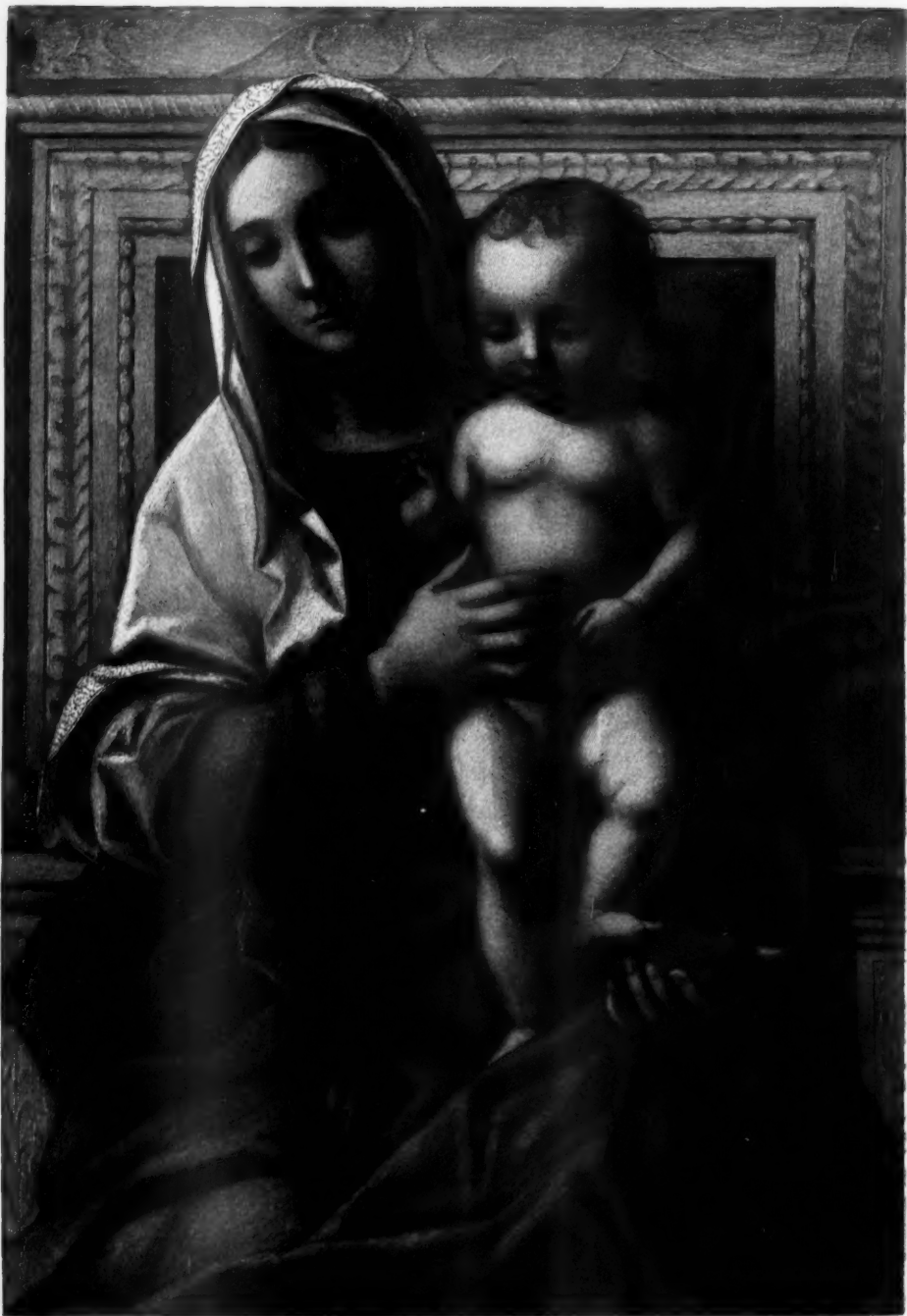
Why, ter hear Mirandy playin' was ter see the water run  
 Like a streak o' shinin' silver jes a-sparklin' in the sun,  
 An' up above the medder ye could hear a thousan' birds  
 A-singin' jes as easy as ye hear me talk these words;  
 Ye could fa'rly smell the early blooms upon the apple trees,  
 An' ye owned a fine plantation an' much money as ye please.  
 Lord, how ye loved yer neighbor, an' never wisht no harm  
 Ter him about the lawin' 'cause his fence run on yer farm;  
 An' the milk o' human kindness kep' a-flowin' far an' free,  
 An' eve'ythin' about the world was like it ought ter be,  
 Tell ye kinder seemed in heaven, peart an' happy, all the while  
 That ye listened ter Mirandy playin' "Mary uv Argyle."

Well, I s'pose I am ole-fashioned, an' it would n' hardly do  
 Fer him ter play the music that I useter cotton to.  
 These town-folks would n' keer ter hear about the "hunter's horn,"  
 Nor 'bout the mavis singin' out "his love-song ter the morn";  
 So I 'll set an' listen quiet while the feller bangs away,  
 An' I 'll 'low that his planner beats a injine any day;  
 But it ain't mer style o' music — an' with all mer due respex  
 Ye can say ter Mister Wagner, when ye chance ter see him nex',  
 That the loudes' fuss ain't allers what is certain sho ter please,  
 Nor the bes' musicianer the one that tries ter bust the keys;  
 An' though I have no doubt but he 's a social sort o' man,  
 I would n' walk a squar' ter hear the bes' thing 'fom his han';  
 But oh, if she was livin' yit, I 'd foot it forty mile  
 Jes ter listen ter Mirandy playin' "Mary uv Argyle."

*James Lindsay Gordon.*







MADONNA AND CHILD, BY GIOVANNI BELLINI.

(DETAIL OF ALTARPIECE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CHURCH OF S. ZACCARIA, VENICE.)